K

All-True CRIME

SEPT. No. 35 10¢

Date with DANGER!

MARVEL COMIC

10

How to WIN POPULARITY with the HARMONICA
TEX SMITH'S FAMOUS Note Selector Method
Play your first tune after spending only five minutes with this quick, easy picture course.

GOSH!
DON'T RISK A CENT—JUST MAIL COUPON TODAY!

TEX SMITH The HARMONICA MAN Says

"LET ME SHOW YOU HOW TO WIN POPULARITY WITH THE **HARMONICA!**"

The very first day..! Play any song you can whistle, hum, or sing.

Simple, Easy, Lots of Fun!

TEX SMITH'S FAMOUS A-B-C METHOD

only $1.69 complete with jam-packed Song Book!

Plus Fine 10-Hole HARMONICA FREE

Play your first tune 5 minutes after you start!

Just think! You play hillbilly songs, popular tunes, semi-classics, waltzes, old hymns...almost at once! My complete A-B-C picture course will thrill you because it's so downright *easy*! I've taught thousands from 6 to 60 to play who never played before...and I can show *you* how! No drills, no exercises! No need for special musical talent or knowledge!

MAKE NEW FRIENDS AND KEEP OLD ONES!

In no time at all you'll be able to pick up the harmonica anywhere, anytime and surprise your friends by playing. They'll be proud of you. And you'll get real pleasure from this new skill! Yes, now do your share at parties, dances, get-togethers.

PLASTIC HARMONICA FREE!

I send it with my picture method course! Plays beautiful rich tones. Easy to keep clean and sweet. You'll never be without it! It's a real comfort.

10-DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE:

If you are not completely delighted... if your friends don't admire and congratulate you on your new-found skill...just return course and harmonica in 10 days for full refund.

Tell Your Friends To Send, Too!
Great Fun To Form Harmonica Band!

Make This **EASY** 5-Minute Test!

1st Minute—learn the secret of the numbers!
2nd Minute—learn the secret of blowing!
3rd Minute—learn the secret of drawing in!
4th Minute—learn the exclusive "Note Selector" method!
5th Minute—play your first song!

...actually as easy as this!

Easy to get Trick Effects!
I'll show you how to produce church bell tones, ghost noises, train effect, sliding notes . . . all the professional touches that mark the expert player!

Surprise Your Friends

TEX SMITH, The Harmonica Man, Dept. 200E
150 Nassau St., New York 7, N. Y.

Dear Tex: Send me your A-B-C simple course on how to play the harmonica PLUS FREE 10-HOLE HARMONICA for my use.

☐ Send C.O.D. I pay postman $1.69 plus postage.
☐ Enclosed is $1.69. I save postage.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City, Zone, State____________________

10-DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE: If not completely satisfied, I'll return in 10 days for full purchase price refund.

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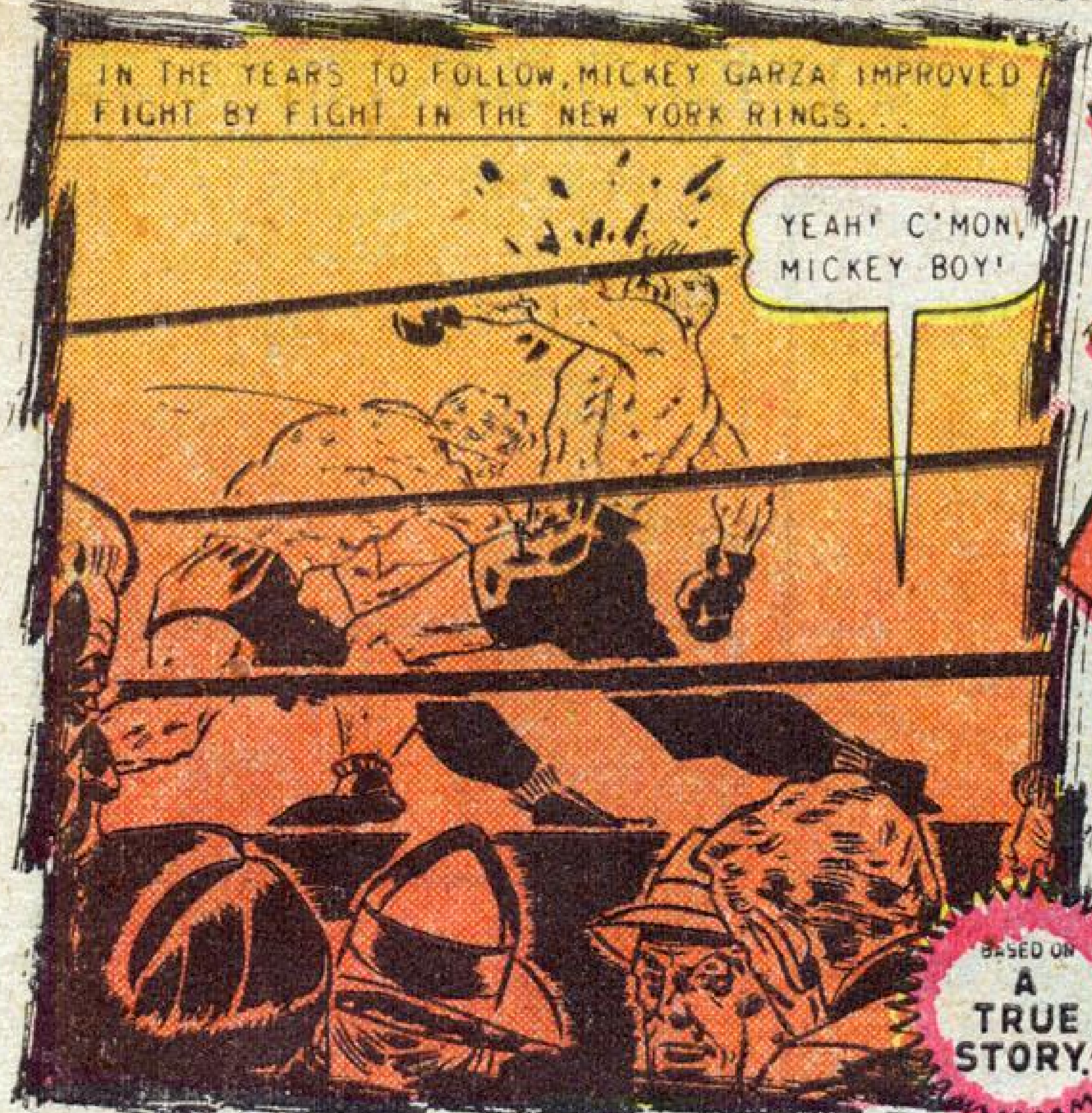
All True #38

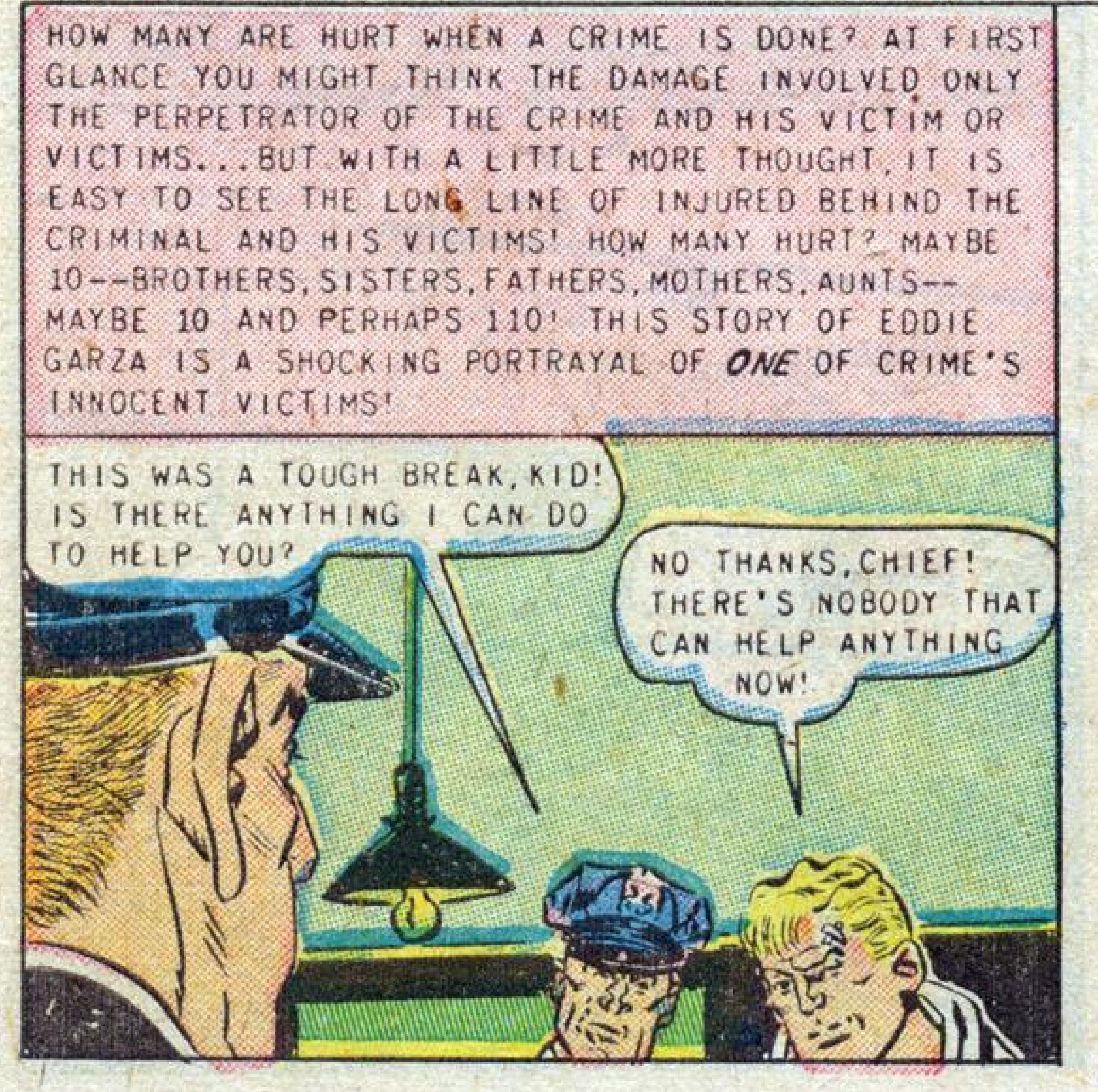

IN THE YEARS TO FOLLOW, MICKEY GARZA IMPROVED FIGHT BY FIGHT IN THE NEW YORK RINGS...
YEAH! C'MON, MICKEY BOY!

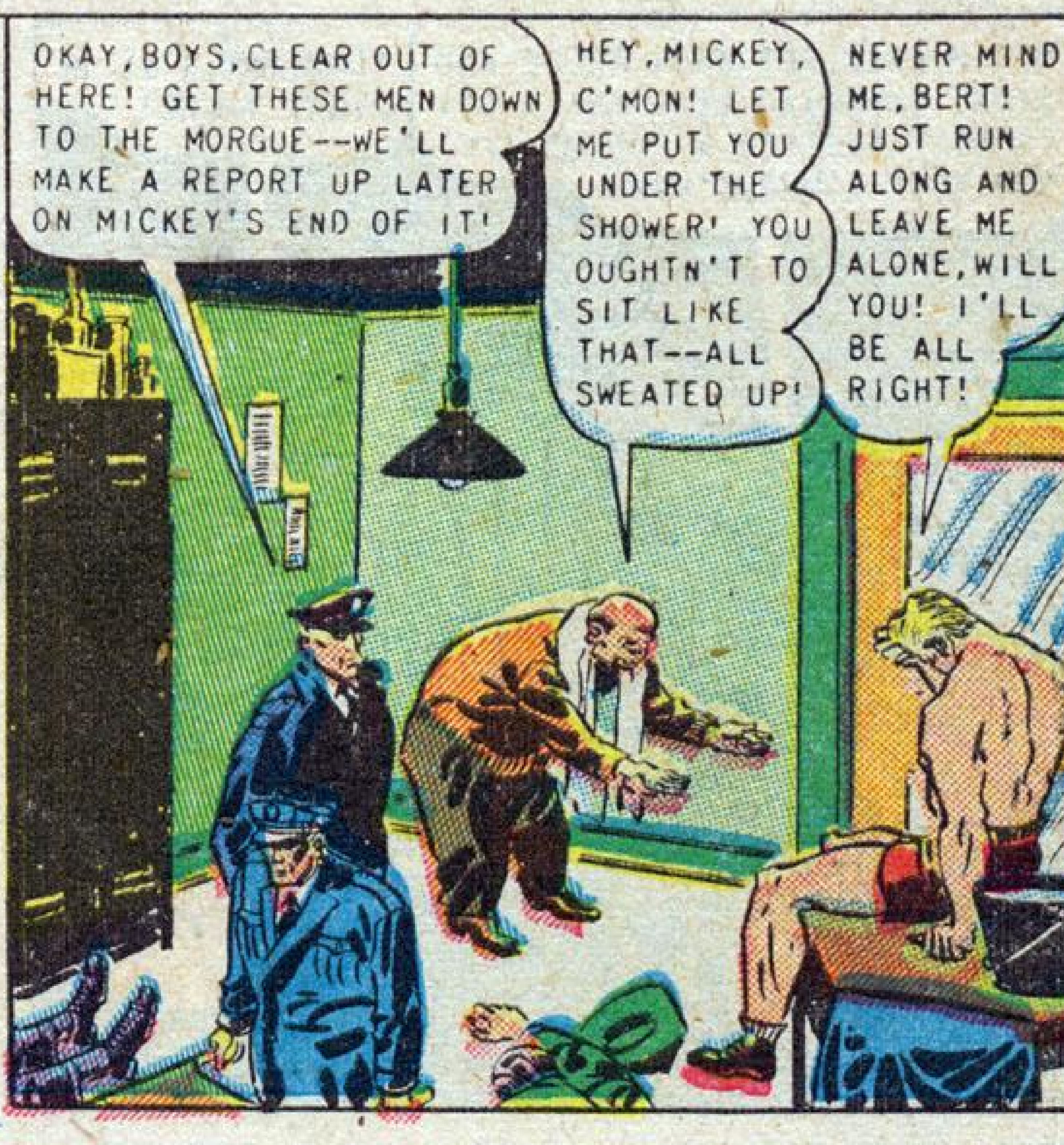
"FRAMED!"

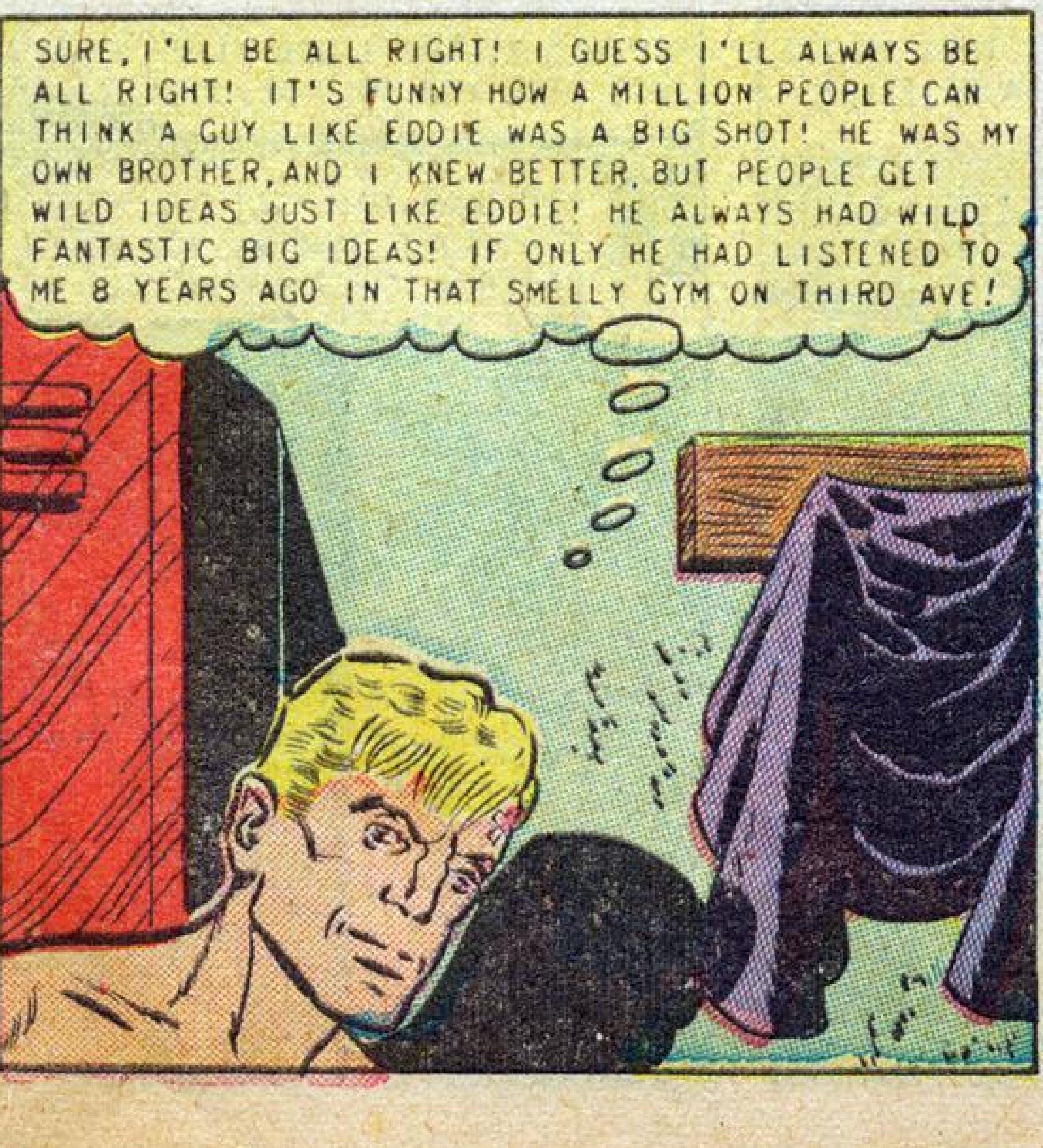
BASED ON A TRUE STORY!

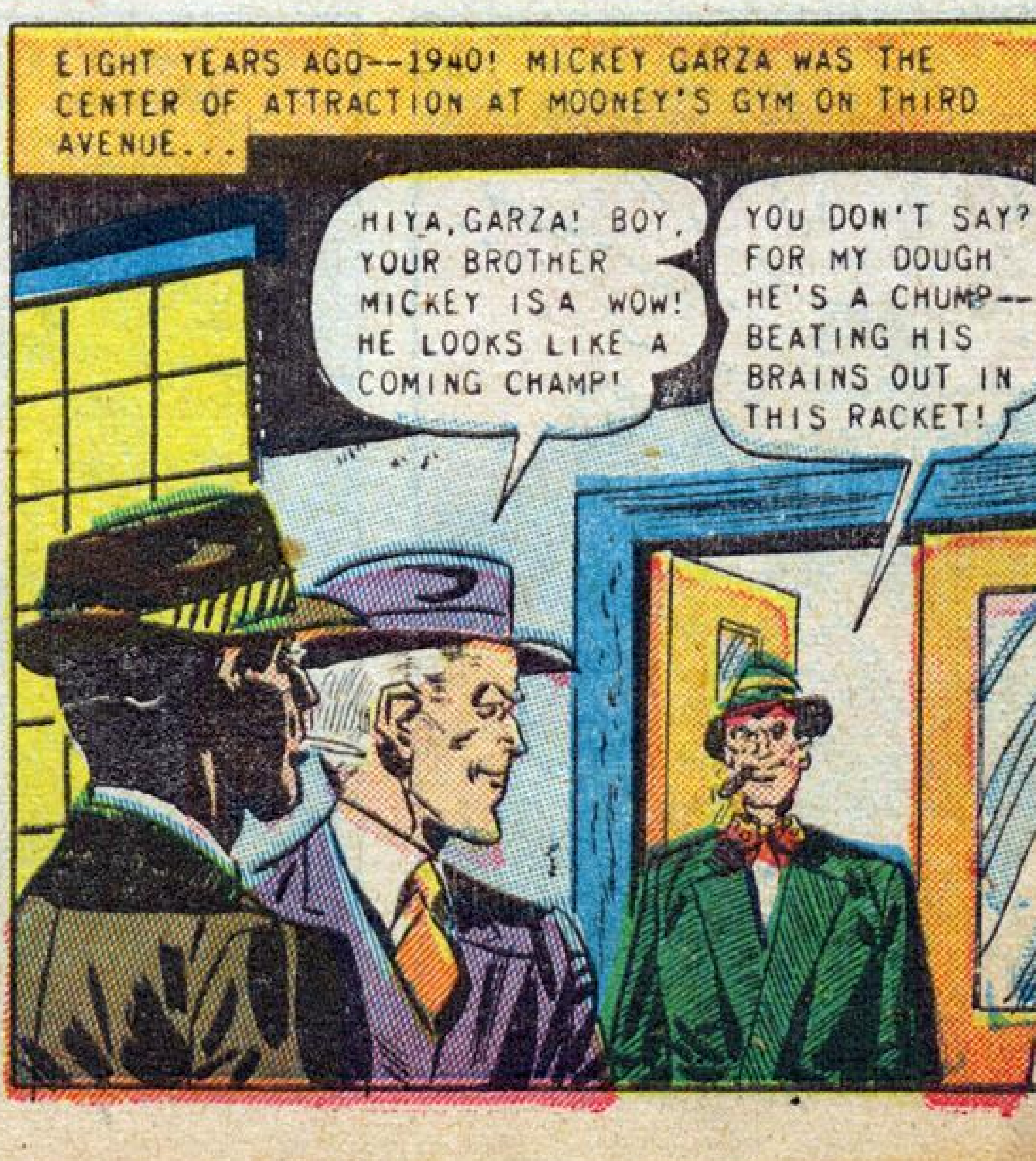
EDDIE GARZA WAS USED TO FRAME-UPS... BUT THE VICTIM OF THIS FRAME WAS HIS OWN BROTHER!

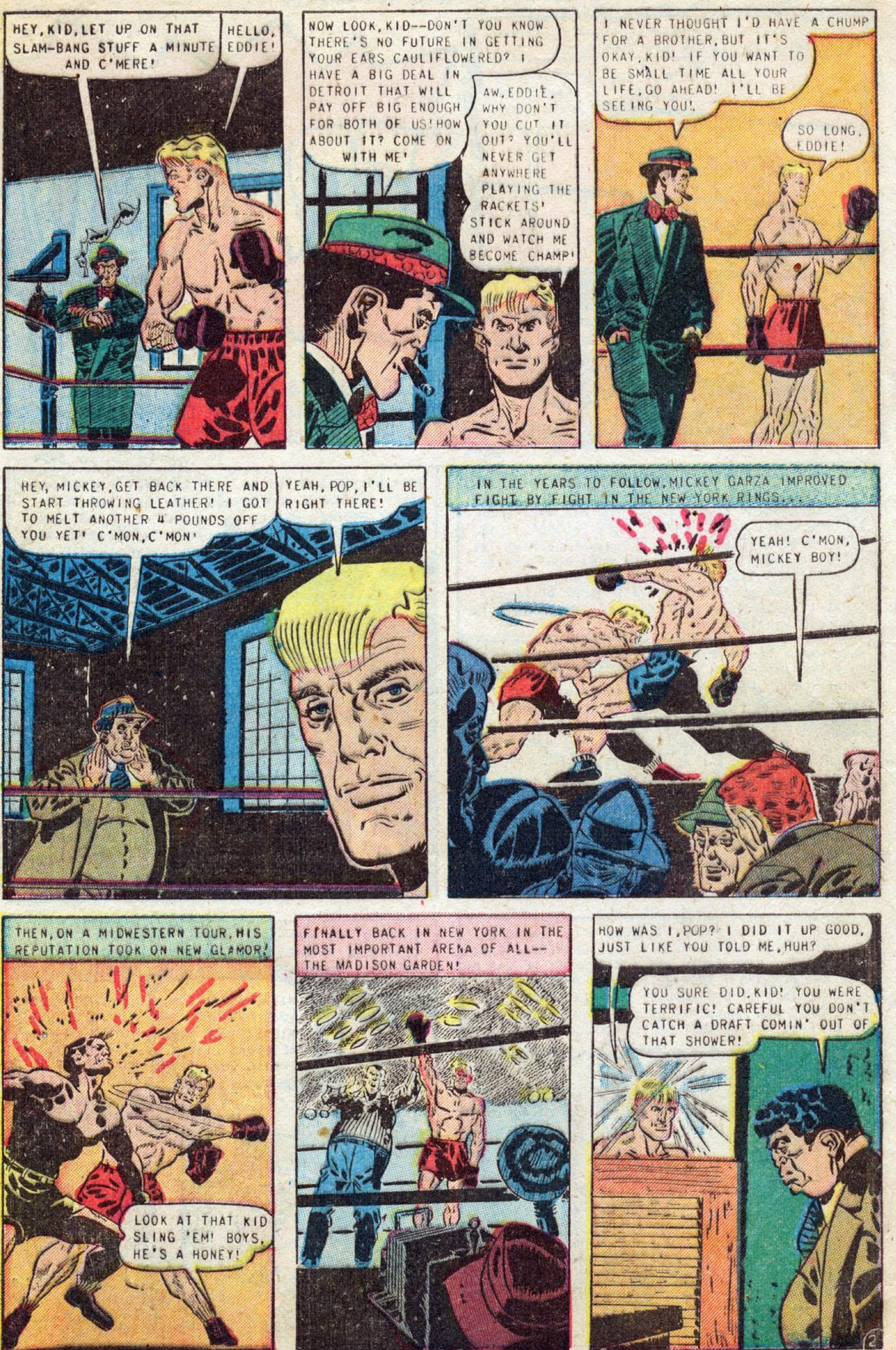
5279

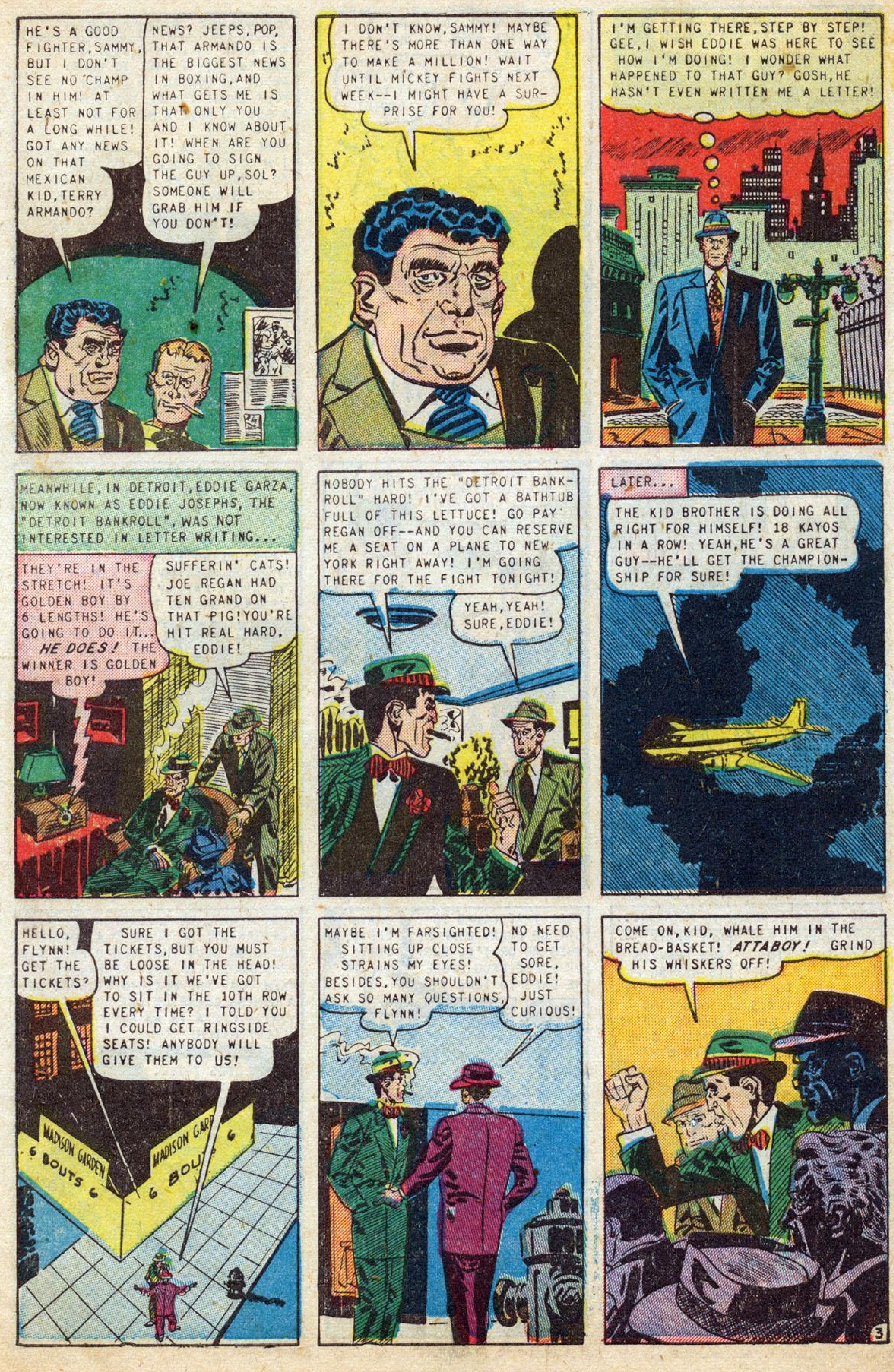

HOW MANY ARE HURT WHEN A CRIME IS DONE? AT FIRST GLANCE YOU MIGHT THINK THE DAMAGE INVOLVED ONLY THE PERPETRATOR OF THE CRIME AND HIS VICTIM OR VICTIMS... BUT WITH A LITTLE MORE THOUGHT, IT IS EASY TO SEE THE LONG LINE OF INJURED BEHIND THE CRIMINAL AND HIS VICTIMS! HOW MANY HURT? MAYBE 10--BROTHERS, SISTERS, FATHERS, MOTHERS, AUNTS--MAYBE 10 AND PERHAPS 110! THIS STORY OF EDDIE GARZA IS A SHOCKING PORTRAYAL OF ONE OF CRIME'S INNOCENT VICTIMS!
THIS WAS A TOUGH BREAK, KID! IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP YOU?
NO THANKS, CHIEF! THERE'S NOBODY THAT CAN HELP ANYTHING NOW!

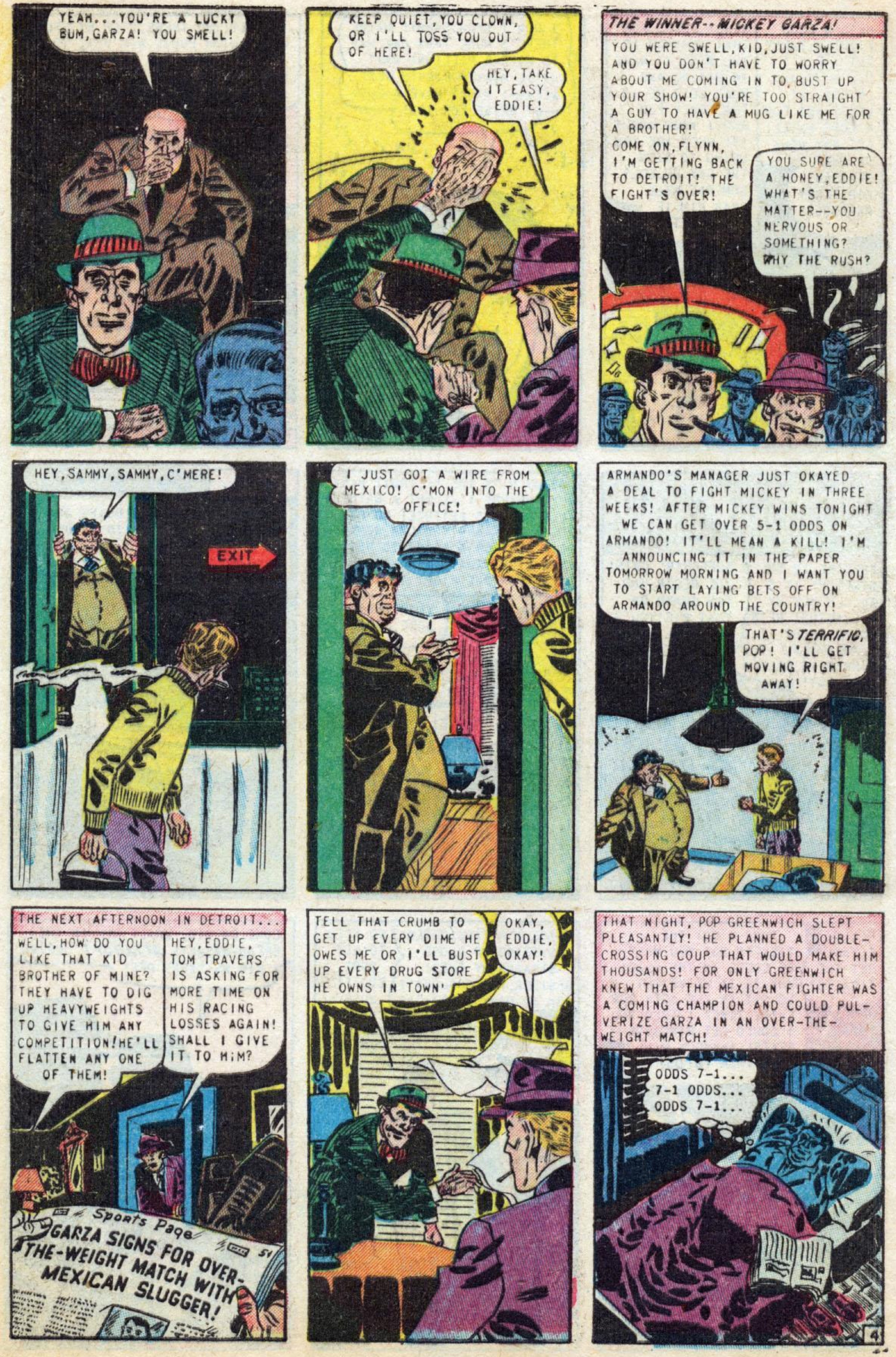

OKAY, BOYS, CLEAR OUT OF HERE! GET THESE MEN DOWN TO THE MORGUE--WE'LL MAKE A REPORT UP LATER ON MICKEY'S END OF IT!
HEY, MICKEY, C'MON! LET ME PUT YOU UNDER THE SHOWER! YOU OUGHTN'T TO SIT LIKE THAT--ALL SWEATED UP!
NEVER MIND ME, BERT! JUST RUN ALONG AND LEAVE ME ALONE, WILL YOU! I'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

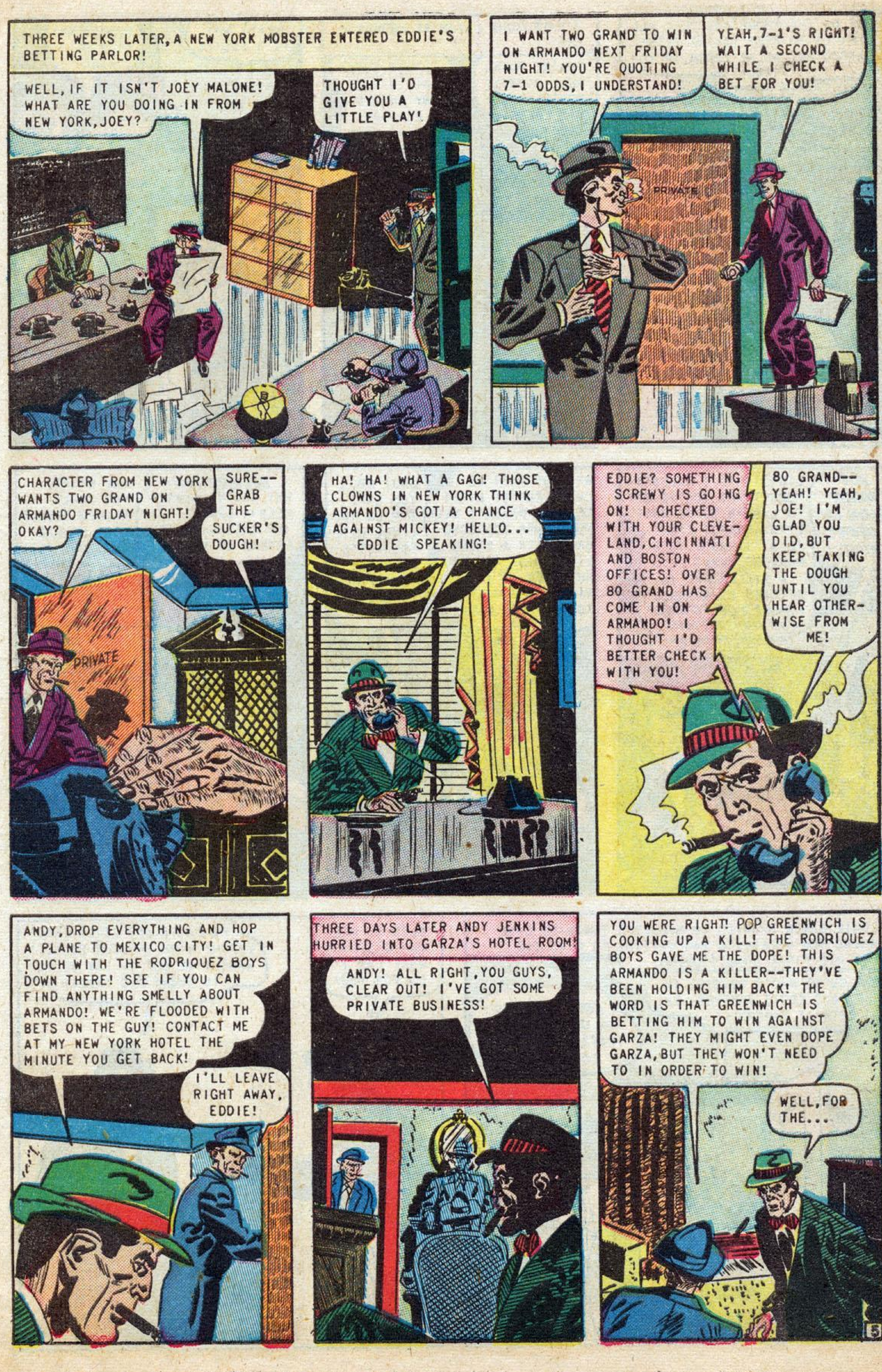

SURE, I'LL BE ALL RIGHT! I GUESS I'LL ALWAYS BE ALL RIGHT! IT'S FUNNY HOW A MILLION PEOPLE CAN THINK A GUY LIKE EDDIE WAS A BIG SHOT! HE WAS MY OWN BROTHER, AND I KNEW BETTER, BUT PEOPLE GET WILD IDEAS JUST LIKE EDDIE! HE ALWAYS HAD WILD FANTASTIC BIG IDEAS! IF ONLY HE HAD LISTENED TO ME 8 YEARS AGO IN THAT SMELLY GYM ON THIRD AVE!

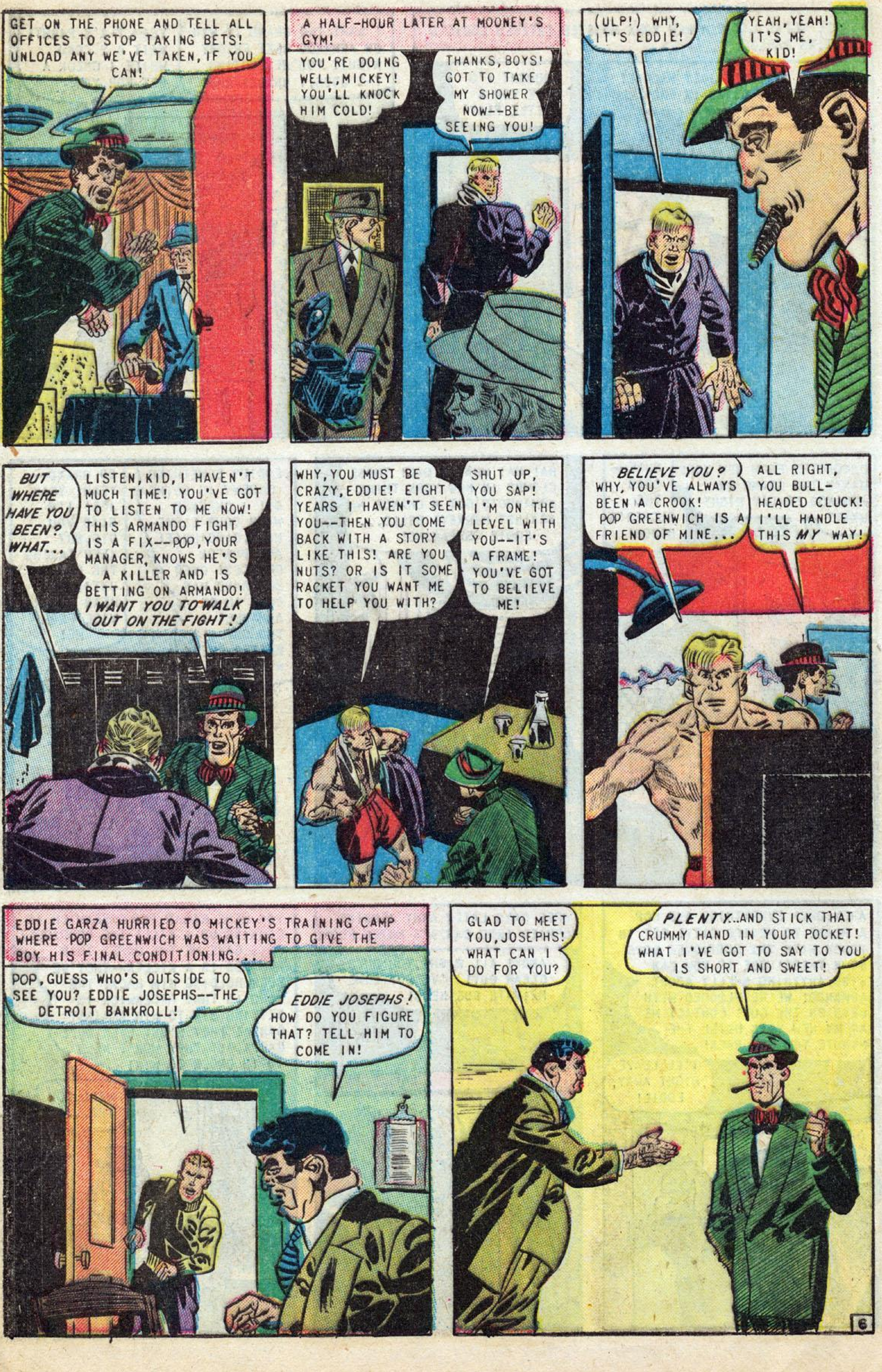

EIGHT YEARS AGO--1940! MICKEY GARZA WAS THE CENTER OF ATTRACTION AT MOONEY'S GYM ON THIRD AVENUE...
HIYA, GARZA! BOY, YOUR BROTHER MICKEY IS A WOW! HE LOOKS LIKE A COMING CHAMP!
YOU DON'T SAY? FOR MY DOUGH HE'S A CHUMP--BEATING HIS BRAINS OUT IN THIS RACKET!

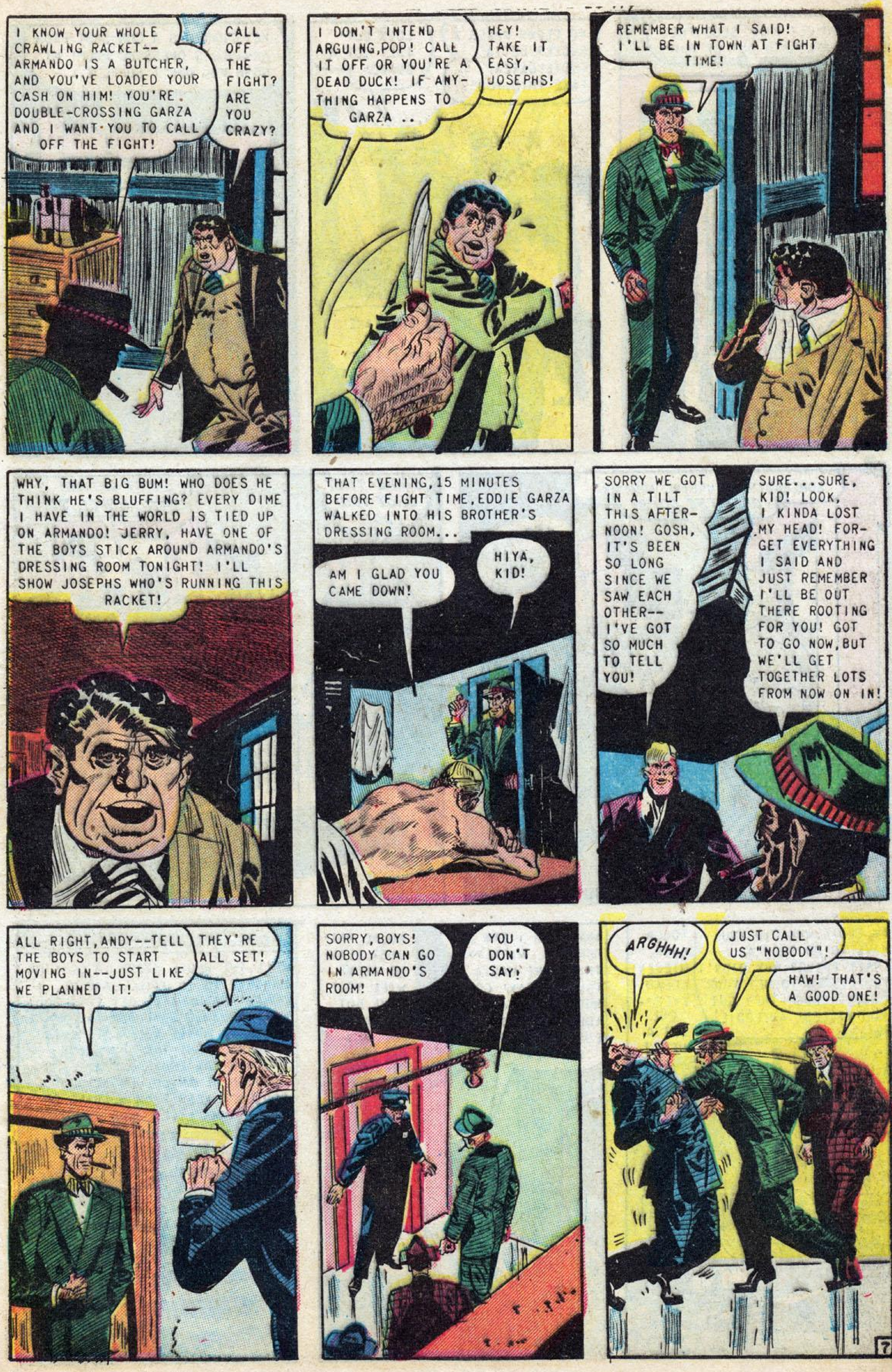

HEY, KID, LET UP ON THAT SLAM-BANG STUFF A MINUTE AND C'MERE!
HELLO, EDDIE!
NOW LOOK, KID--DON'T YOU KNOW THERE'S NO FUTURE IN GETTING YOUR EARS CAULIFLOWERED? I HAVE A BIG DEAL IN DETROIT THAT WILL PAY OFF BIG ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US! HOW ABOUT IT? COME ON WITH ME!
AW, EDDIE, WHY DON'T YOU CUT IT OUT? YOU'LL NEVER GET ANYWHERE PLAYING THE RACKETS! STICK AROUND AND WATCH ME BECOME CHAMP!
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D HAVE A CHUMP FOR A BROTHER, BUT IT'S OKAY, KID! IF YOU WANT TO BE SMALL TIME ALL YOUR LIFE, GO AHEAD! I'LL BE SEEING YOU!
SO LONG, EDDIE!
HEY, MICKEY, GET BACK THERE AND START THROWING LEATHER! I GOT TO MELT ANOTHER 4 POUNDS OFF YOU YET! C'MON, C'MON!
YEAH, POP, I'LL BE RIGHT THERE!
IN THE YEARS TO FOLLOW, MICKEY GARZA IMPROVED FIGHT BY FIGHT IN THE NEW YORK RINGS...
YEAH! C'MON, MICKEY BOY!
THEN, ON A MIDWESTERN TOUR, HIS REPUTATION TOOK ON NEW GLAMOR!
LOOK AT THAT KID SLING 'EM! BOYS, HE'S A HONEY!
FINALLY BACK IN NEW YORK IN THE MOST IMPORTANT ARENA OF ALL--THE MADISON GARDEN!
HOW WAS I, POP? I DID IT UP GOOD, JUST LIKE YOU TOLD ME, HUH?
YOU SURE DID, KID! YOU WERE TERRIFIC! CAREFUL YOU DON'T CATCH A DRAFT COMIN' OUT OF THAT SHOWER!

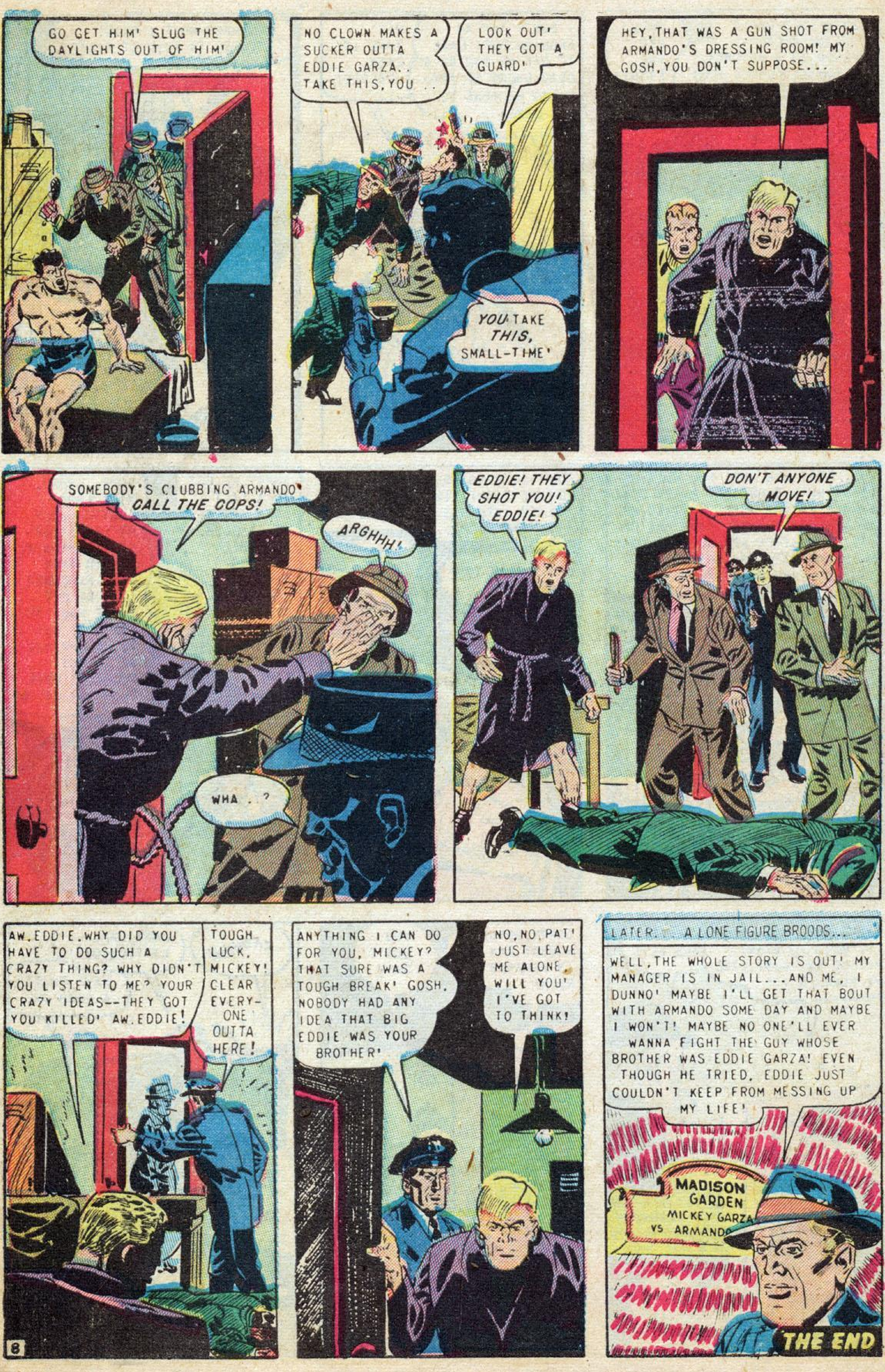

HE'S A GOOD FIGHTER, SAMMY, BUT I DON'T SEE NO CHAMP IN HIM! AT LEAST NOT FOR A LONG WHILE! GOT ANY NEWS ON THAT MEXICAN KID, TERRY ARMANDO?
NEWS? JEEPS, POP, THAT ARMANDO IS THE BIGGEST NEWS IN BOXING, AND WHAT GETS ME IS THAT ONLY YOU AND I KNOW ABOUT IT! WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO SIGN THE GUY UP, SOL? SOMEONE WILL GRAB HIM IF YOU DON'T!
I DON'T KNOW, SAMMY! MAYBE THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO MAKE A MILLION! WAIT UNTIL MICKEY FIGHTS NEXT WEEK--I MIGHT HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU!
I'M GETTING THERE, STEP BY STEP! GEE, I WISH EDDIE WAS HERE TO SEE HOW I'M DOING! I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT GUY? GOSH, HE HASN'T EVEN WRITTEN ME A LETTER!
MEANWHILE, IN DETROIT, EDDIE GARZA, NOW KNOWN AS EDDIE JOSEPHS, THE "DETROIT BANKROLL", WAS NOT INTERESTED IN LETTER WRITING...
THEY'RE IN THE STRETCH! IT'S GOLDEN BOY BY 6 LENGTHS! HE'S GOING TO DO IT... *HE DOES!* THE WINNER IS GOLDEN BOY!
SUFFERIN' CATS! JOE REGAN HAD TEN GRAND ON THAT PIG! YOU'RE HIT REAL HARD, EDDIE!
NOBODY HITS THE "DETROIT BANKROLL" HARD! I'VE GOT A BATHTUB FULL OF THIS LETTUCE! GO PAY REGAN OFF--AND YOU CAN RESERVE ME A SEAT ON A PLANE TO NEW YORK RIGHT AWAY! I'M GOING THERE FOR THE FIGHT TONIGHT!
YEAH, YEAH! SURE, EDDIE!
LATER...
THE KID BROTHER IS DOING ALL RIGHT FOR HIMSELF! 18 KAYOS IN A ROW! YEAH, HE'S A GREAT GUY--HE'LL GET THE CHAMPIONSHIP FOR SURE!
HELLO, FLYNN! GET THE TICKETS?
SURE I GOT THE TICKETS, BUT YOU MUST BE LOOSE IN THE HEAD! WHY IS IT WE'VE GOT TO SIT IN THE 10TH ROW EVERY TIME? I TOLD YOU I COULD GET RINGSIDE SEATS! ANYBODY WILL GIVE THEM TO US!
MADISON GARDEN 6 BOUTS 6
MADISON GARD 6 BOUTS 6
MAYBE I'M FARSIGHTED! SITTING UP CLOSE STRAINS MY EYES! BESIDES, YOU SHOULDN'T ASK SO MANY QUESTIONS, FLYNN!
NO NEED TO GET SORE, EDDIE! JUST CURIOUS!
COME ON, KID, WHALE HIM IN THE BREAD-BASKET! *ATTABOY!* GRIND HIS WHISKERS OFF!


YEAH...YOU'RE A LUCKY BUM, GARZA! YOU SMELL!
KEEP QUIET, YOU CLOWN, OR I'LL TOSS YOU OUT OF HERE!
HEY, TAKE IT EASY, EDDIE!
THE WINNER--MICKEY GARZA!
YOU WERE SWELL, KID, JUST SWELL! AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ME COMING IN TO BUST UP YOUR SHOW! YOU'RE TOO STRAIGHT A GUY TO HAVE A MUG LIKE ME FOR A BROTHER!
COME ON, FLYNN, I'M GETTING BACK TO DETROIT! THE FIGHT'S OVER!
YOU SURE ARE A HONEY, EDDIE! WHAT'S THE MATTER--YOU NERVOUS OR SOMETHING? WHY THE RUSH?
HEY, SAMMY, SAMMY, C'MERE!
EXIT
I JUST GOT A WIRE FROM MEXICO! C'MON INTO THE OFFICE!
ARMANDO'S MANAGER JUST OKAYED A DEAL TO FIGHT MICKEY IN THREE WEEKS! AFTER MICKEY WINS TONIGHT WE CAN GET OVER 5-1 ODDS ON ARMANDO! IT'LL MEAN A KILL! I'M ANNOUNCING IT IN THE PAPER TOMORROW MORNING AND I WANT YOU TO START LAYING BETS OFF ON ARMANDO AROUND THE COUNTRY!
THAT'S *TERRIFIC*, POP! I'LL GET MOVING RIGHT AWAY!
THE NEXT AFTERNOON IN DETROIT...
WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT KID BROTHER OF MINE? THEY HAVE TO DIG UP HEAVYWEIGHTS TO GIVE HIM ANY COMPETITION! HE'LL FLATTEN ANY ONE OF THEM!
HEY, EDDIE, TOM TRAVERS IS ASKING FOR MORE TIME ON HIS RACING LOSSES AGAIN! SHALL I GIVE IT TO HIM?
Sports Page
GARZA SIGNS FOR OVER-THE-WEIGHT MATCH WITH MEXICAN SLUGGER!
TELL THAT CRUMB TO GET UP EVERY DIME HE OWES ME OR I'LL BUST UP EVERY DRUG STORE HE OWNS IN TOWN!
OKAY, EDDIE, OKAY!
THAT NIGHT, POP GREENWICH SLEPT PLEASANTLY! HE PLANNED A DOUBLE-CROSSING COUP THAT WOULD MAKE HIM THOUSANDS! FOR ONLY GREENWICH KNEW THAT THE MEXICAN FIGHTER WAS A COMING CHAMPION AND COULD PULVERIZE GARZA IN AN OVER-THE-WEIGHT MATCH!
ODDS 7-1... 7-1 ODDS... ODDS 7-1...


THREE WEEKS LATER, A NEW YORK MOBSTER ENTERED EDDIE'S BETTING PARLOR!
WELL, IF IT ISN'T JOEY MALONE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN FROM NEW YORK, JOEY?
THOUGHT I'D GIVE YOU A LITTLE PLAY!
I WANT TWO GRAND TO WIN ON ARMANDO NEXT FRIDAY NIGHT! YOU'RE QUOTING 7-1 ODDS, I UNDERSTAND!
YEAH, 7-1'S RIGHT! WAIT A SECOND WHILE I CHECK A BET FOR YOU!
PRIVATE
CHARACTER FROM NEW YORK WANTS TWO GRAND ON ARMANDO FRIDAY NIGHT! OKAY?
SURE-- GRAB THE SUCKER'S DOUGH!
PRIVATE
HA! HA! WHAT A GAG! THOSE CLOWNS IN NEW YORK THINK ARMANDO'S GOT A CHANCE AGAINST MICKEY! HELLO... EDDIE SPEAKING!
EDDIE? SOMETHING SCREWY IS GOING ON! I CHECKED WITH YOUR CLEVELAND, CINCINNATI AND BOSTON OFFICES! OVER 80 GRAND HAS COME IN ON ARMANDO! I THOUGHT I'D BETTER CHECK WITH YOU!
80 GRAND-- YEAH! YEAH, JOE! I'M GLAD YOU DID, BUT KEEP TAKING THE DOUGH UNTIL YOU HEAR OTHERWISE FROM ME!
ANDY, DROP EVERYTHING AND HOP A PLANE TO MEXICO CITY! GET IN TOUCH WITH THE RODRIQUEZ BOYS DOWN THERE! SEE IF YOU CAN FIND ANYTHING SMELLY ABOUT ARMANDO! WE'RE FLOODED WITH BETS ON THE GUY! CONTACT ME AT MY NEW YORK HOTEL THE MINUTE YOU GET BACK!
I'LL LEAVE RIGHT AWAY, EDDIE!
THREE DAYS LATER ANDY JENKINS HURRIED INTO GARZA'S HOTEL ROOM!
ANDY! ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS, CLEAR OUT! I'VE GOT SOME PRIVATE BUSINESS!
YOU WERE RIGHT! POP GREENWICH IS COOKING UP A KILL! THE RODRIQUEZ BOYS GAVE ME THE DOPE! THIS ARMANDO IS A KILLER--THEY'VE BEEN HOLDING HIM BACK! THE WORD IS THAT GREENWICH IS BETTING HIM TO WIN AGAINST GARZA! THEY MIGHT EVEN DOPE GARZA, BUT THEY WON'T NEED TO IN ORDER TO WIN!
WELL, FOR THE...

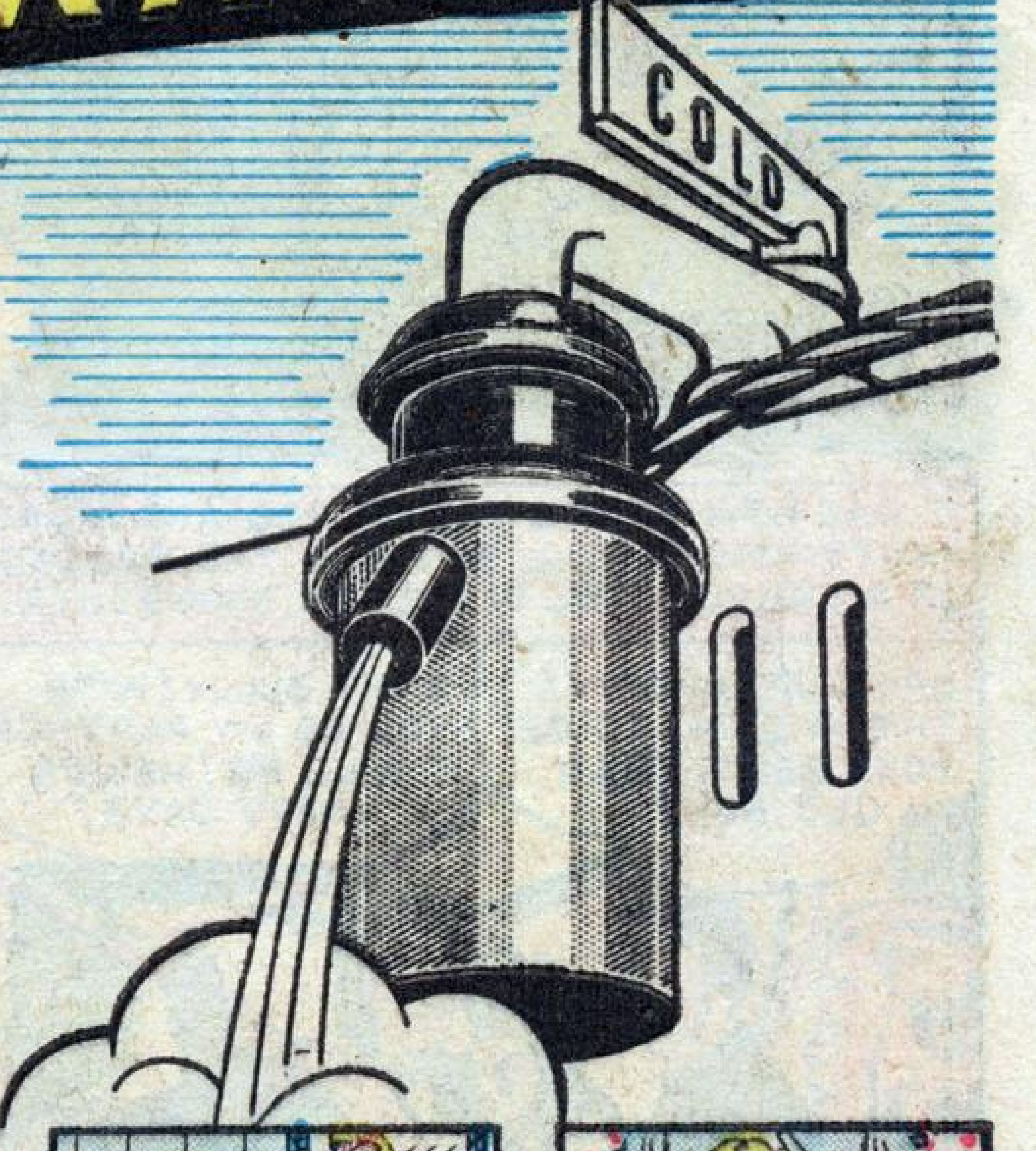

GET ON THE PHONE AND TELL ALL OFFICES TO STOP TAKING BETS! UNLOAD ANY WE'VE TAKEN, IF YOU CAN!
A HALF-HOUR LATER AT MOONEY'S GYM!
YOU'RE DOING WELL, MICKEY! YOU'LL KNOCK HIM COLD!
THANKS, BOYS! GOT TO TAKE MY SHOWER NOW--BE SEEING YOU!
(ULP!) WHY, IT'S EDDIE!
YEAH, YEAH! IT'S ME, KID!
BUT WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? WHAT...
LISTEN, KID, I HAVEN'T MUCH TIME! YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO ME NOW! THIS ARMANDO FIGHT IS A FIX--POP, YOUR MANAGER, KNOWS HE'S A KILLER AND IS BETTING ON ARMANDO! *I WANT YOU TO WALK OUT ON THE FIGHT!*
WHY, YOU MUST BE CRAZY, EDDIE! EIGHT YEARS I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU--THEN YOU COME BACK WITH A STORY LIKE THIS! ARE YOU NUTS? OR IS IT SOME RACKET YOU WANT ME TO HELP YOU WITH?
SHUT UP, YOU SAP! I'M ON THE LEVEL WITH YOU--IT'S A FRAME! YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME!
BELIEVE YOU? WHY, YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN A CROOK! POP GREENWICH IS A FRIEND OF MINE...
ALL RIGHT, YOU BULL-HEADED CLUCK! I'LL HANDLE THIS *MY* WAY!
EDDIE GARZA HURRIED TO MICKEY'S TRAINING CAMP WHERE POP GREENWICH WAS WAITING TO GIVE THE BOY HIS FINAL CONDITIONING...
POP, GUESS WHO'S OUTSIDE TO SEE YOU? EDDIE JOSEPHS--THE DETROIT BANKROLL!
EDDIE JOSEPHS! HOW DO YOU FIGURE THAT? TELL HIM TO COME IN!
GLAD TO MEET YOU, JOSEPHS! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
PLENTY...AND STICK THAT CRUMMY HAND IN YOUR POCKET! WHAT I'VE GOT TO SAY TO YOU IS SHORT AND SWEET!


I KNOW YOUR WHOLE CRAWLING RACKET--ARMANDO IS A BUTCHER, AND YOU'VE LOADED YOUR CASH ON HIM! YOU'RE DOUBLE-CROSSING GARZA AND I WANT YOU TO CALL OFF THE FIGHT!
CALL OFF THE FIGHT? ARE YOU CRAZY?
I DON'T INTEND ARGUING, POP! CALL IT OFF OR YOU'RE A DEAD DUCK! IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO GARZA ..
HEY! TAKE IT EASY, JOSEPHS!
REMEMBER WHAT I SAID! I'LL BE IN TOWN AT FIGHT TIME!
WHY, THAT BIG BUM! WHO DOES HE THINK HE'S BLUFFING? EVERY DIME I HAVE IN THE WORLD IS TIED UP ON ARMANDO! JERRY, HAVE ONE OF THE BOYS STICK AROUND ARMANDO'S DRESSING ROOM TONIGHT! I'LL SHOW JOSEPHS WHO'S RUNNING THIS RACKET!
THAT EVENING, 15 MINUTES BEFORE FIGHT TIME, EDDIE GARZA WALKED INTO HIS BROTHER'S DRESSING ROOM...
AM I GLAD YOU CAME DOWN!
HIYA, KID!
SORRY WE GOT IN A TILT THIS AFTERNOON! GOSH, IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE WE SAW EACH OTHER--I'VE GOT SO MUCH TO TELL YOU!
SURE...SURE, KID! LOOK, I KINDA LOST MY HEAD! FORGET EVERYTHING I SAID AND JUST REMEMBER I'LL BE OUT THERE ROOTING FOR YOU! GOT TO GO NOW, BUT WE'LL GET TOGETHER LOTS FROM NOW ON IN!
ALL RIGHT, ANDY--TELL THE BOYS TO START MOVING IN--JUST LIKE WE PLANNED IT!
THEY'RE ALL SET!
SORRY, BOYS! NOBODY CAN GO IN ARMANDO'S ROOM!
YOU DON'T SAY!
ARGHHH!
JUST CALL US "NOBODY"!
HAW! THAT'S A GOOD ONE!


GO GET HIM! SLUG THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF HIM!
NO CLOWN MAKES A SUCKER OUTTA EDDIE GARZA.. TAKE THIS, YOU . .
LOOK OUT! THEY GOT A GUARD!
YOU TAKE THIS, SMALL-TIME!
HEY, THAT WAS A GUN SHOT FROM ARMANDO'S DRESSING ROOM! MY GOSH, YOU DON'T SUPPOSE...
SOMEBODY'S CLUBBING ARMANDO! CALL THE COPS!
ARGHHH!
WHA . . ?
EDDIE! THEY SHOT YOU! EDDIE!
DON'T ANYONE MOVE!
AW, EDDIE, WHY DID YOU HAVE TO DO SUCH A CRAZY THING? WHY DIDN'T YOU LISTEN TO ME? YOUR CRAZY IDEAS--THEY GOT YOU KILLED! AW, EDDIE!
TOUGH LUCK, MICKEY! CLEAR EVERYONE OUTTA HERE!
ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU, MICKEY? THAT SURE WAS A TOUGH BREAK! GOSH, NOBODY HAD ANY IDEA THAT BIG EDDIE WAS YOUR BROTHER!
NO, NO, PAT! JUST LEAVE ME ALONE, WILL YOU! I'VE GOT TO THINK!
LATER... A LONE FIGURE BROODS...
WELL, THE WHOLE STORY IS OUT! MY MANAGER IS IN JAIL...AND ME, I DUNNO! MAYBE I'LL GET THAT BOUT WITH ARMANDO SOME DAY AND MAYBE I WON'T! MAYBE NO ONE'LL EVER WANNA FIGHT THE GUY WHOSE BROTHER WAS EDDIE GARZA! EVEN THOUGH HE TRIED, EDDIE JUST COULDN'T KEEP FROM MESSING UP MY LIFE!
MADISON GARDEN
MICKEY GARZA VS ARMANDO
THE END

The Amazing ELECTRIC WATER HEATER that gives

NOW! HOT WATER from your COLD WATER FAUCET!



-in a Jiffy!

24 HOURS A DAY!

Think of it! THE HOT WATER YOU WANT —*the moment you want it*—from any sink cold-water faucet . . . just by plugging the amazing new Little Marvel Water Heater into the nearest electrical outlet. No boiler or tank needed! No fussing with fires. Attached in a jiffy—takes seconds to attach or remove. You merely turn faucet to regulate temperature.

You're never without hot water when you own a Little Marvel Electric Water Heater. Get one now at the amazingly low cost of only $4.98. Mail coupon TODAY!

- For SHAVING early in the morning and late at night

- For BABY'S BOTTLES
- For use in SICKROOM

- For use in FACTORY, SHOP AND STORE
- For GARAGE, BASEMENT, etc.
- When HEATING PLANT BREAKDOWN stops hot water supply

- For quick LAUNDERING
- For FARMS, BUNGALOWS and COTTAGES that do not have regular hot water supply or where not readily available.

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ADDITIONAL FEATURES

- Operates on AC or DC current
- No moving parts to wear away or get out of order
- Constructed of handsomely finished aluminum
- Weighs less than 1 pound (size 2¾ inches x 3¾ inches)
- Underwriter Approved 6-foot extension cord
- Costs little to operate a day

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☐ Rush LITTLE MARVEL HOT WATER HEATER C.O.D., I'll pay postman $4.98 plus postage.

☐ Enclosed find $4.98. Send POSTPAID.

NAME..........

STREET..........

CITY..........ZONE..........STATE..........

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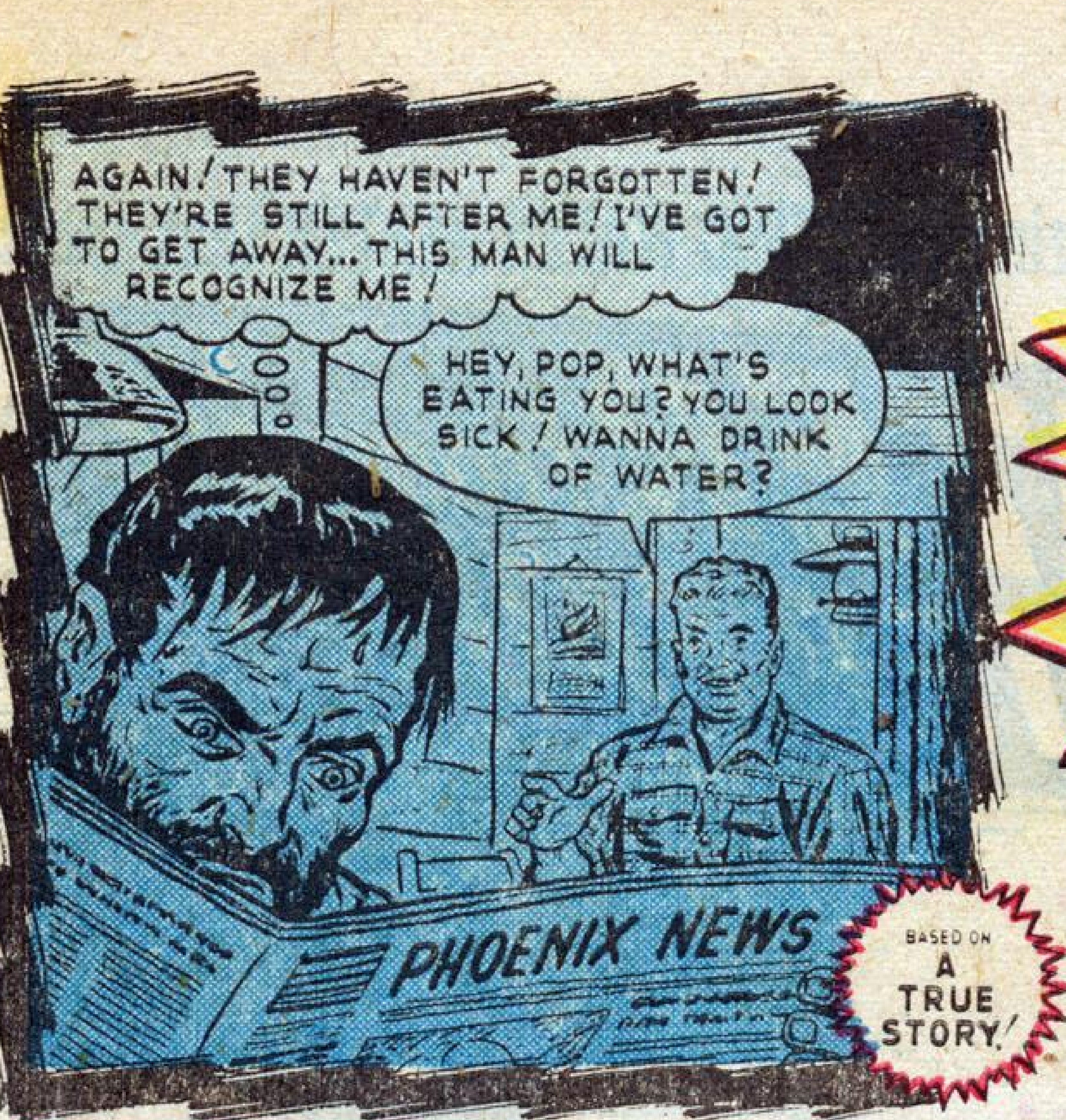
AGAIN! THEY HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN! THEY'RE STILL AFTER ME! I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY... THIS MAN WILL RECOGNIZE ME!
HEY, POP, WHAT'S EATING YOU? YOU LOOK SICK! WANNA DRINK OF WATER?
PHOENIX NEWS
BASED ON A TRUE STORY!

"CURSE OF THE GYPSY!"

JUSTICE SOMETIMES WORKS IN STRANGE WAYS AS IN THE AMAZING CASE OF JOHN CULLEN...

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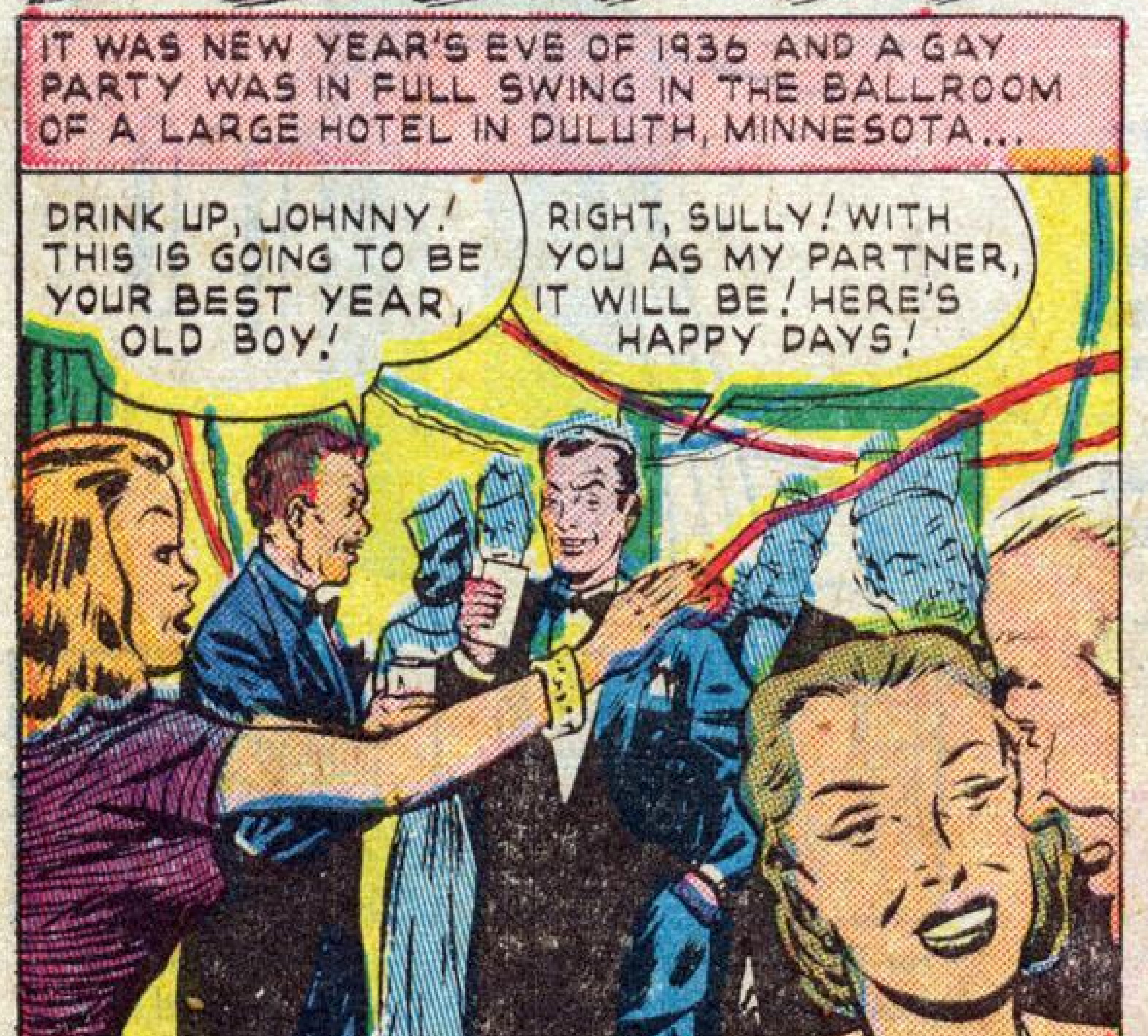
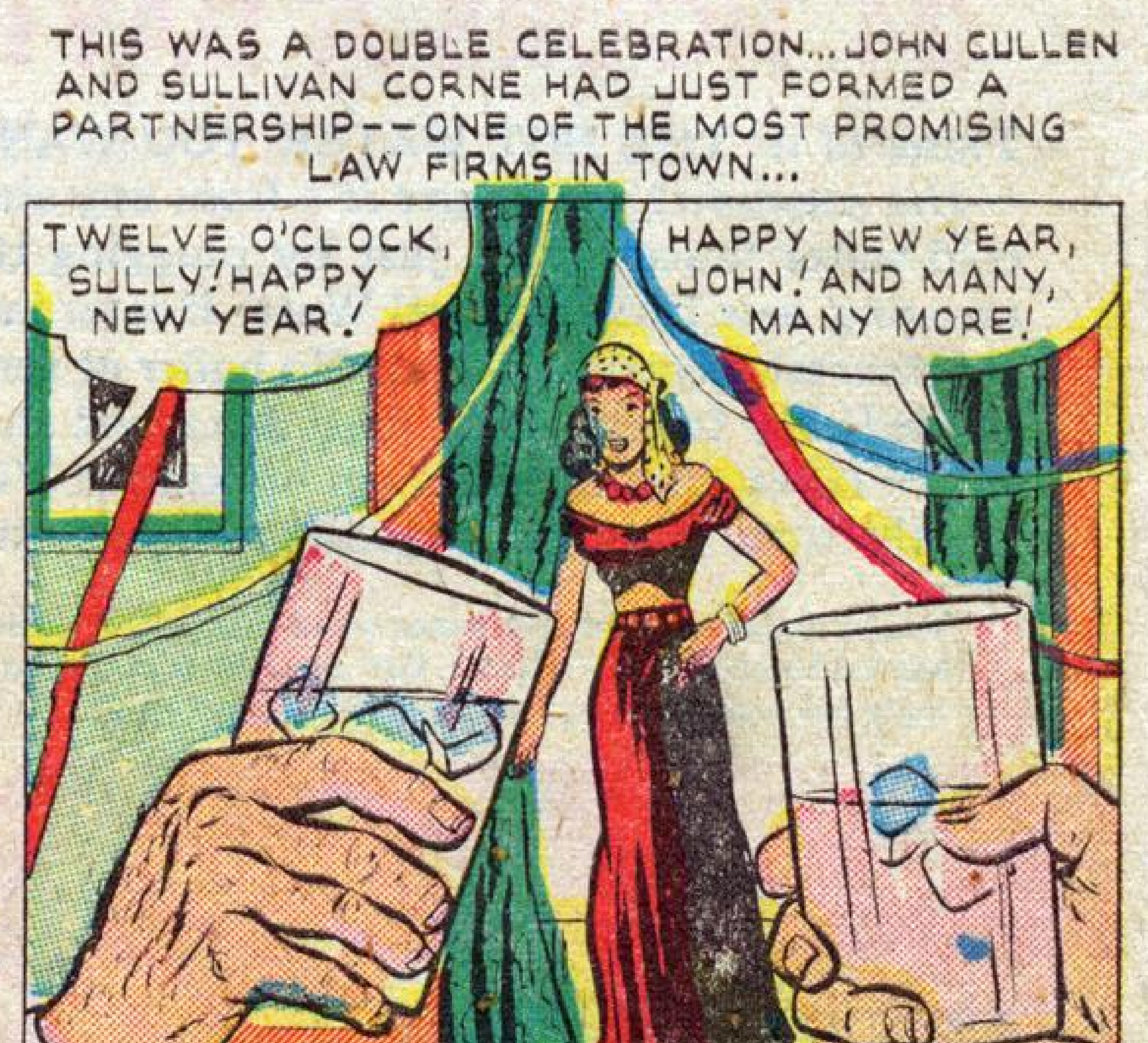
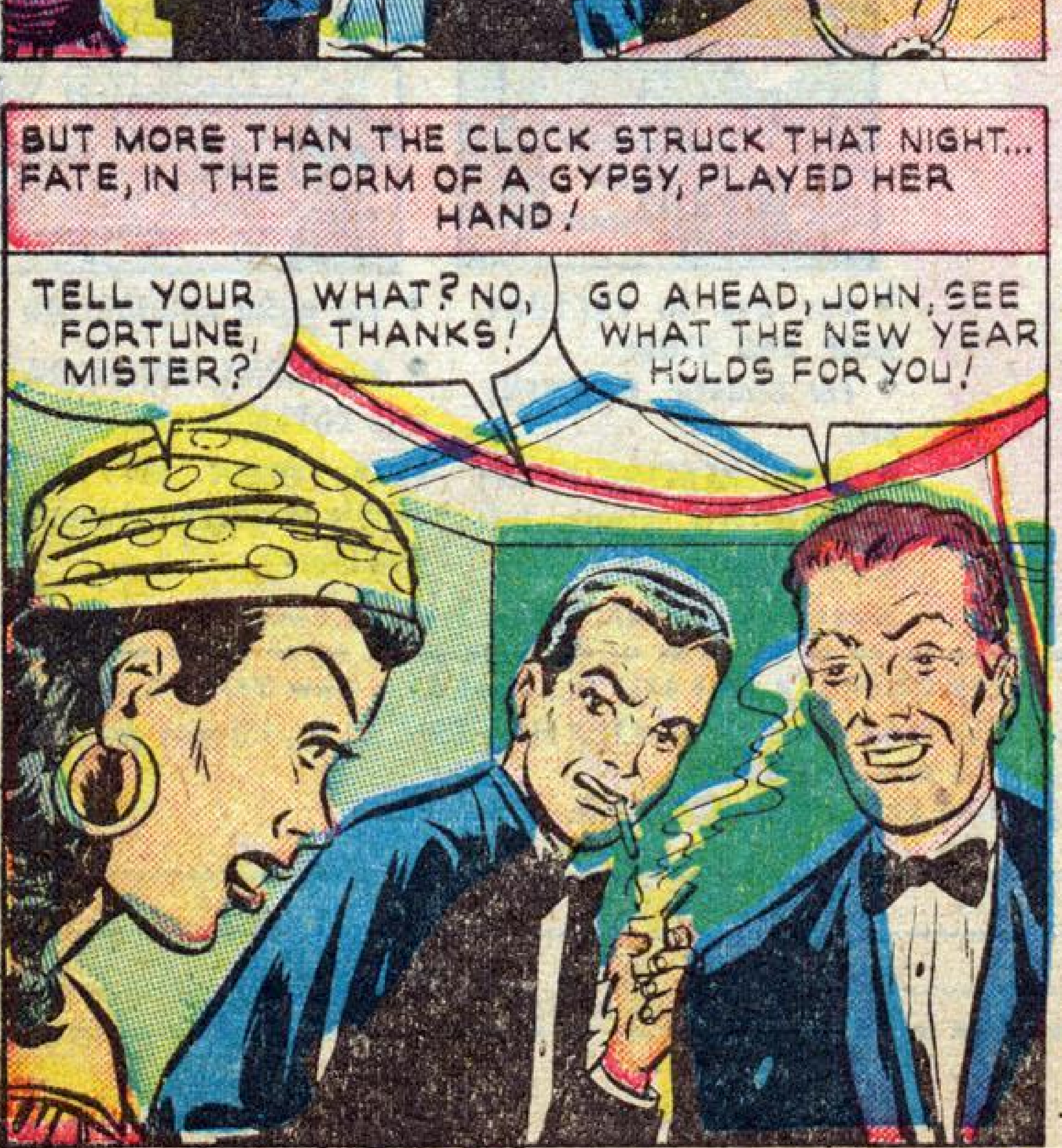
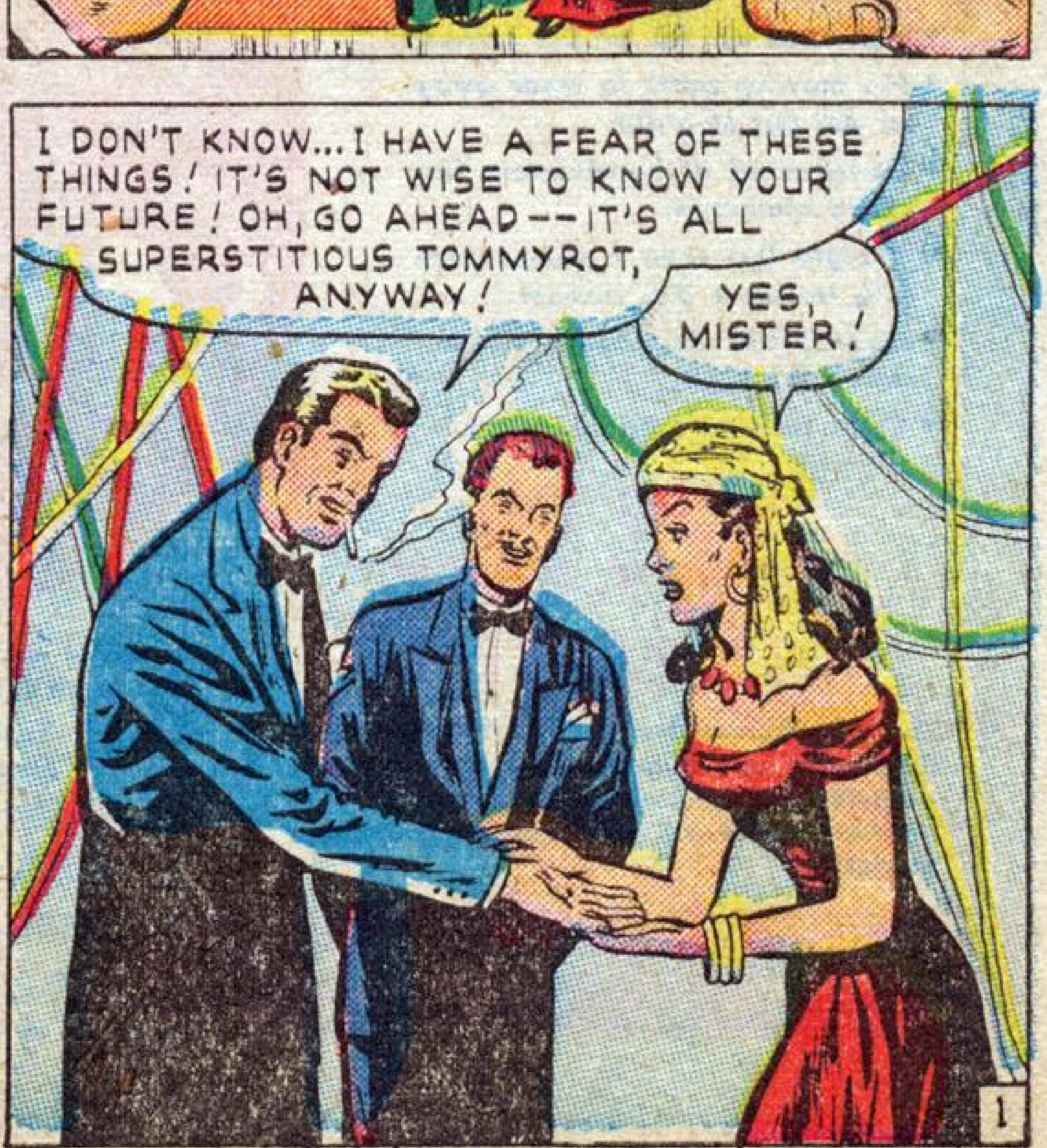
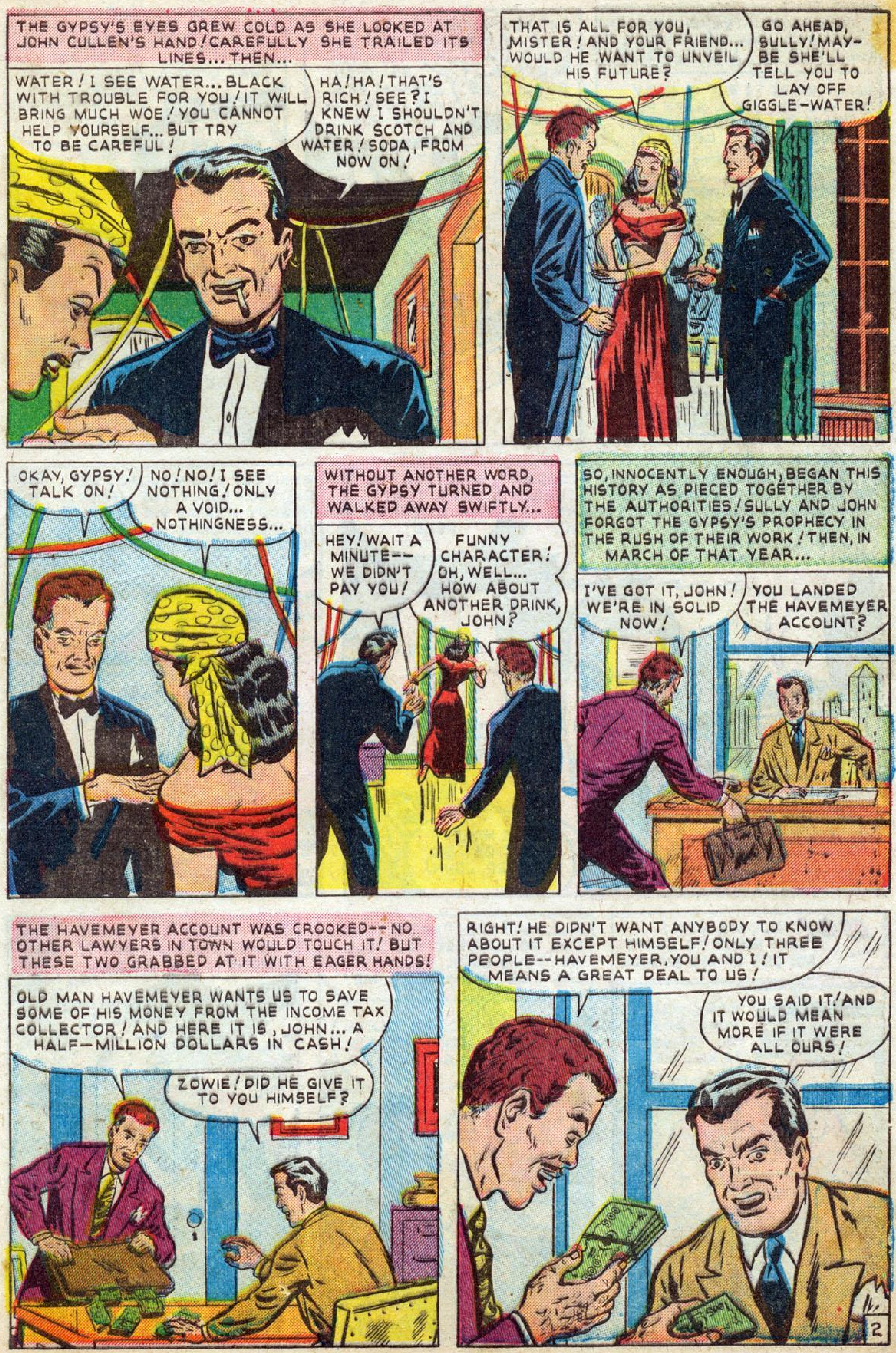
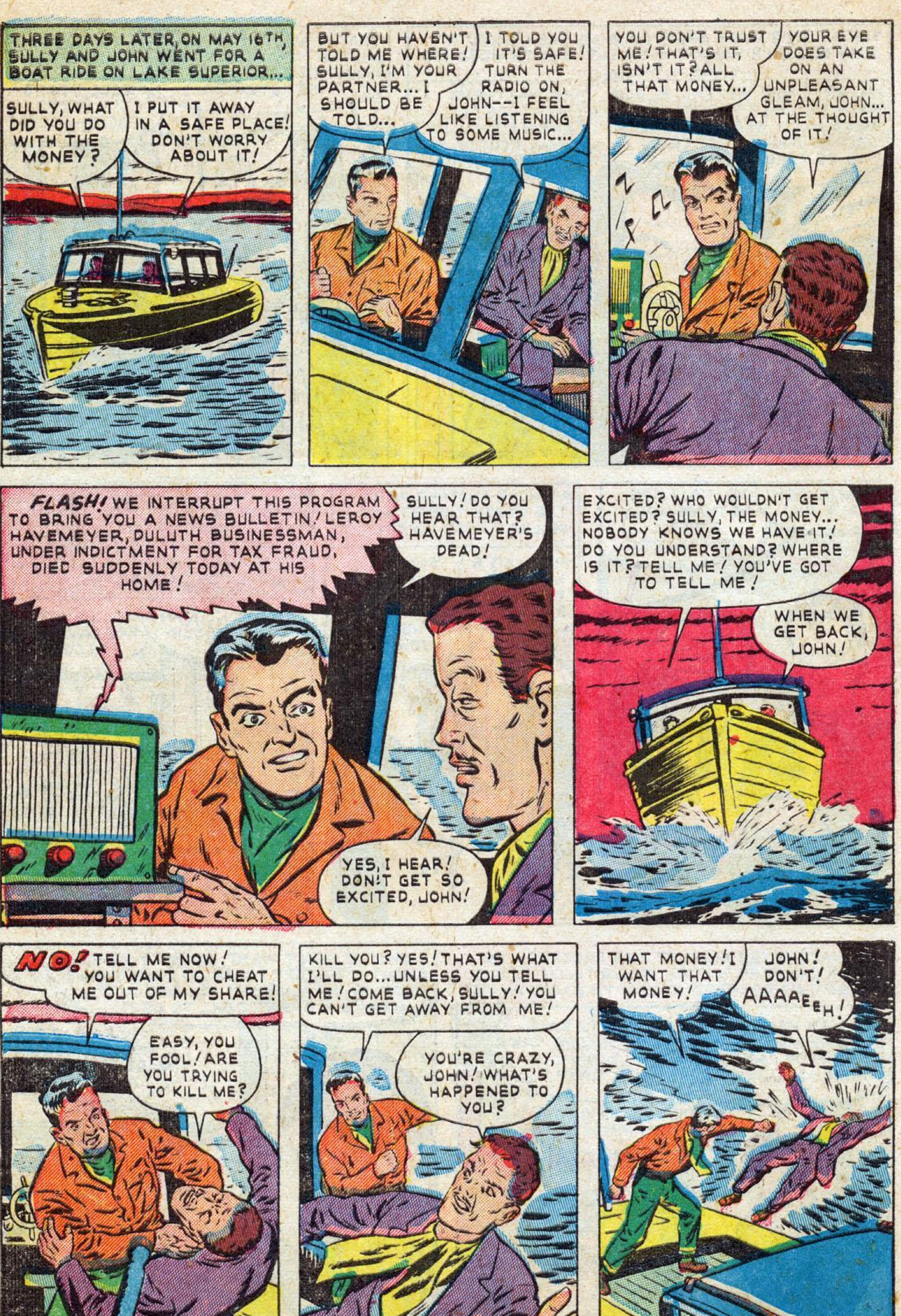

IT WAS NEW YEAR'S EVE OF 1936 AND A GAY PARTY WAS IN FULL SWING IN THE BALLROOM OF A LARGE HOTEL IN DULUTH, MINNESOTA...
DRINK UP, JOHNNY! THIS IS GOING TO BE YOUR BEST YEAR, OLD BOY!
RIGHT, SULLY! WITH YOU AS MY PARTNER, IT WILL BE! HERE'S HAPPY DAYS!

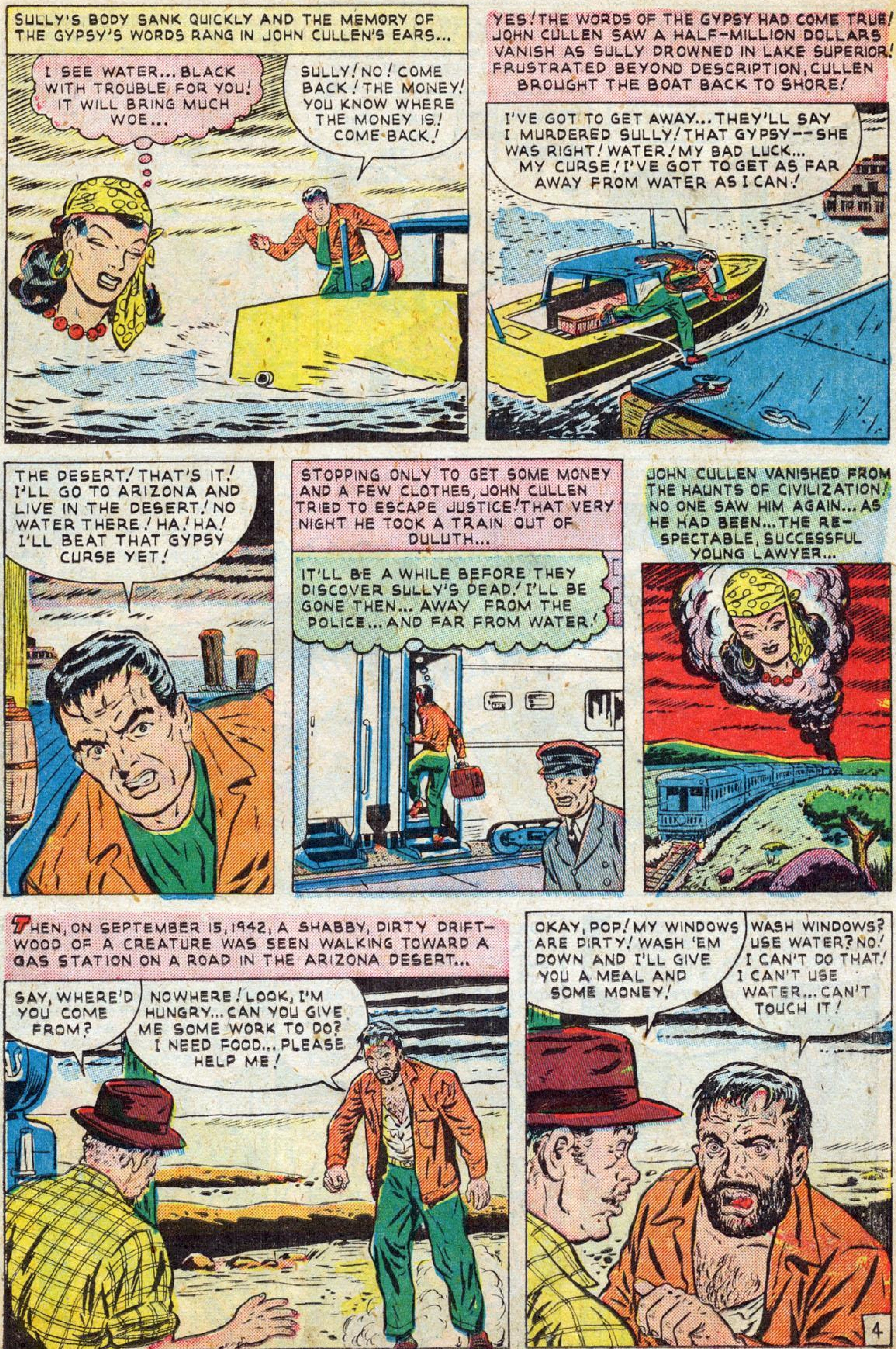

THIS WAS A DOUBLE CELEBRATION... JOHN CULLEN AND SULLIVAN CORNE HAD JUST FORMED A PARTNERSHIP--ONE OF THE MOST PROMISING LAW FIRMS IN TOWN...
TWELVE O'CLOCK, SULLY! HAPPY NEW YEAR!
HAPPY NEW YEAR, JOHN! AND MANY, MANY MORE!


BUT MORE THAN THE CLOCK STRUCK THAT NIGHT... FATE, IN THE FORM OF A GYPSY, PLAYED HER HAND!
TELL YOUR FORTUNE, MISTER?
WHAT? NO, THANKS!
GO AHEAD, JOHN, SEE WHAT THE NEW YEAR HOLDS FOR YOU!


I DON'T KNOW... I HAVE A FEAR OF THESE THINGS! IT'S NOT WISE TO KNOW YOUR FUTURE! OH, GO AHEAD--IT'S ALL SUPERSTITIOUS TOMMYROT, ANYWAY!
YES, MISTER!


THE GYPSY'S EYES GREW COLD AS SHE LOOKED AT JOHN CULLEN'S HAND! CAREFULLY SHE TRAILED ITS LINES... THEN...
WATER! I SEE WATER... BLACK WITH TROUBLE FOR YOU! IT WILL BRING MUCH WOE! YOU CANNOT HELP YOURSELF... BUT TRY TO BE CAREFUL!
HA! HA! THAT'S RICH! SEE? I KNEW I SHOULDN'T DRINK SCOTCH AND WATER! SODA, FROM NOW ON!
THAT IS ALL FOR YOU, MISTER! AND YOUR FRIEND... WOULD HE WANT TO UNVEIL HIS FUTURE?
GO AHEAD, SULLY! MAYBE SHE'LL TELL YOU TO LAY OFF GIGGLE-WATER!
OKAY, GYPSY! TALK ON!
NO! NO! I SEE NOTHING! ONLY A VOID... NOTHINGNESS...
WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD, THE GYPSY TURNED AND WALKED AWAY SWIFTLY...
HEY! WAIT A MINUTE-- WE DIDN'T PAY YOU!
FUNNY CHARACTER! OH, WELL... HOW ABOUT ANOTHER DRINK, JOHN?
SO, INNOCENTLY ENOUGH, BEGAN THIS HISTORY AS PIECED TOGETHER BY THE AUTHORITIES! SULLY AND JOHN FORGOT THE GYPSY'S PROPHECY IN THE RUSH OF THEIR WORK! THEN, IN MARCH OF THAT YEAR...
I'VE GOT IT, JOHN! WE'RE IN SOLID NOW!
YOU LANDED THE HAVEMEYER ACCOUNT?
THE HAVEMEYER ACCOUNT WAS CROOKED-- NO OTHER LAWYERS IN TOWN WOULD TOUCH IT! BUT THESE TWO GRABBED AT IT WITH EAGER HANDS!
OLD MAN HAVEMEYER WANTS US TO SAVE SOME OF HIS MONEY FROM THE INCOME TAX COLLECTOR! AND HERE IT IS, JOHN... A HALF-MILLION DOLLARS IN CASH!
ZOWIE! DID HE GIVE IT TO YOU HIMSELF?
RIGHT! HE DIDN'T WANT ANYBODY TO KNOW ABOUT IT EXCEPT HIMSELF! ONLY THREE PEOPLE--HAVEMEYER, YOU AND I! IT MEANS A GREAT DEAL TO US!
YOU SAID IT! AND IT WOULD MEAN MORE IF IT WERE ALL OURS!


THREE DAYS LATER, ON MAY 16TH, SULLY AND JOHN WENT FOR A BOAT RIDE ON LAKE SUPERIOR...
SULLY, WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE MONEY?
I PUT IT AWAY IN A SAFE PLACE! DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT!
BUT YOU HAVEN'T TOLD ME WHERE! SULLY, I'M YOUR PARTNER... I SHOULD BE TOLD...
I TOLD YOU IT'S SAFE! TURN THE RADIO ON, JOHN--I FEEL LIKE LISTENING TO SOME MUSIC...
YOU DON'T TRUST ME! THAT'S IT, ISN'T IT? ALL THAT MONEY...
YOUR EYE DOES TAKE ON AN UNPLEASANT GLEAM, JOHN... AT THE THOUGHT OF IT!
FLASH! WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM TO BRING YOU A NEWS BULLETIN! LEROY HAVEMEYER, DULUTH BUSINESSMAN, UNDER INDICTMENT FOR TAX FRAUD, DIED SUDDENLY TODAY AT HIS HOME!
SULLY! DO YOU HEAR THAT? HAVEMEYER'S DEAD!
YES, I HEAR! DON'T GET SO EXCITED, JOHN!
EXCITED? WHO WOULDN'T GET EXCITED? SULLY, THE MONEY... NOBODY KNOWS WE HAVE IT! DO YOU UNDERSTAND? WHERE IS IT? TELL ME! YOU'VE GOT TO TELL ME!
WHEN WE GET BACK, JOHN!
NO! TELL ME NOW! YOU WANT TO CHEAT ME OUT OF MY SHARE!
EASY, YOU FOOL! ARE YOU TRYING TO KILL ME?
3
KILL YOU? YES! THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO... UNLESS YOU TELL ME! COME BACK, SULLY! YOU CAN'T GET AWAY FROM ME!
YOU'RE CRAZY, JOHN! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU?
THAT MONEY! I WANT THAT MONEY!
JOHN! DON'T! AAAAEEH!
...AND JOHN'S BLOW SENT SULLY OVERBOARD!


SULLY'S BODY SANK QUICKLY AND THE MEMORY OF THE GYPSY'S WORDS RANG IN JOHN CULLEN'S EARS...
I SEE WATER... BLACK WITH TROUBLE FOR YOU! IT WILL BRING MUCH WOE...
SULLY! NO! COME BACK! THE MONEY! YOU KNOW WHERE THE MONEY IS! COME BACK!
YES! THE WORDS OF THE GYPSY HAD COME TRUE! JOHN CULLEN SAW A HALF-MILLION DOLLARS VANISH AS SULLY DROWNED IN LAKE SUPERIOR! FRUSTRATED BEYOND DESCRIPTION, CULLEN BROUGHT THE BOAT BACK TO SHORE!
I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY... THEY'LL SAY I MURDERED SULLY! THAT GYPSY--SHE WAS RIGHT! WATER! MY BAD LUCK... MY CURSE! I'VE GOT TO GET AS FAR AWAY FROM WATER AS I CAN!
THE DESERT! THAT'S IT! I'LL GO TO ARIZONA AND LIVE IN THE DESERT! NO WATER THERE! HA! HA! I'LL BEAT THAT GYPSY CURSE YET!
STOPPING ONLY TO GET SOME MONEY AND A FEW CLOTHES, JOHN CULLEN TRIED TO ESCAPE JUSTICE! THAT VERY NIGHT HE TOOK A TRAIN OUT OF DULUTH...
IT'LL BE A WHILE BEFORE THEY DISCOVER SULLY'S DEAD! I'LL BE GONE THEN... AWAY FROM THE POLICE... AND FAR FROM WATER!
JOHN CULLEN VANISHED FROM THE HAUNTS OF CIVILIZATION! NO ONE SAW HIM AGAIN... AS HE HAD BEEN... THE RESPECTABLE, SUCCESSFUL YOUNG LAWYER...
THEN, ON SEPTEMBER 15, 1942, A SHABBY, DIRTY DRIFTWOOD OF A CREATURE WAS SEEN WALKING TOWARD A GAS STATION ON A ROAD IN THE ARIZONA DESERT...
SAY, WHERE'D YOU COME FROM?
NOWHERE! LOOK, I'M HUNGRY... CAN YOU GIVE ME SOME WORK TO DO? I NEED FOOD... PLEASE HELP ME!
OKAY, POP! MY WINDOWS ARE DIRTY! WASH 'EM DOWN AND I'LL GIVE YOU A MEAL AND SOME MONEY!
WASH WINDOWS? USE WATER? NO! I CAN'T DO THAT! I CAN'T USE WATER... CAN'T TOUCH IT!

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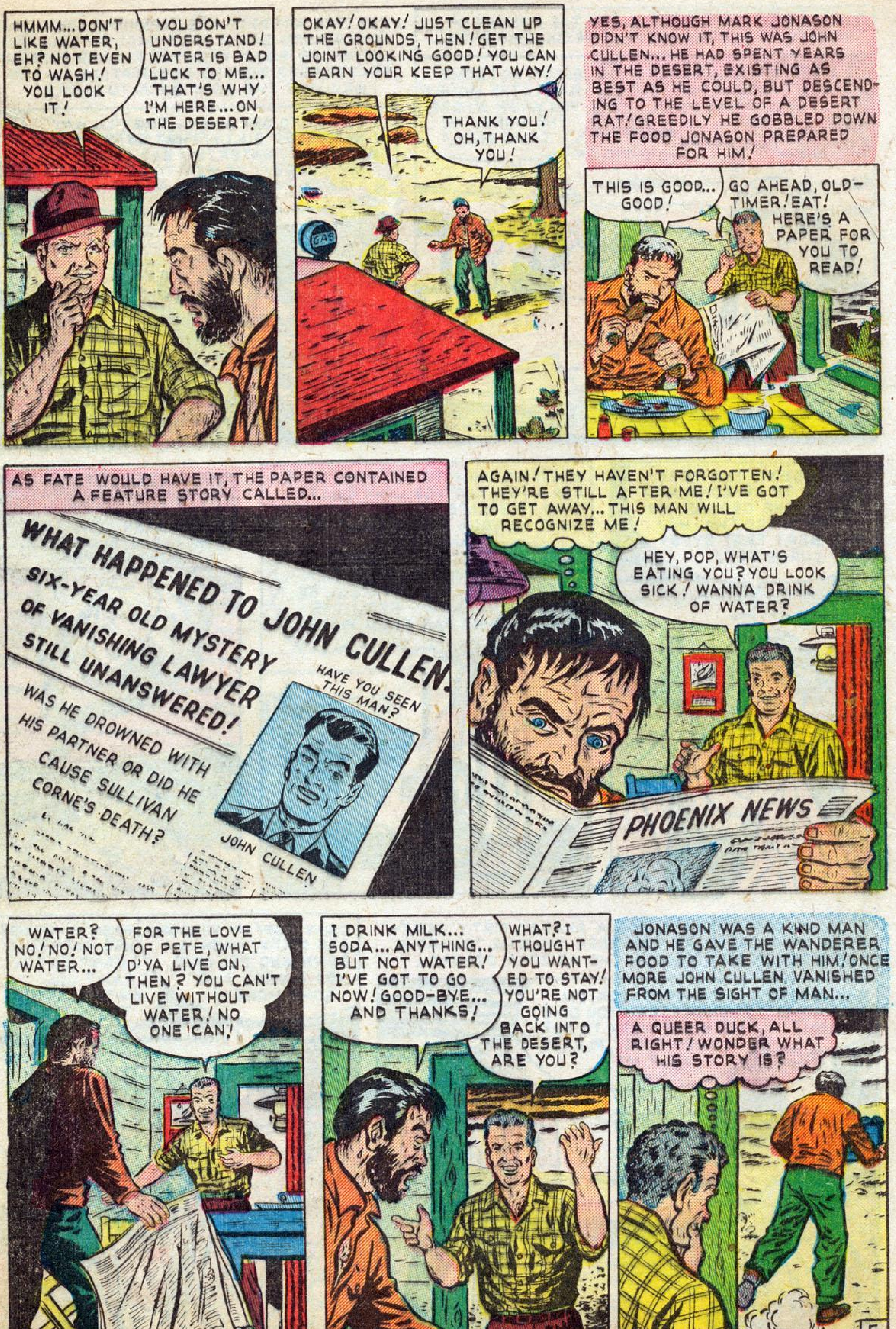
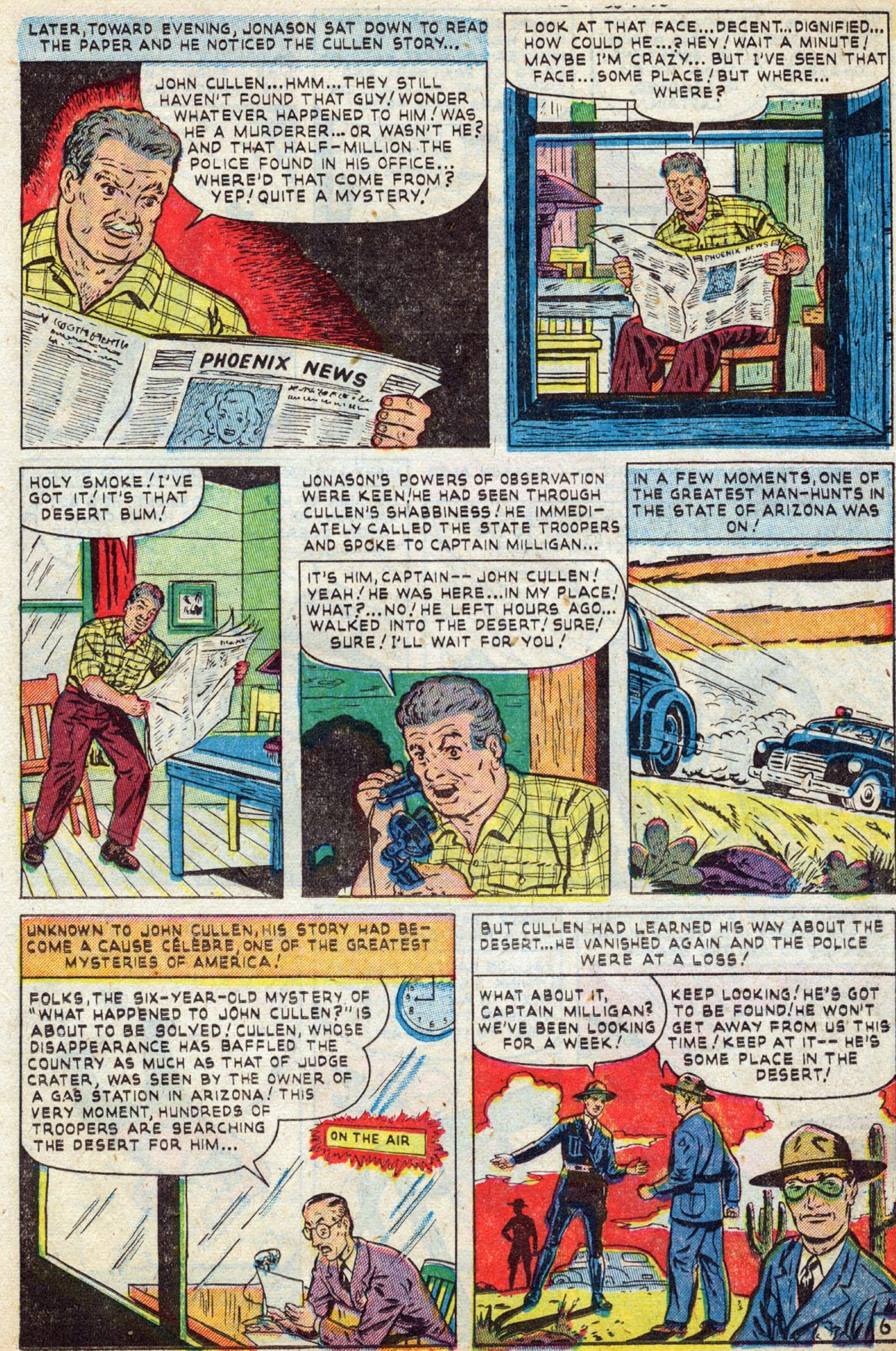
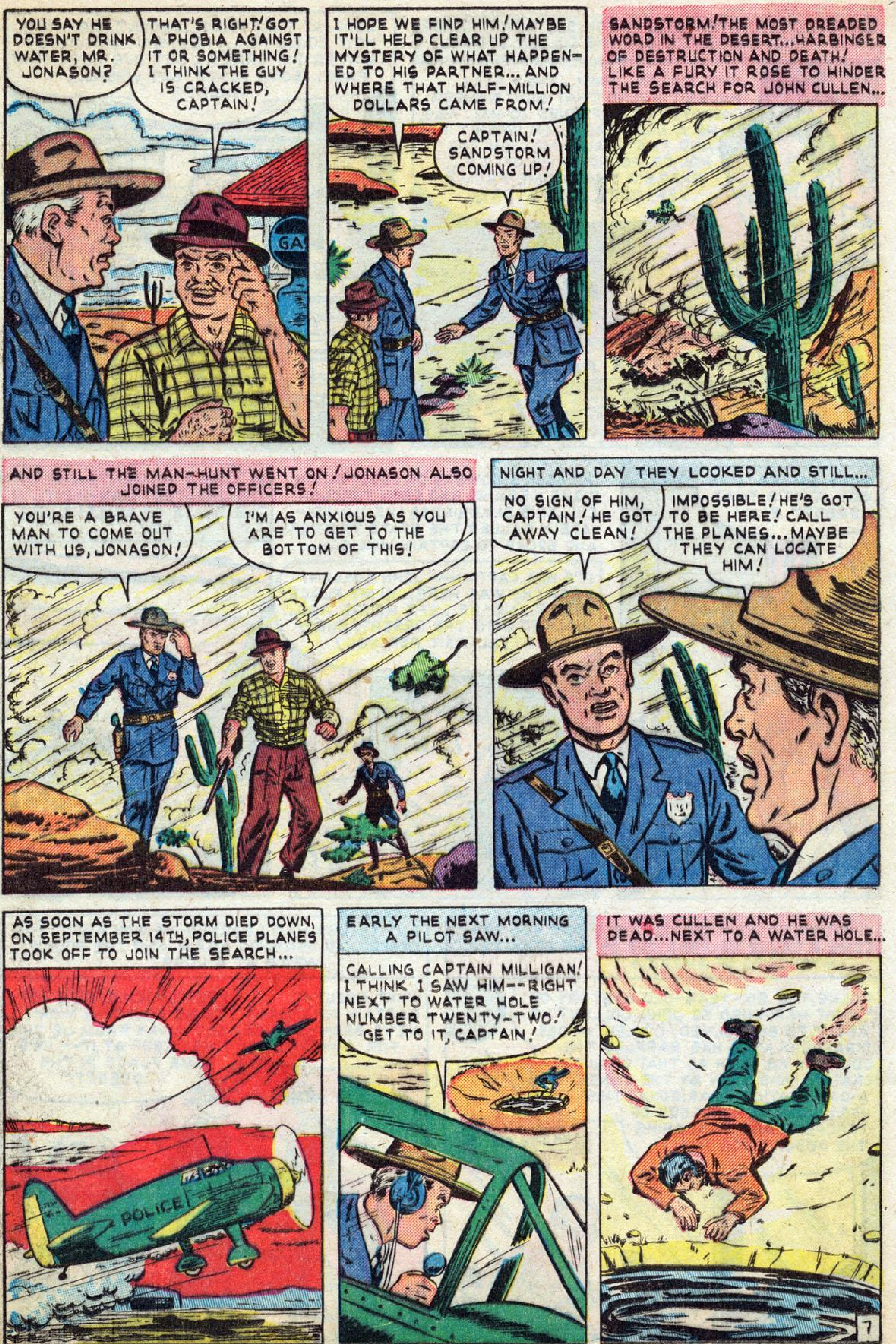
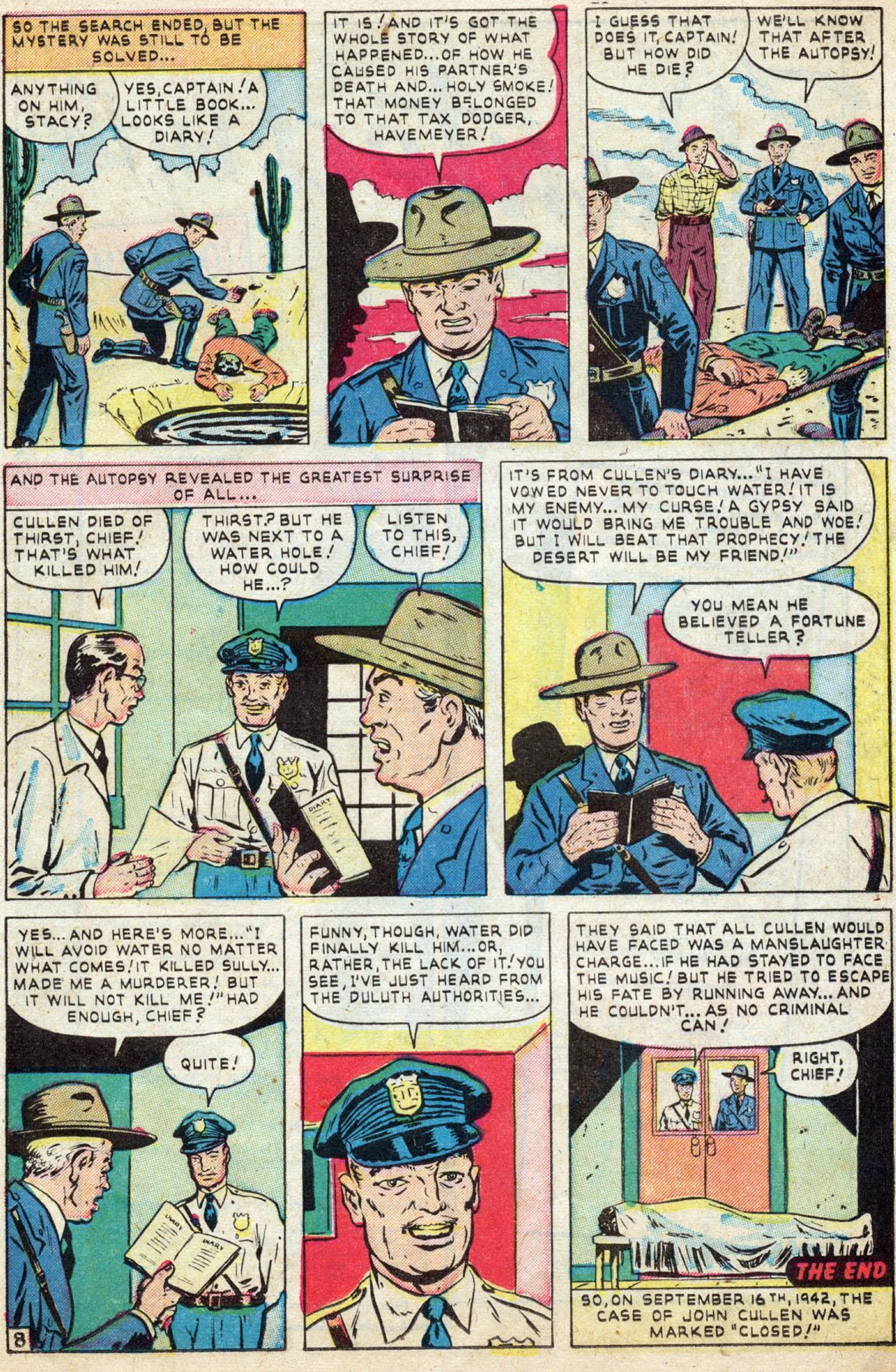

HMMM...DON'T LIKE WATER, EH? NOT EVEN TO WASH! YOU LOOK IT!
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! WATER IS BAD LUCK TO ME... THAT'S WHY I'M HERE...ON THE DESERT!
OKAY! OKAY! JUST CLEAN UP THE GROUNDS, THEN! GET THE JOINT LOOKING GOOD! YOU CAN EARN YOUR KEEP THAT WAY!
THANK YOU! OH, THANK YOU!
GAS
YES, ALTHOUGH MARK JONASON DIDN'T KNOW IT, THIS WAS JOHN CULLEN... HE HAD SPENT YEARS IN THE DESERT, EXISTING AS BEST AS HE COULD, BUT DESCENDING TO THE LEVEL OF A DESERT RAT! GREEDILY HE GOBBLED DOWN THE FOOD JONASON PREPARED FOR HIM!
THIS IS GOOD... GOOD!
GO AHEAD, OLD-TIMER! EAT! HERE'S A PAPER FOR YOU TO READ!
AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT, THE PAPER CONTAINED A FEATURE STORY CALLED...
WHAT HAPPENED TO JOHN CULLEN?
SIX-YEAR OLD MYSTERY OF VANISHING LAWYER STILL UNANSWERED!
WAS HE DROWNED WITH HIS PARTNER OR DID HE CAUSE SULLIVAN CORNE'S DEATH?
HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN?
JOHN CULLEN
AGAIN! THEY HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN! THEY'RE STILL AFTER ME! I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY... THIS MAN WILL RECOGNIZE ME!
HEY, POP, WHAT'S EATING YOU? YOU LOOK SICK! WANNA DRINK OF WATER?
PHOENIX NEWS
WATER? NO! NO! NOT WATER...
FOR THE LOVE OF PETE, WHAT D'YA LIVE ON, THEN? YOU CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT WATER! NO ONE CAN!
I DRINK MILK... SODA... ANYTHING... BUT NOT WATER! I'VE GOT TO GO NOW! GOOD-BYE... AND THANKS!
WHAT? I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO STAY! YOU'RE NOT GOING BACK INTO THE DESERT, ARE YOU?
JONASON WAS A KIND MAN AND HE GAVE THE WANDERER FOOD TO TAKE WITH HIM! ONCE MORE JOHN CULLEN VANISHED FROM THE SIGHT OF MAN...
A QUEER DUCK, ALL RIGHT! WONDER WHAT HIS STORY IS?


LATER, TOWARD EVENING, JONASON SAT DOWN TO READ THE PAPER AND HE NOTICED THE CULLEN STORY...
JOHN CULLEN...HMM...THEY STILL HAVEN'T FOUND THAT GUY! WONDER WHATEVER HAPPENED TO HIM! WAS HE A MURDERER...OR WASN'T HE? AND THAT HALF-MILLION THE POLICE FOUND IN HIS OFFICE... WHERE'D THAT COME FROM? YEP! QUITE A MYSTERY!
PHOENIX NEWS
LOOK AT THAT FACE...DECENT...DIGNIFIED... HOW COULD HE...? HEY! WAIT A MINUTE! MAYBE I'M CRAZY... BUT I'VE SEEN THAT FACE... SOME PLACE! BUT WHERE... WHERE?
PHOENIX NEWS
HOLY SMOKE! I'VE GOT IT! IT'S THAT DESERT BUM!
JONASON'S POWERS OF OBSERVATION WERE KEEN! HE HAD SEEN THROUGH CULLEN'S SHABBINESS! HE IMMEDIATELY CALLED THE STATE TROOPERS AND SPOKE TO CAPTAIN MILLIGAN...
IT'S HIM, CAPTAIN-- JOHN CULLEN! YEAH! HE WAS HERE...IN MY PLACE! WHAT?...NO! HE LEFT HOURS AGO... WALKED INTO THE DESERT! SURE! SURE! I'LL WAIT FOR YOU!
IN A FEW MOMENTS, ONE OF THE GREATEST MAN-HUNTS IN THE STATE OF ARIZONA WAS ON!
UNKNOWN TO JOHN CULLEN, HIS STORY HAD BECOME A CAUSE CÉLÈBRE, ONE OF THE GREATEST MYSTERIES OF AMERICA!
FOLKS, THE SIX-YEAR-OLD MYSTERY OF "WHAT HAPPENED TO JOHN CULLEN?" IS ABOUT TO BE SOLVED! CULLEN, WHOSE DISAPPEARANCE HAS BAFFLED THE COUNTRY AS MUCH AS THAT OF JUDGE CRATER, WAS SEEN BY THE OWNER OF A GAS STATION IN ARIZONA! THIS VERY MOMENT, HUNDREDS OF TROOPERS ARE SEARCHING THE DESERT FOR HIM...
ON THE AIR
BUT CULLEN HAD LEARNED HIS WAY ABOUT THE DESERT...HE VANISHED AGAIN AND THE POLICE WERE AT A LOSS!
WHAT ABOUT IT, CAPTAIN MILLIGAN? WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR A WEEK!
KEEP LOOKING! HE'S GOT TO BE FOUND! HE WON'T GET AWAY FROM US THIS TIME! KEEP AT IT-- HE'S SOME PLACE IN THE DESERT!


YOU SAY HE DOESN'T DRINK WATER, MR. JONASON?
THAT'S RIGHT! GOT A PHOBIA AGAINST IT OR SOMETHING! I THINK THE GUY IS CRACKED, CAPTAIN!
GAS
I HOPE WE FIND HIM! MAYBE IT'LL HELP CLEAR UP THE MYSTERY OF WHAT HAPPENED TO HIS PARTNER... AND WHERE THAT HALF-MILLION DOLLARS CAME FROM!
CAPTAIN! SANDSTORM COMING UP!
SANDSTORM! THE MOST DREADED WORD IN THE DESERT... HARBINGER OF DESTRUCTION AND DEATH! LIKE A FURY IT ROSE TO HINDER THE SEARCH FOR JOHN CULLEN...
AND STILL THE MAN-HUNT WENT ON! JONASON ALSO JOINED THE OFFICERS!
YOU'RE A BRAVE MAN TO COME OUT WITH US, JONASON!
I'M AS ANXIOUS AS YOU ARE TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!
NIGHT AND DAY THEY LOOKED AND STILL...
NO SIGN OF HIM, CAPTAIN! HE GOT AWAY CLEAN!
IMPOSSIBLE! HE'S GOT TO BE HERE! CALL THE PLANES... MAYBE THEY CAN LOCATE HIM!
AS SOON AS THE STORM DIED DOWN, ON SEPTEMBER 14TH, POLICE PLANES TOOK OFF TO JOIN THE SEARCH...
POLICE
EARLY THE NEXT MORNING A PILOT SAW...
CALLING CAPTAIN MILLIGAN! I THINK I SAW HIM--RIGHT NEXT TO WATER HOLE NUMBER TWENTY-TWO! GET TO IT, CAPTAIN!
IT WAS CULLEN AND HE WAS DEAD... NEXT TO A WATER HOLE...

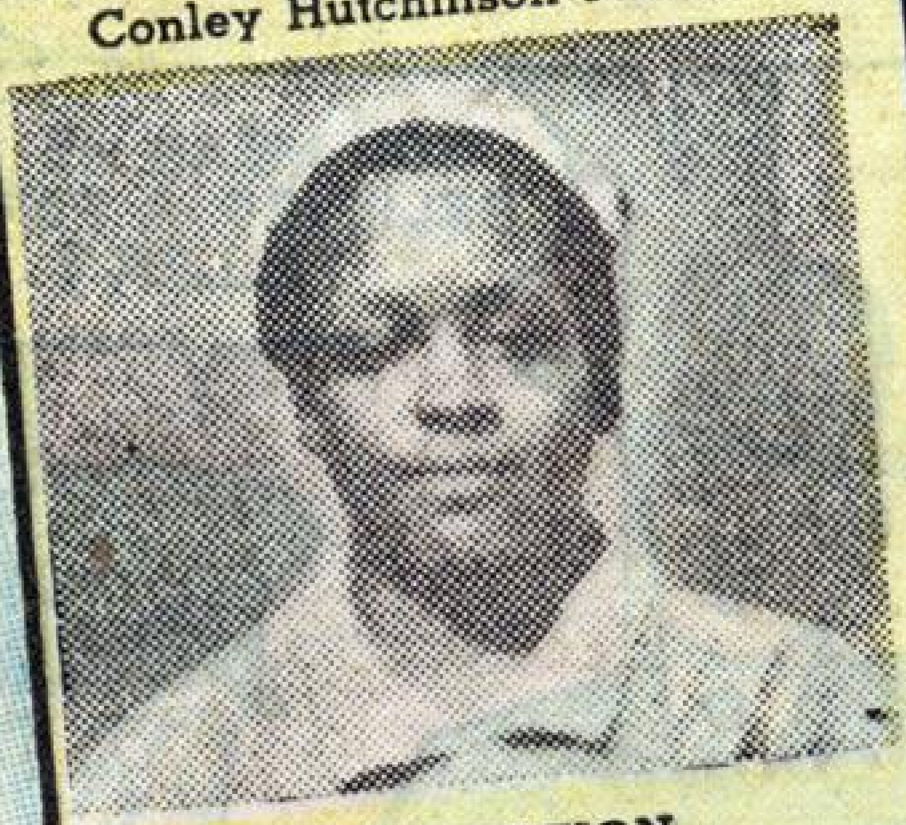

SO THE SEARCH ENDED, BUT THE MYSTERY WAS STILL TO BE SOLVED...
ANYTHING ON HIM, STACY?
YES, CAPTAIN! A LITTLE BOOK... LOOKS LIKE A DIARY!
IT IS! AND IT'S GOT THE WHOLE STORY OF WHAT HAPPENED... OF HOW HE CAUSED HIS PARTNER'S DEATH AND... HOLY SMOKE! THAT MONEY BELONGED TO THAT TAX DODGER, HAVEMEYER!
I GUESS THAT DOES IT, CAPTAIN! BUT HOW DID HE DIE?
WE'LL KNOW THAT AFTER THE AUTOPSY!
AND THE AUTOPSY REVEALED THE GREATEST SURPRISE OF ALL...
CULLEN DIED OF THIRST, CHIEF! THAT'S WHAT KILLED HIM!
THIRST? BUT HE WAS NEXT TO A WATER HOLE! HOW COULD HE...?
LISTEN TO THIS, CHIEF!
DIARY
IT'S FROM CULLEN'S DIARY... "I HAVE VOWED NEVER TO TOUCH WATER! IT IS MY ENEMY... MY CURSE! A GYPSY SAID IT WOULD BRING ME TROUBLE AND WOE! BUT I WILL BEAT THAT PROPHECY! THE DESERT WILL BE MY FRIEND!"
YOU MEAN HE BELIEVED A FORTUNE TELLER?
YES... AND HERE'S MORE... "I WILL AVOID WATER NO MATTER WHAT COMES! IT KILLED SULLY... MADE ME A MURDERER! BUT IT WILL NOT KILL ME!" HAD ENOUGH, CHIEF?
QUITE!
DIARY
DIARY
FUNNY, THOUGH, WATER DID FINALLY KILL HIM... OR, RATHER, THE LACK OF IT! YOU SEE, I'VE JUST HEARD FROM THE DULUTH AUTHORITIES...
THEY SAID THAT ALL CULLEN WOULD HAVE FACED WAS A MANSLAUGHTER CHARGE... IF HE HAD STAYED TO FACE THE MUSIC! BUT HE TRIED TO ESCAPE HIS FATE BY RUNNING AWAY... AND HE COULDN'T... AS NO CRIMINAL CAN!
RIGHT, CHIEF!
THE END
SO, ON SEPTEMBER 16TH, 1942, THE CASE OF JOHN CULLEN WAS MARKED "CLOSED!"

Wanted by the F.B.I.

$100 REWARD
WILL BE PAID FOR INFORMATION
LEADING TO THE ARREST OF
ANY OF THESE FUGITIVES

IVA CADDO LAWSON

With Aliases: Mrs. Morris Anderson, I. C. Brown, Ruth Harris, Ruth Conley Hutchinson, Ruth Conley Hutchinson Morris



DESCRIPTION

Age, 34, born March 3, 1914, Haywood, Arkansas; Height, 5 feet, 4 inches; Weight, 140 pounds; Build, stocky; Hair, black; Eyes, maroon; Complexion, light brown; Race, Negro; Nationality, American; Occupations, cook and maid; Scars and marks, 1¼ inch scar on left cheek near eye.

UNLAWFUL FLIGHT TO AVOID PROSECUTION FOR BURGLARY

CRIMINAL RECORD

A complaint was filed before a United States Commissioner at San Angelo, Texas, on December 14, 1943, charging Iva Caddo Lawson with violating Section 408e, Title 18, U. S. Code in that she fled from the State of Texas to avoid prosecution for the crime of burglary.

Fingerprint Classification:

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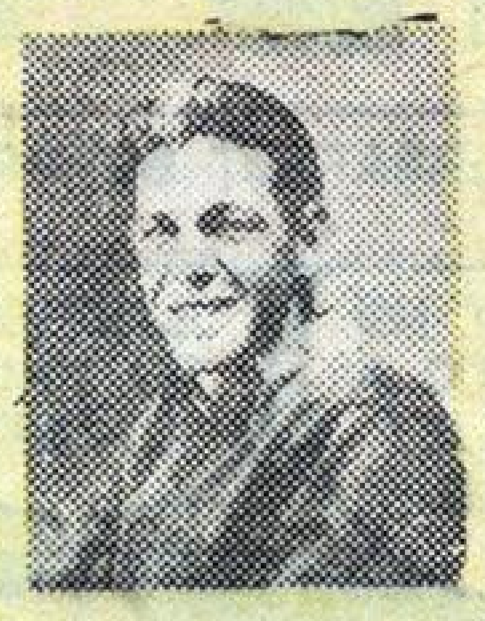
WILLIAM WALLACE SHERWOOD



With aliases: "Wally" Sherwood, "Tony"

DESCRIPTION

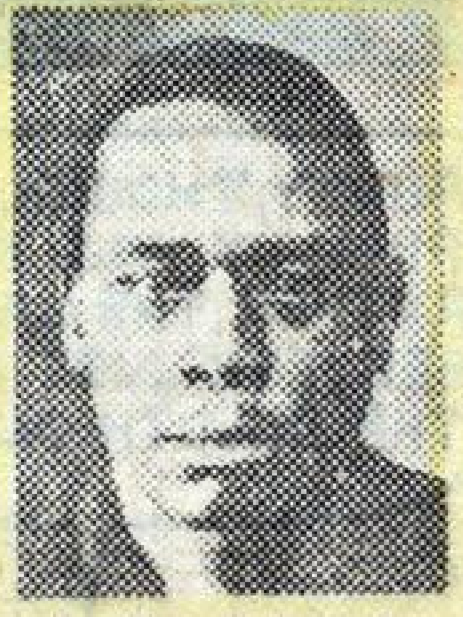
Age, 25, born June 6, 1923 at Romeo, Michigan; Height, 5' 10½"; Weight 170 pounds; Eyes, brown; Hair, black; Complexion, ruddy; Build, medium; Race, white; Nationality, American; Education, ninth grade; Occupations, farm hand and carnival worker.

NATIONAL MOTOR VEHICLE THEFT ACT

On August 24, 1942 the United States Commissioner for the Eastern District of Michigan, Detroit, Michigan, issued a warrant for Sherwood's arrest charging him with having transported a stolen automobile from Washtenaw County, Michigan, to Sidney, Ohio, in violation of the National Motor Vehicle Theft Act. On March 27, 194. s was indicted for the same offense by a Federal Grand Jury at Detroit, Michigan.

Fingerprint Classification: None Knows.

RUBEN FIELDS



With aliases: Reuben Fields, Ruebon Fields, "Sweet"

DESCRIPTION

Age, 46, born July 7, 1902 at Mineola, Texas (not verified), Height, 5' 8"; Weight, 162 pounds; Eyes, brown; Hair, black, Complexion, brown, Build, medium, Race, Negro, Nationality, American, Scars and marks, circular burn scar left shoulder, V-shaped scar right forearm, 3 circular scars left shin.

UNLAWFUL FLIGHT TO AVOID PROSECUTION FOR MURDER

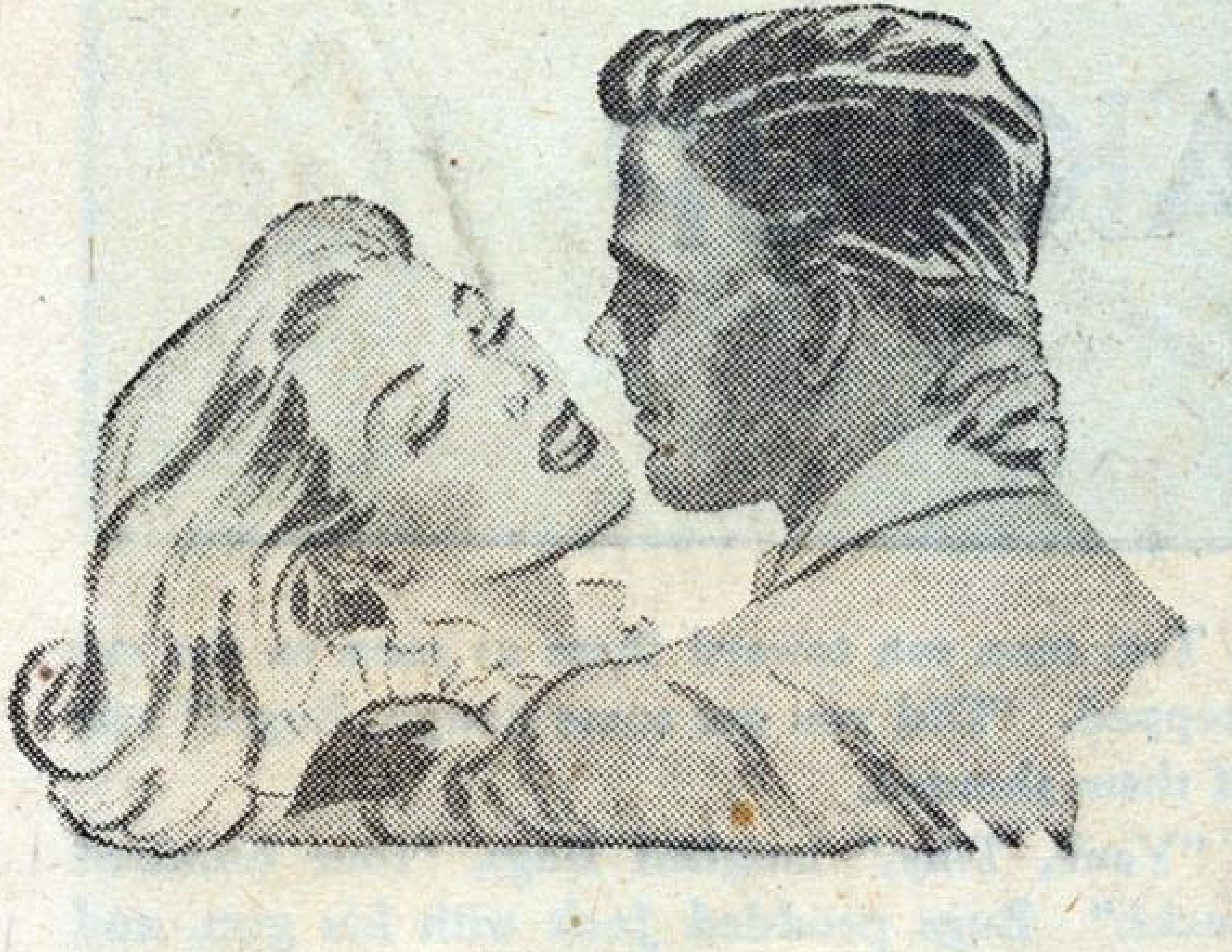
CRIMINAL RECORD

Fields has been sentenced in the State of New Mexico for the crime of assault with intent to rape.

CAUTION:
THE SUBJECT IS ARMED AND CONSIDERED DANGEROUS

A complaint was filed before a U. S. Commissioner at Clovis, New Mexico, on April 10, 1946 charging Ruben Fields with violating Section 408e, Title 18, United States Code in that he fled from the State of New Mexico to avoid prosecution for the crime of murder

Fingerprint Classification: $\frac{\text{14 O 27 W IIM 24}}{\text{M 28 W III}}$



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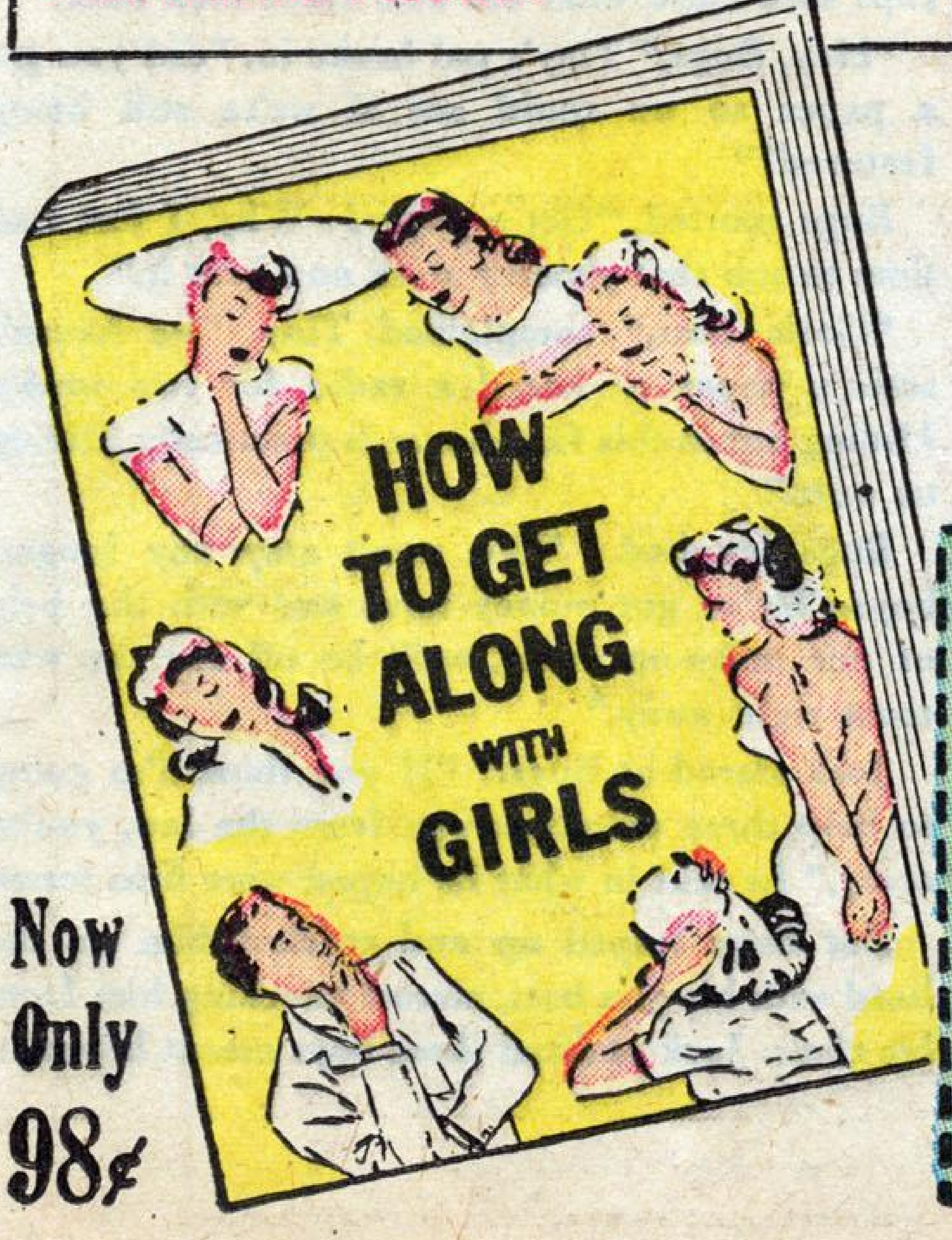
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THE MAKE-UP

AS JOCK ADLERS braked his station wagon to a halt at a red light, the door suddenly opened on the passenger side. Jock glanced over. He looked straight into the muzzle of a gun held by a tall man who slid quickly onto the front seat. "Get going, bud," the gunman snapped, "and follow my directions, or I'll drill you!"

"The cops after you?" Jock asked, striving to keep his voice calm.

"Not yet," answered the man, "but they will be as soon as they find out about the cash I picked up from a grocery store."

Jock kept glancing nervously at his companion as he drove out of the city. "I've seen your picture, haven't I?" he asked.

"Yeah," grinned the man, "pictures of me and my two buddies were featured on the front pages about two weeks ago. We pulled a big jewelry robbery then, but we haven't dared try to sell the jewels yet. Things are too hot around here. This cash I swiped tonight will get us the dough we need to make our getaway to the west coast, and we can get rid of the jewels there."

The man looked over his shoulder at the back seats of the station wagon, piled high with suitcases. Each suitcase was stenciled with the words, *The Bennington Theater Group*. The man looked at Jock curiously. "You an actor?"

"Not yet," Jock almost smiled. "I'm sort of general handy man around the stage. Right now I'm specializing in make-up."

The man's eyes narrowed. "Make-up, huh? Say, maybe you've given me a good idea!"

They drove for two hours out into the country until the man finally growled, "Turn off here."

Jock directed the car onto a dirt road, which they followed for about fifteen miles. Then he was ordered to turn onto a narrower, rutted, dirt road. After ten minutes more of driving they arrived at an old dilapidated farmhouse.

Two men ran toward them as soon as the car stopped. "Did you get some dough, Bugs?" one of them shouted.

"Yeah, Tiny," laughed Bugs, "four hundred bucks." Bugs prodded Jock with his gun, and Jock got out.

"Who is *this* guy?" both men cried.

"I had to pick him up to make my getaway," Bugs said. "And I think he's going to be useful."

Bugs ordered Jock into the house. When they were inside, they all sat down and Bugs smiled at his two henchmen. "Boys, this guy I picked up turned out to be a make-up artist with a theatrical group. His station wagon is loaded with their equipment, and I'm sure he has a make-up kit with him. Can't you see the possibilities, boys?"

Both crooks scratched their chins. Then Tiny broke into a broad grin. "I get it. This guy will make us up so we won't be recognized when we make a break for it. That's swell, because the cops sure know what our real faces look like."

"Hey, Bugs," Tiny's pal broke in, "did you get a paper so we could see if we're still being featured?"

Bugs snorted, "Get a *paper!* Why, I just had time to rob that grocery store and beat it."

"Gosh, boss," complained Tiny, "we haven't seen a paper or heard a radio for two weeks. Hiding out in this farmhouse is practically driving us nuts."

Bugs laughed. "We won't stay any longer, boys. We've got money now, and with the help of our make-up artist, we'll be off for the west coast right away."

Jock stared at Bugs. "If you think I'm going to help three crooks escape from the law, you're crazy," he said in what he hoped were firm tones.

But Bugs leaped up and cracked him on the head with his gun butt, almost knocking him from his chair. Jock realized these boys meant business.

What could he do? He couldn't fight three armed men. He searched his mind swiftly for an idea to thwart their escape—and suddenly remembered something they had discussed in front of him. He knew he had a terrific idea! "Okay, you win," he grinned at Bugs. "I'll make you boys up so you'll never be recognized by the cops."

Bugs purred, "That's better, friend. Let's get started."

Followed by Bugs, Jock went to the station wagon and located his make-up kit. Back in the house, Bugs ordered Jock to make up Tiny and his pal first.

Jock worked slowly and methodically. He applied make-up, molded noses, changed mouth-lines and even put a mustache on Tiny. He seemed to want to get every little feature just right, and the two crooks enjoyed being worked on. When Jock finished with them, Bugs let out a whistle of admiration. "Boy, that's great! Their own mother wouldn't recognize them. Now work me over." Bugs handed his gun to Tiny.

Tiny kept Jock covered while he made Bugs up. When Jock finished, he stood up to admire himself in an old mirror. "Perfect," he muttered. "Now to get out of this dump."

The men rearranged the suitcases and climbed into the station wagon, Jock got in behind the steering wheel, and they started off. In a few hours they were on the state highway, and Jock began speeding. If only he could get picked up by a cop! The three crooks were so pleased with themselves they didn't notice Jock's hurrying—until a siren sounded. Then, "What are you trying to do, wise guy?" Bugs snarled at Jock, shoving his gun into Jock's ribs.

Jock smiled, "I'm sorry. I didn't realize how fast I was going. Should I outrun the cop or let him stop us? You've really got nothing to worry about with the make-up job I've given all of you."

"Yeah, that's right," Bugs agreed. "Better stop and let the cops give you a ticket. No sense in arousing suspicion."

Jock pulled over as two state troopers rode up beside the station wagon. They got off their motorcycles and came over to look in, playing a flashlight on the faces of the crooks. Then suddenly they reached for their guns. Immediately

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the three crooks had theirs whipped out. Jock dropped to the floor, and bullets whistled above him as the state troopers ducked to the ground. Bugs tried to start the station wagon's motor, but Jock sprang up and grabbed his wrist, forcing him to drop his gun, while the state troopers kept the two crooks in the back seat busy dodging bullets. In ten minutes the fight was over.

The troopers handcuffed the three crooks. "Well," one of them said, "I never thought we'd get you three killers from the Gorg gang all at one time."

"Killers from the Gorg gang!" screamed Bugs. "You're crazy! We're the three guys that pulled the big jewelry job two weeks ago."

"Don't try to fool us," snapped the trooper. He looked at Bugs. "You're Jake Lubrow, and your two pals are Benny Gesell and Harry Groton."

The three crooks screamed denials. Jock had been standing there looking very amused, but now he burst out laughing. "I'm afraid they're right, officer. They're the jewel thiefs—not the killers. You see, Bugs captured me after he'd robbed a store, and forced me to make them up. But during their conversation I learned they hadn't seen a paper in two weeks so I knew they didn't know about the murders committed by Lubrow, Gesell and Groton that have been making the front pages this last week. I remembered what the three killers looked like from newspaper pictures, and I made these three guys up to look like them. Then I just prayed some cops would pick us up and think they were the killers." Jock rubbed his hand over Bug's face, and some of the make-up came off. Then he ripped Tiny's mustache off.

"Well!" cried the amazed troopers. "You certainly are a fast thinker, son."

"You have to be in show business," Jock smiled. "Now I'd better be getting back, or the boss will think I've run off with all the equipment." Jock got into the station wagon and, as he pulled away, shouted to the crooks, "Thanks for the make-up practice, boys!"

THE END. SL—3133

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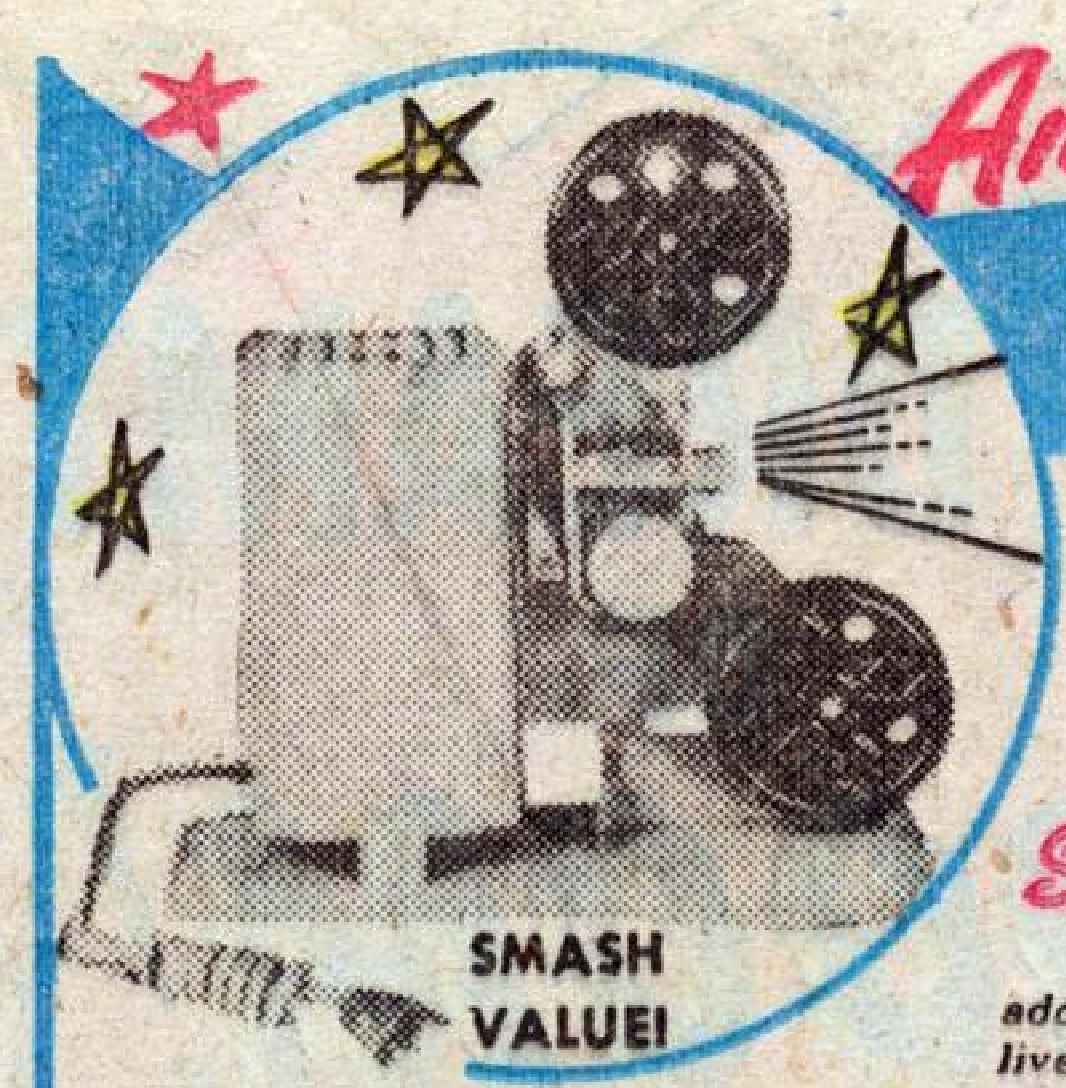

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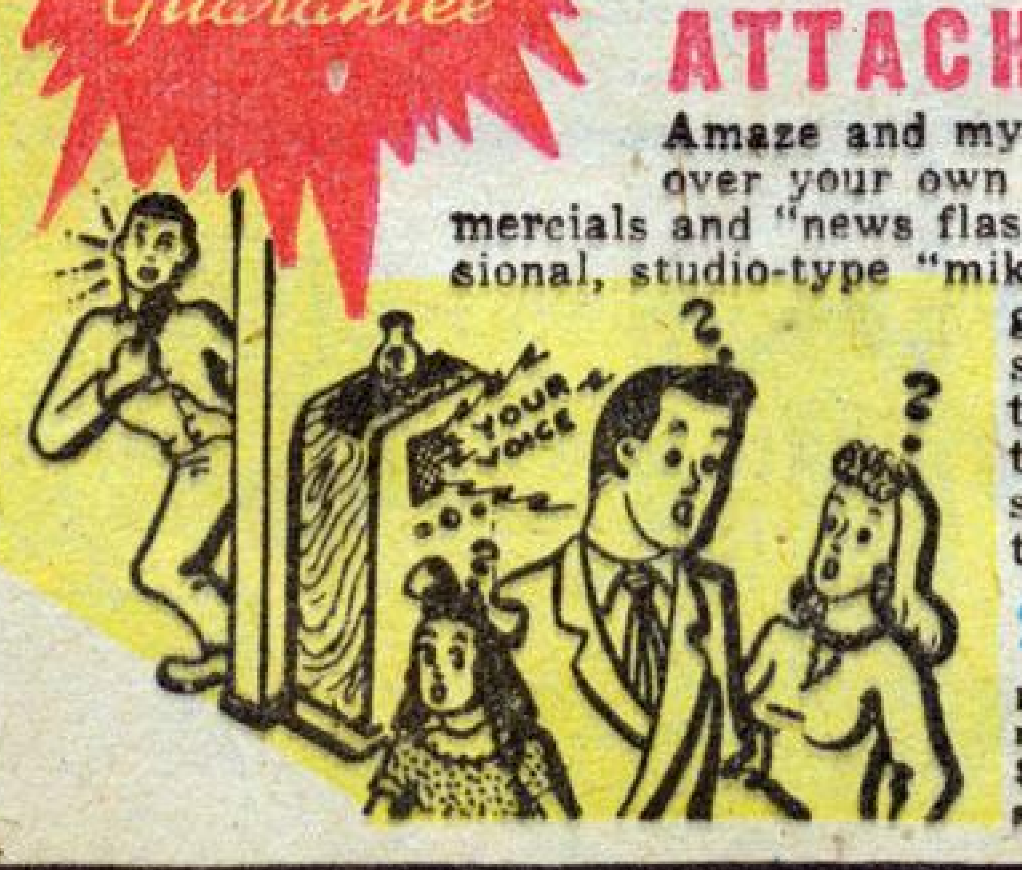

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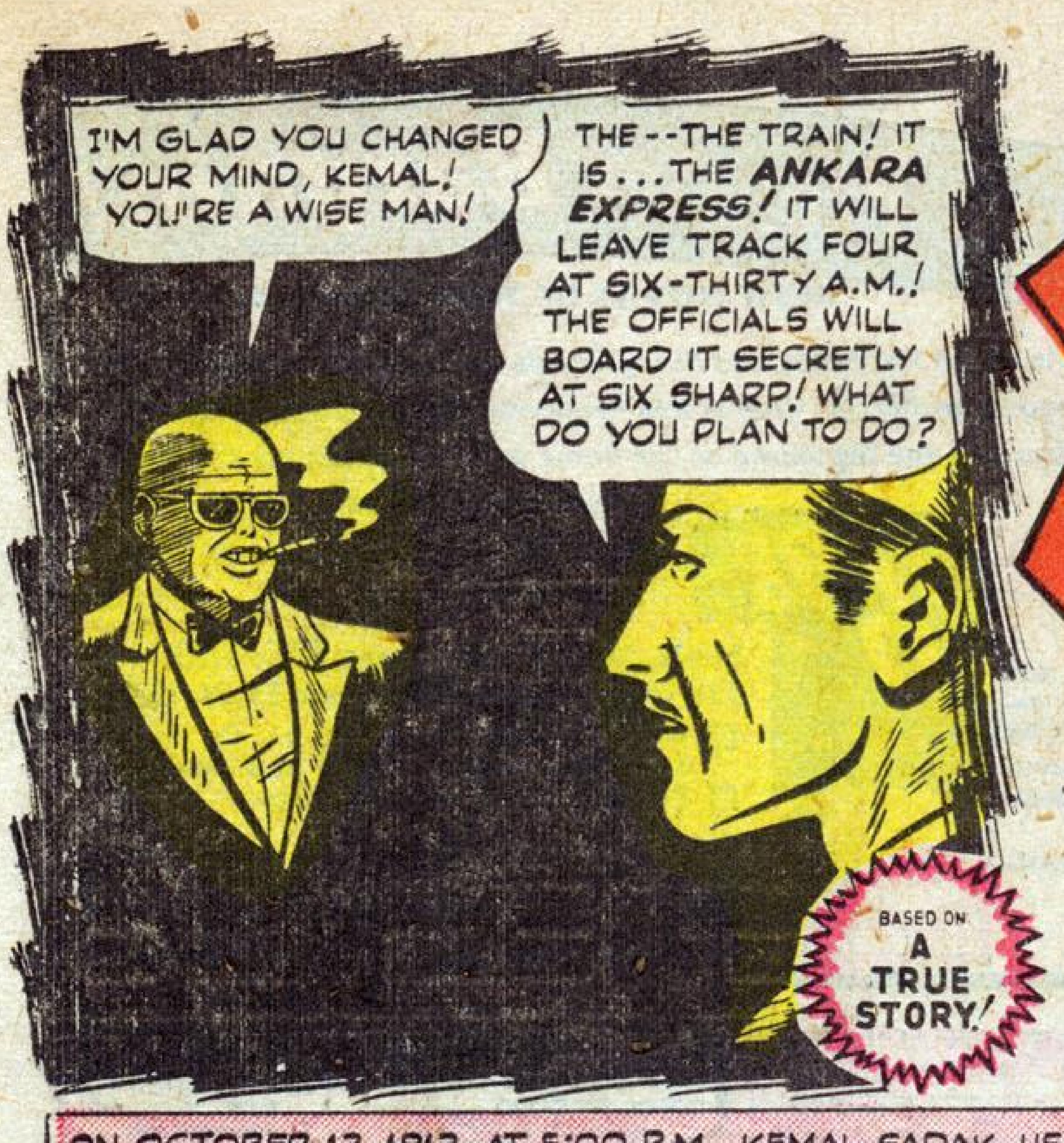
I'M GLAD YOU CHANGED YOUR MIND, KEMAL! YOU'RE A WISE MAN!
THE--THE TRAIN! IT IS...THE ANKARA EXPRESS! IT WILL LEAVE TRACK FOUR AT SIX-THIRTY A.M.! THE OFFICIALS WILL BOARD IT SECRETLY AT SIX SHARP! WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO DO?
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THE STRANGE TALE OF A MAN WHO HAD A DREAM...A DREAM WHICH CAUSED HIM TO BECOME A MURDERER IN ORDER TO SAVE HIS COUNTRY!

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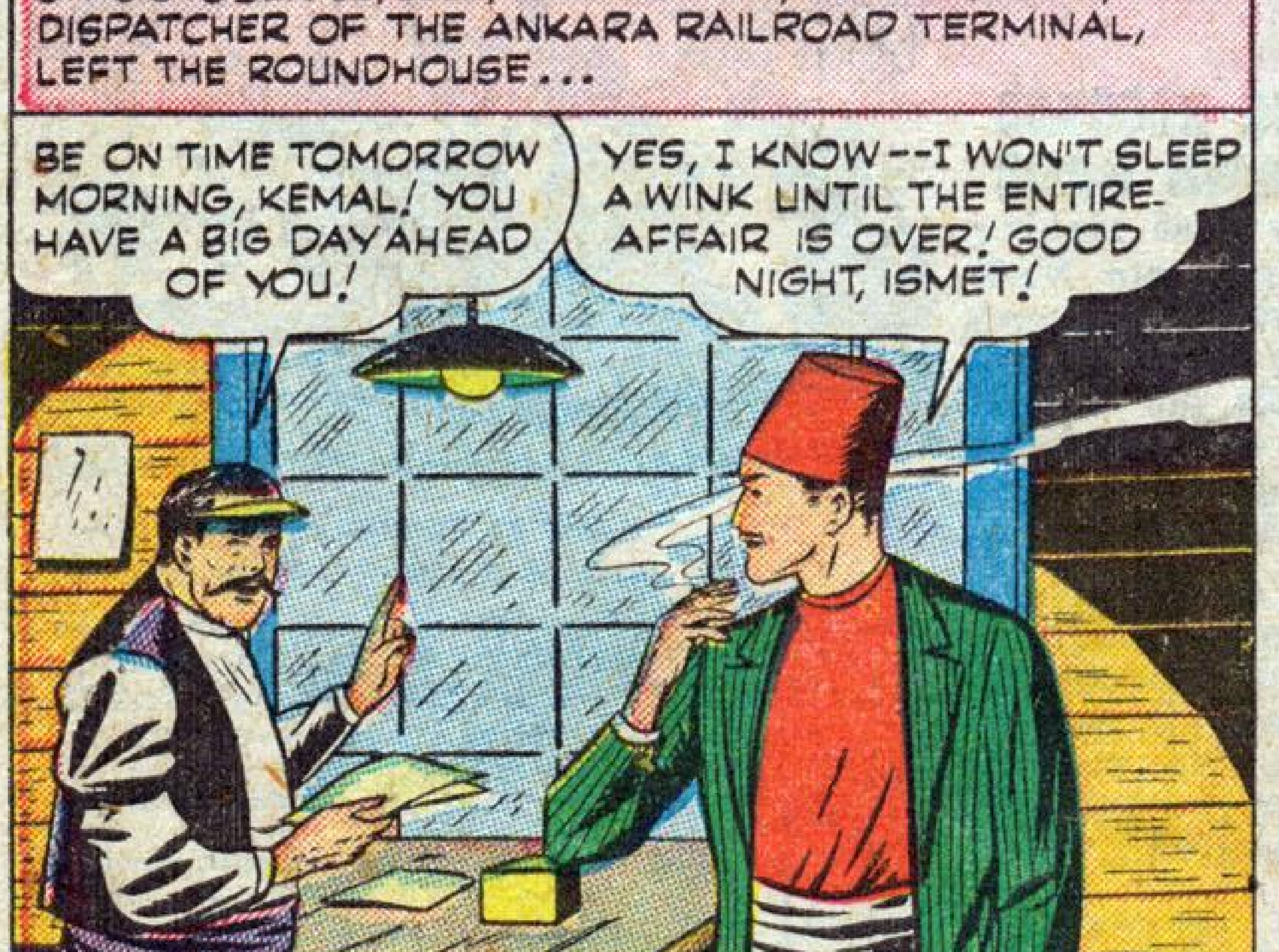
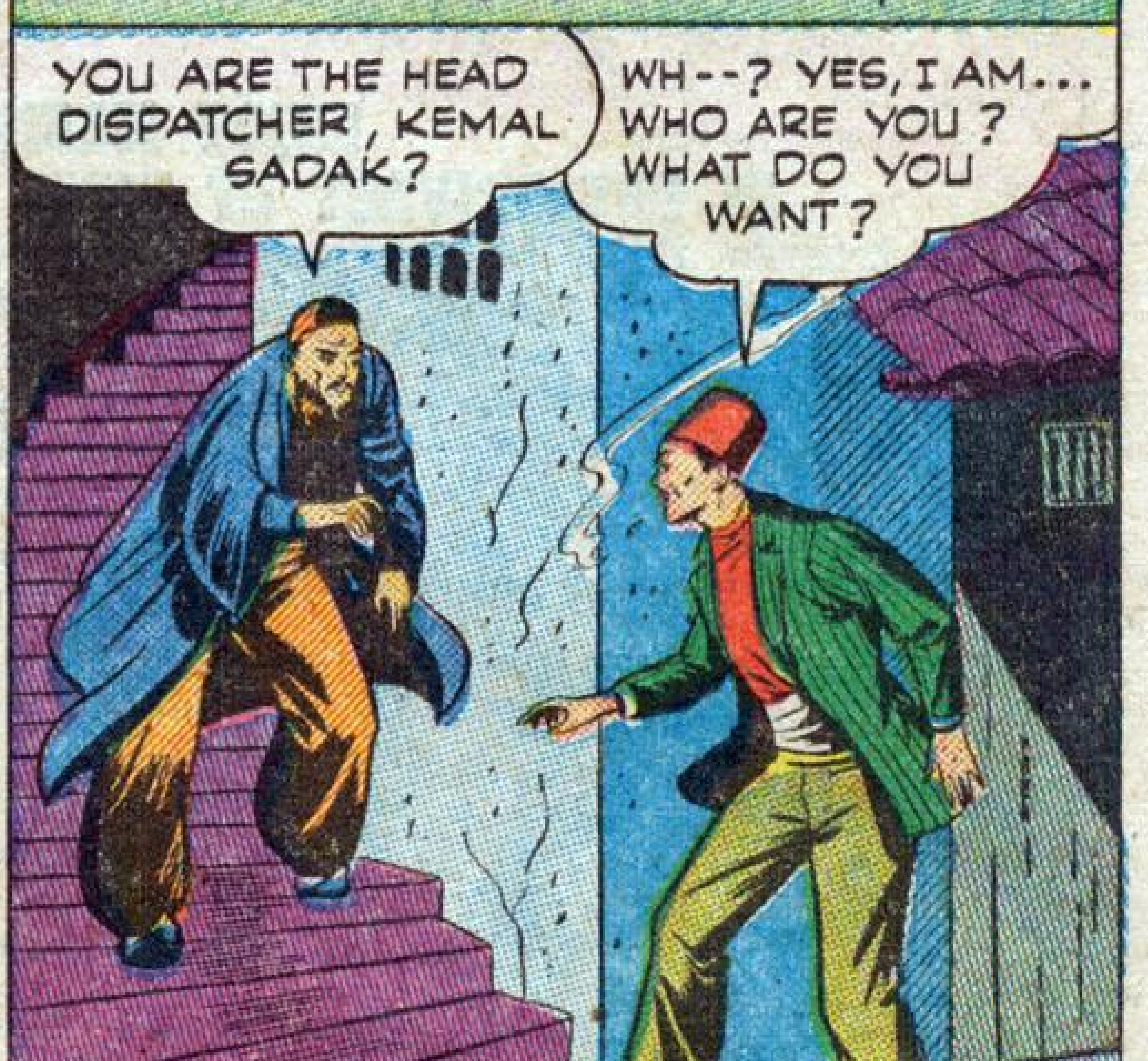
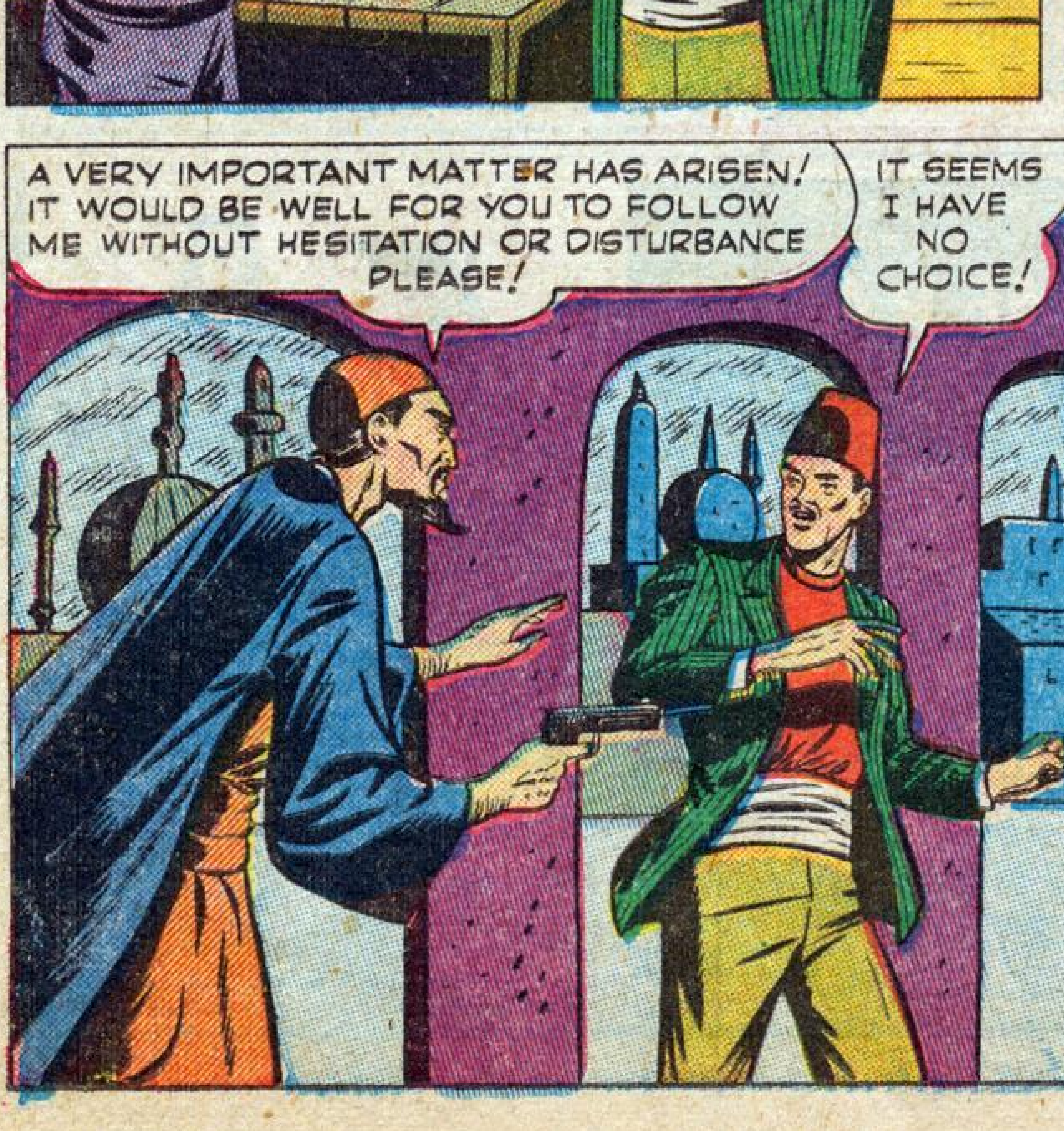
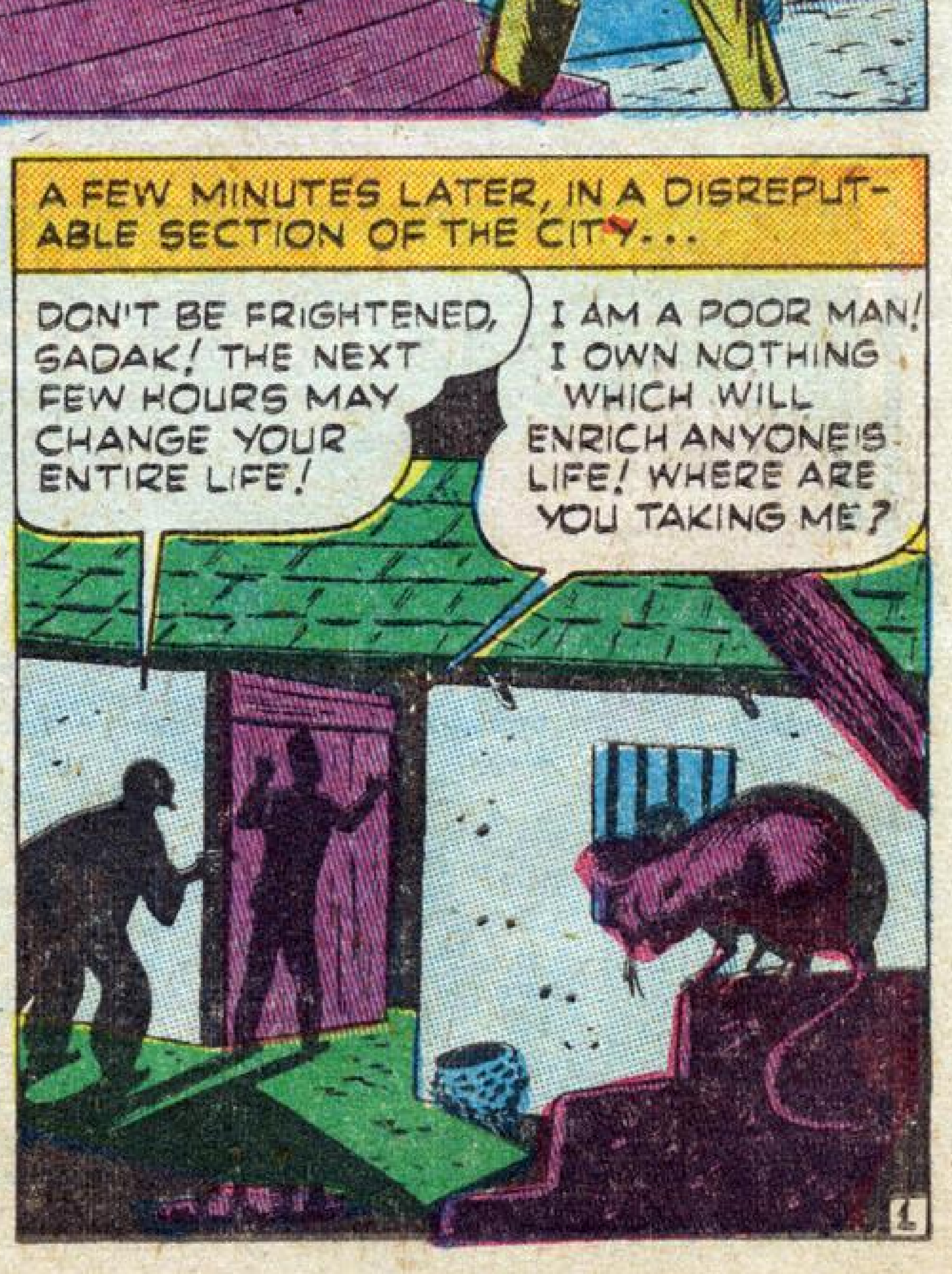
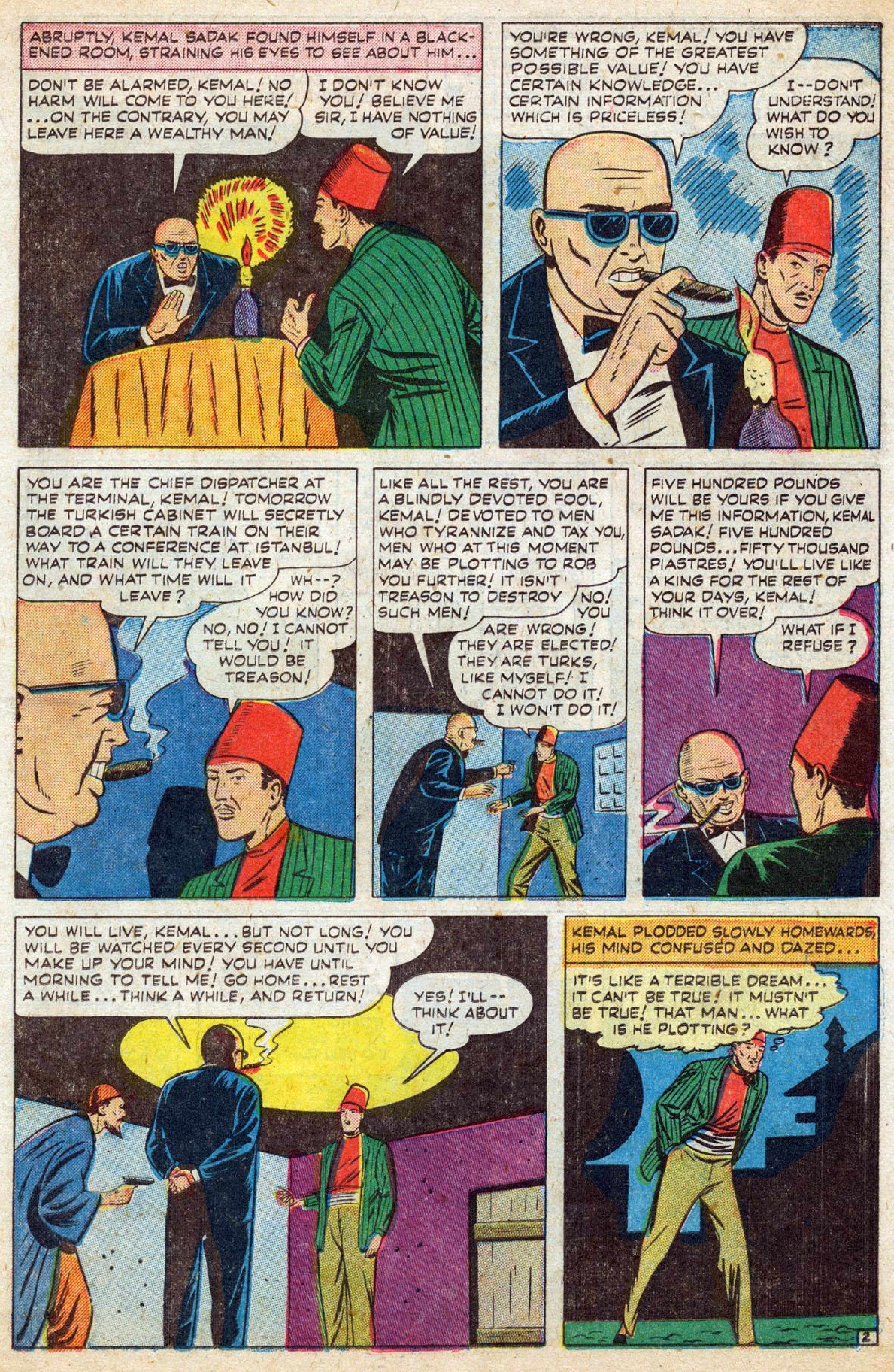
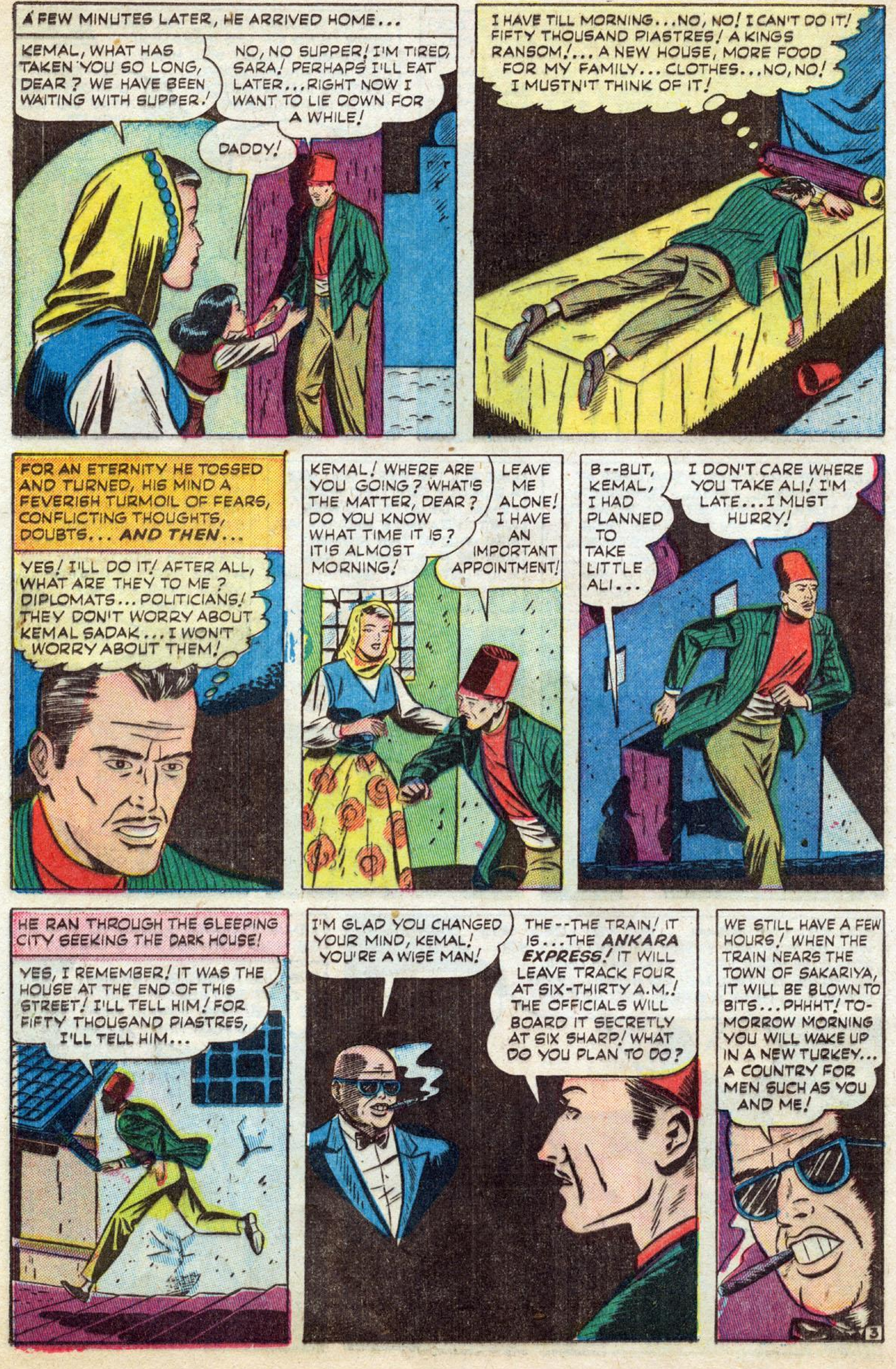

ON OCTOBER 12, 1912, AT 5:00 P.M., KEMAL SADAK, HEAD DISPATCHER OF THE ANKARA RAILROAD TERMINAL, LEFT THE ROUNDHOUSE...
BE ON TIME TOMORROW MORNING, KEMAL! YOU HAVE A BIG DAY AHEAD OF YOU!
YES, I KNOW--I WON'T SLEEP A WINK UNTIL THE ENTIRE AFFAIR IS OVER! GOOD NIGHT, ISMET!

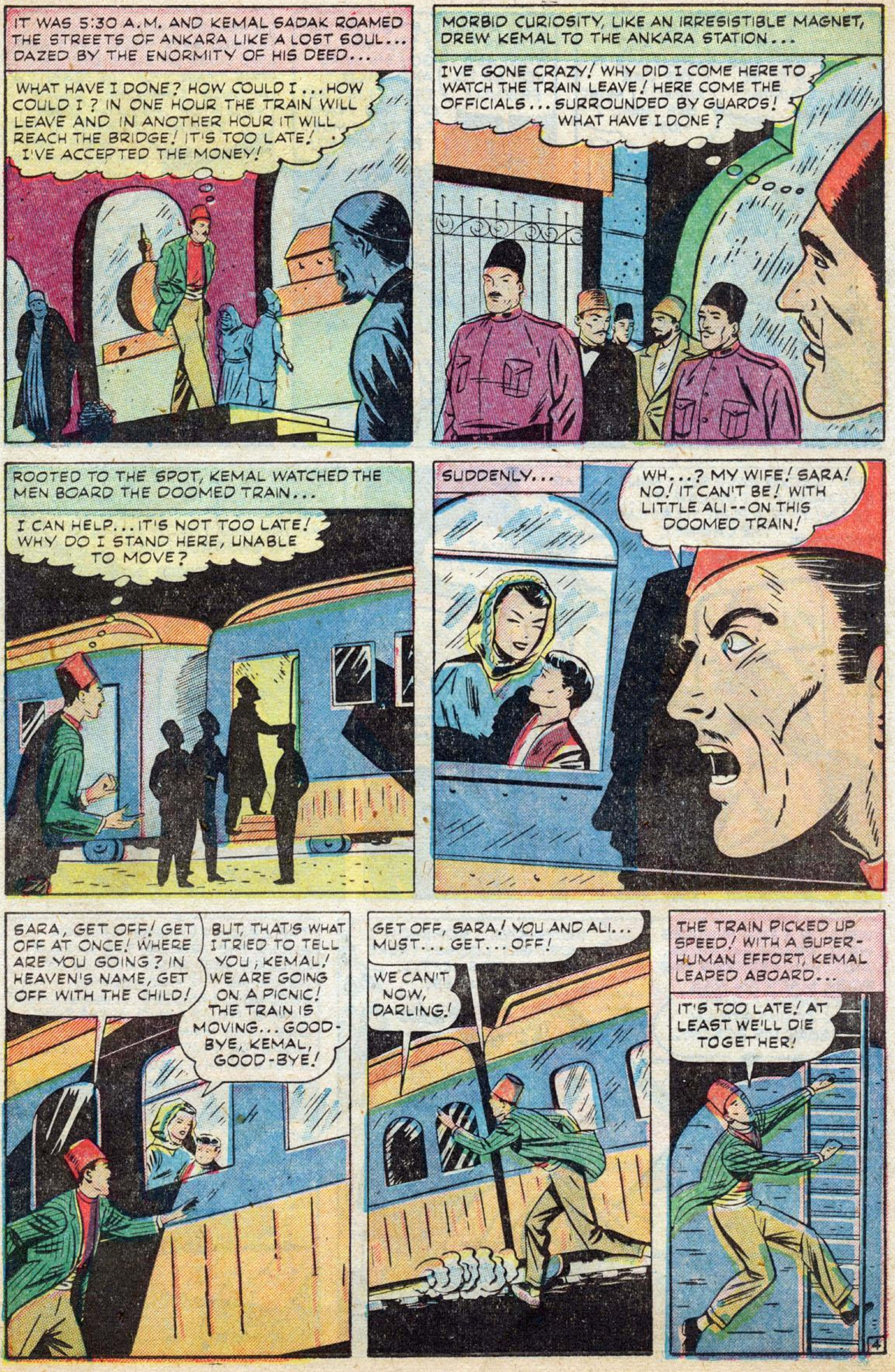

KEMAL SADAK WAS ALMOST HOME, WHEN...
YOU ARE THE HEAD DISPATCHER, KEMAL SADAK?
WH--? YES, I AM... WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

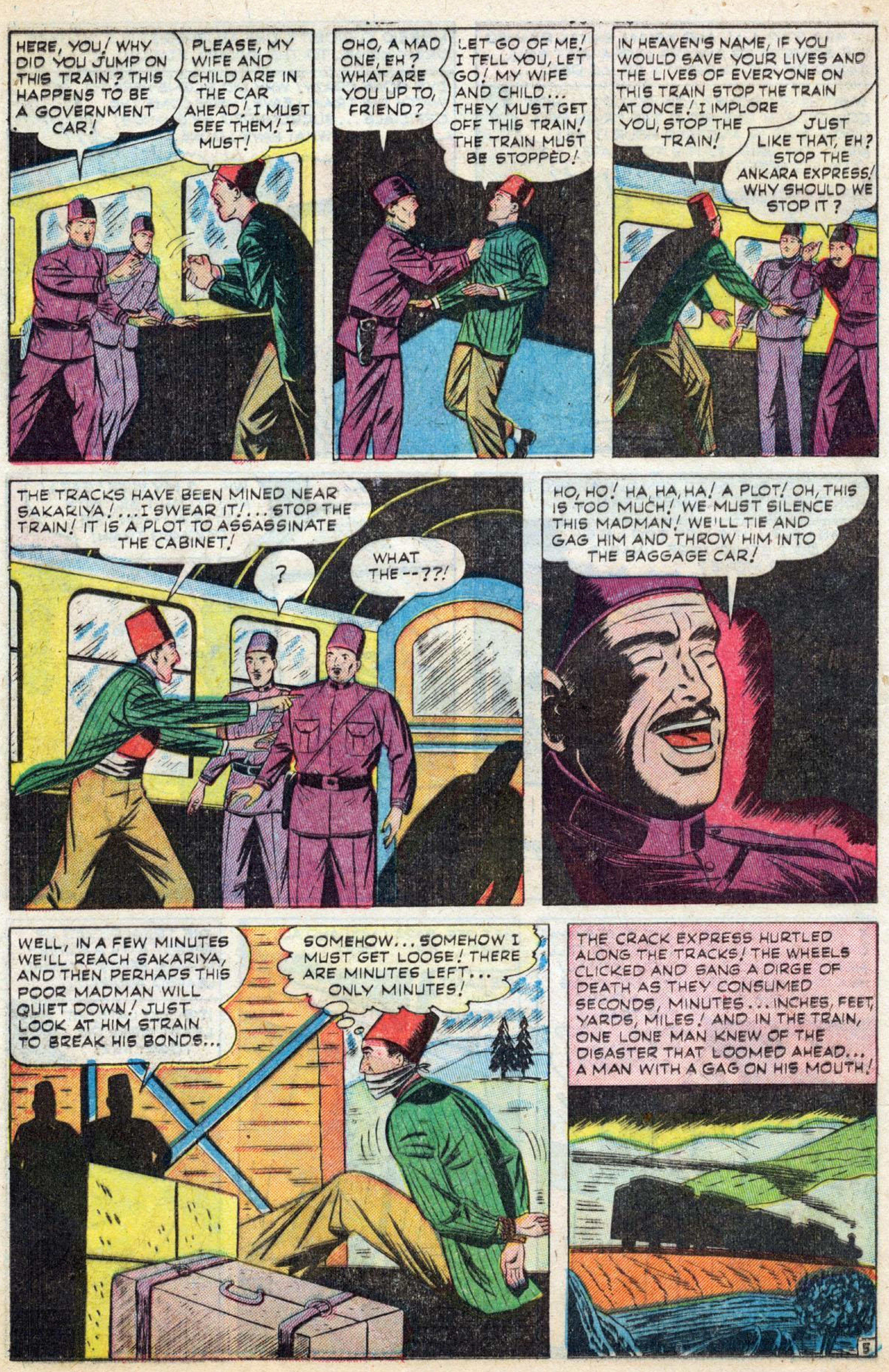

A VERY IMPORTANT MATTER HAS ARISEN! IT WOULD BE WELL FOR YOU TO FOLLOW ME WITHOUT HESITATION OR DISTURBANCE PLEASE!
IT SEEMS I HAVE NO CHOICE!

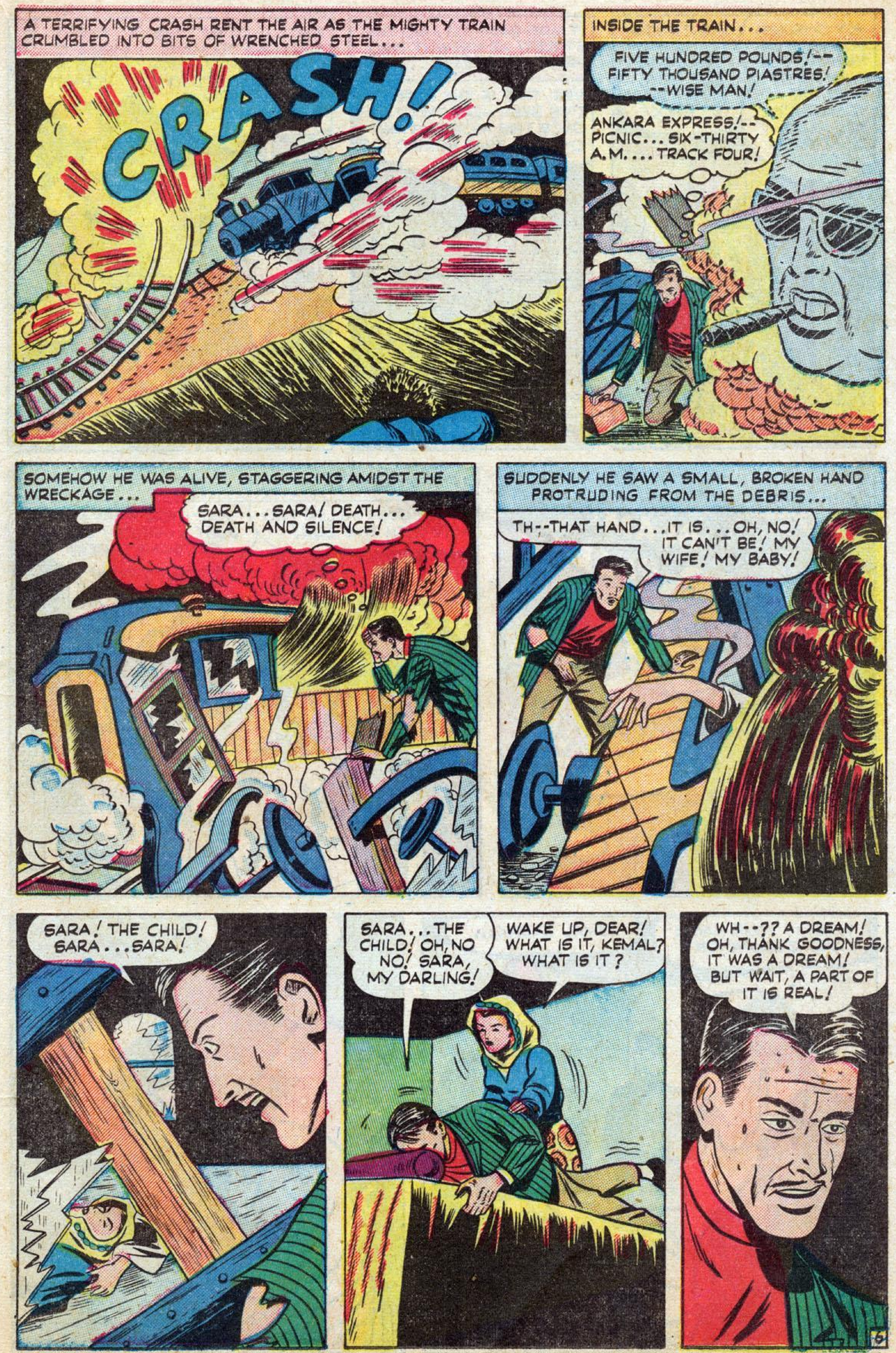

A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN A DISREPUTABLE SECTION OF THE CITY...
DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, SADAK! THE NEXT FEW HOURS MAY CHANGE YOUR ENTIRE LIFE!
I AM A POOR MAN! I OWN NOTHING WHICH WILL ENRICH ANYONE'S LIFE! WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?
1

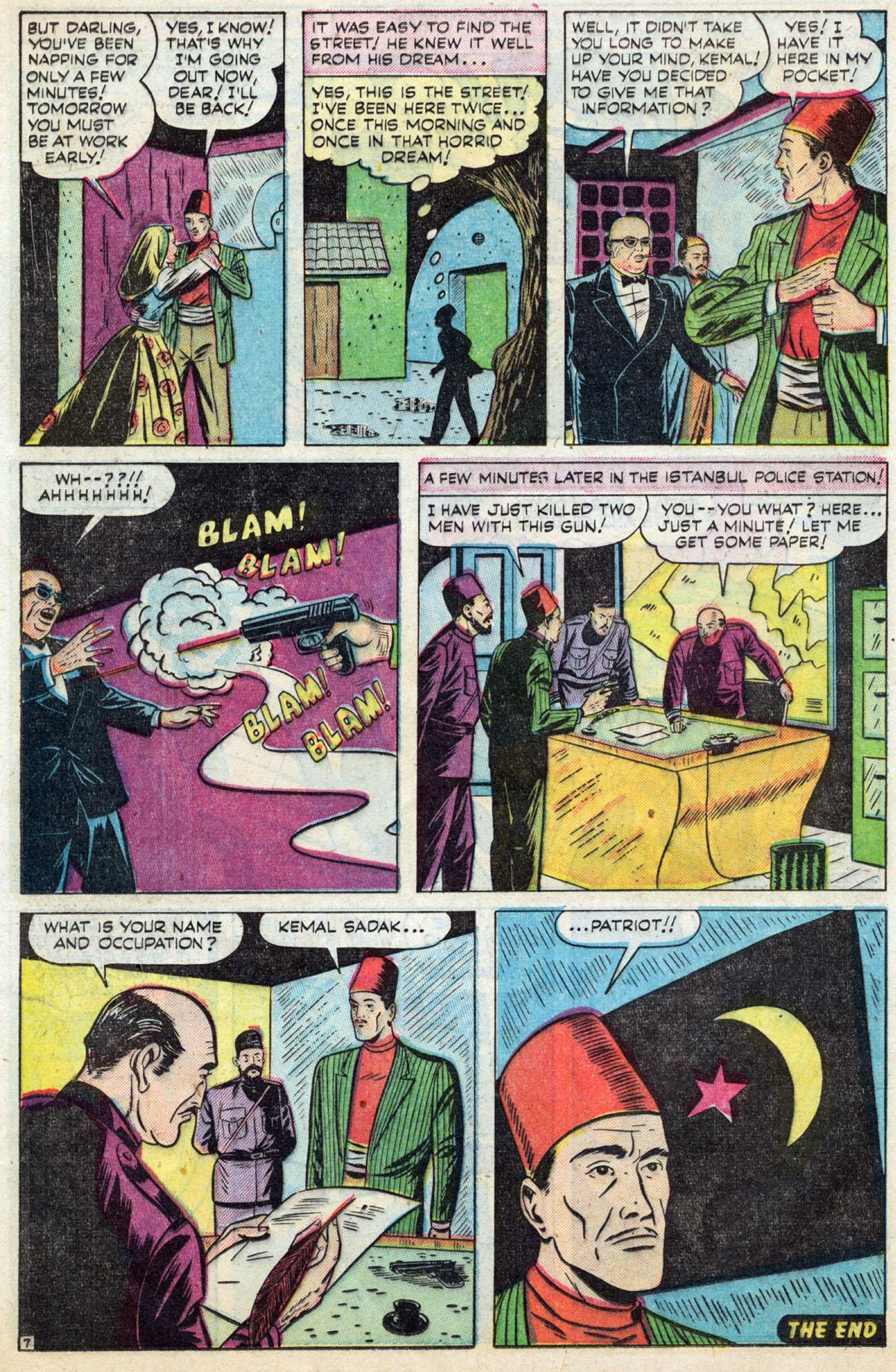

ABRUPTLY, KEMAL SADAK FOUND HIMSELF IN A BLACKENED ROOM, STRAINING HIS EYES TO SEE ABOUT HIM...
DON'T BE ALARMED, KEMAL! NO HARM WILL COME TO YOU HERE! ...ON THE CONTRARY, YOU MAY LEAVE HERE A WEALTHY MAN!
I DON'T KNOW YOU! BELIEVE ME SIR, I HAVE NOTHING OF VALUE!
YOU'RE WRONG, KEMAL! YOU HAVE SOMETHING OF THE GREATEST POSSIBLE VALUE! YOU HAVE CERTAIN KNOWLEDGE... CERTAIN INFORMATION WHICH IS PRICELESS!
I--DON'T UNDERSTAND! WHAT DO YOU WISH TO KNOW?
YOU ARE THE CHIEF DISPATCHER AT THE TERMINAL, KEMAL! TOMORROW THE TURKISH CABINET WILL SECRETLY BOARD A CERTAIN TRAIN ON THEIR WAY TO A CONFERENCE AT ISTANBUL! WHAT TRAIN WILL THEY LEAVE ON, AND WHAT TIME WILL IT LEAVE?
WH--? HOW DID YOU KNOW? NO, NO! I CANNOT TELL YOU! IT WOULD BE TREASON!
LIKE ALL THE REST, YOU ARE A BLINDLY DEVOTED FOOL, KEMAL! DEVOTED TO MEN WHO TYRANNIZE AND TAX YOU, MEN WHO AT THIS MOMENT MAY BE PLOTTING TO ROB YOU FURTHER! IT ISN'T TREASON TO DESTROY SUCH MEN!
NO! YOU ARE WRONG! THEY ARE ELECTED! THEY ARE TURKS, LIKE MYSELF! I CANNOT DO IT! I WON'T DO IT!
FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS WILL BE YOURS IF YOU GIVE ME THIS INFORMATION, KEMAL SADAK! FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS...FIFTY THOUSAND PIASTRES! YOU'LL LIVE LIKE A KING FOR THE REST OF YOUR DAYS, KEMAL! THINK IT OVER!
WHAT IF I REFUSE?
YOU WILL LIVE, KEMAL...BUT NOT LONG! YOU WILL BE WATCHED EVERY SECOND UNTIL YOU MAKE UP YOUR MIND! YOU HAVE UNTIL MORNING TO TELL ME! GO HOME...REST A WHILE...THINK A WHILE, AND RETURN!
YES! I'LL--THINK ABOUT IT!
KEMAL PLODDED SLOWLY HOMEWARDS, HIS MIND CONFUSED AND DAZED...
IT'S LIKE A TERRIBLE DREAM... IT CAN'T BE TRUE! IT MUSTN'T BE TRUE! THAT MAN... WHAT IS HE PLOTTING?
2


A FEW MINUTES LATER, HE ARRIVED HOME...
KEMAL, WHAT HAS TAKEN YOU SO LONG, DEAR? WE HAVE BEEN WAITING WITH SUPPER!
NO, NO SUPPER! I'M TIRED, SARA! PERHAPS I'LL EAT LATER... RIGHT NOW I WANT TO LIE DOWN FOR A WHILE!
DADDY!
I HAVE TILL MORNING... NO, NO! I CAN'T DO IT! FIFTY THOUSAND PIASTRES! A KINGS RANSOM!... A NEW HOUSE, MORE FOOD FOR MY FAMILY... CLOTHES... NO, NO! I MUSTN'T THINK OF IT!
FOR AN ETERNITY HE TOSSED AND TURNED, HIS MIND A FEVERISH TURMOIL OF FEARS, CONFLICTING THOUGHTS, DOUBTS... AND THEN...
YES! I'LL DO IT! AFTER ALL, WHAT ARE THEY TO ME? DIPLOMATS... POLITICIANS! THEY DON'T WORRY ABOUT KEMAL SADAK... I WON'T WORRY ABOUT THEM!
KEMAL! WHERE ARE YOU GOING? WHAT'S THE MATTER, DEAR? DO YOU KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS? IT'S ALMOST MORNING!
LEAVE ME ALONE! I HAVE AN IMPORTANT APPOINTMENT!
B--BUT, KEMAL, I HAD PLANNED TO TAKE LITTLE ALI...
I DON'T CARE WHERE YOU TAKE ALI! I'M LATE... I MUST HURRY!
HE RAN THROUGH THE SLEEPING CITY SEEKING THE DARK HOUSE!
YES, I REMEMBER! IT WAS THE HOUSE AT THE END OF THIS STREET! I'LL TELL HIM! FOR FIFTY THOUSAND PIASTRES, I'LL TELL HIM...
I'M GLAD YOU CHANGED YOUR MIND, KEMAL! YOU'RE A WISE MAN!
THE--THE TRAIN! IT IS... THE ANKARA EXPRESS! IT WILL LEAVE TRACK FOUR AT SIX-THIRTY A.M.! THE OFFICIALS WILL BOARD IT SECRETLY AT SIX SHARP! WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO DO?
WE STILL HAVE A FEW HOURS! WHEN THE TRAIN NEARS THE TOWN OF SAKARIYA, IT WILL BE BLOWN TO BITS... PHHHT! TOMORROW MORNING YOU WILL WAKE UP IN A NEW TURKEY... A COUNTRY FOR MEN SUCH AS YOU AND ME!


IT WAS 5:30 A.M. AND KEMAL SADAK ROAMED THE STREETS OF ANKARA LIKE A LOST SOUL... DAZED BY THE ENORMITY OF HIS DEED...
WHAT HAVE I DONE? HOW COULD I... HOW COULD I? IN ONE HOUR THE TRAIN WILL LEAVE AND IN ANOTHER HOUR IT WILL REACH THE BRIDGE! IT'S TOO LATE! I'VE ACCEPTED THE MONEY!
MORBID CURIOSITY, LIKE AN IRRESISTIBLE MAGNET, DREW KEMAL TO THE ANKARA STATION...
I'VE GONE CRAZY! WHY DID I COME HERE TO WATCH THE TRAIN LEAVE! HERE COME THE OFFICIALS... SURROUNDED BY GUARDS! WHAT HAVE I DONE?
ROOTED TO THE SPOT, KEMAL WATCHED THE MEN BOARD THE DOOMED TRAIN...
I CAN HELP... IT'S NOT TOO LATE! WHY DO I STAND HERE, UNABLE TO MOVE?
SUDDENLY...
WH...? MY WIFE! SARA! NO! IT CAN'T BE! WITH LITTLE ALI--ON THIS DOOMED TRAIN!
SARA, GET OFF! GET OFF AT ONCE! WHERE ARE YOU GOING? IN HEAVEN'S NAME, GET OFF WITH THE CHILD!
BUT, THAT'S WHAT I TRIED TO TELL YOU, KEMAL! WE ARE GOING ON A PICNIC! THE TRAIN IS MOVING... GOOD-BYE, KEMAL, GOOD-BYE!
GET OFF, SARA! YOU AND ALI... MUST... GET... OFF!
WE CAN'T NOW, DARLING!
THE TRAIN PICKED UP SPEED! WITH A SUPER-HUMAN EFFORT, KEMAL LEAPED ABOARD...
IT'S TOO LATE! AT LEAST WE'LL DIE TOGETHER!


HERE, YOU! WHY DID YOU JUMP ON THIS TRAIN? THIS HAPPENS TO BE A GOVERNMENT CAR!
PLEASE, MY WIFE AND CHILD ARE IN THE CAR AHEAD! I MUST SEE THEM! I MUST!
OHO, A MAD ONE, EH? WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, FRIEND?
LET GO OF ME! I TELL YOU, LET GO! MY WIFE AND CHILD... THEY MUST GET OFF THIS TRAIN! THE TRAIN MUST BE STOPPED!
IN HEAVEN'S NAME, IF YOU WOULD SAVE YOUR LIVES AND THE LIVES OF EVERYONE ON THIS TRAIN STOP THE TRAIN AT ONCE! I IMPLORE YOU, STOP THE TRAIN!
JUST LIKE THAT, EH? STOP THE ANKARA EXPRESS! WHY SHOULD WE STOP IT?
THE TRACKS HAVE BEEN MINED NEAR SAKARIYA! ...I SWEAR IT! ... STOP THE TRAIN! IT IS A PLOT TO ASSASSINATE THE CABINET!
?
WHAT THE--??!
HO, HO! HA, HA, HA! A PLOT! OH, THIS IS TOO MUCH! WE MUST SILENCE THIS MADMAN! WE'LL TIE AND GAG HIM AND THROW HIM INTO THE BAGGAGE CAR!
WELL, IN A FEW MINUTES WE'LL REACH SAKARIYA, AND THEN PERHAPS THIS POOR MADMAN WILL QUIET DOWN! JUST LOOK AT HIM STRAIN TO BREAK HIS BONDS...
SOMEHOW... SOMEHOW I MUST GET LOOSE! THERE ARE MINUTES LEFT... ONLY MINUTES!
THE CRACK EXPRESS HURTLED ALONG THE TRACKS! THE WHEELS CLICKED AND SANG A DIRGE OF DEATH AS THEY CONSUMED SECONDS, MINUTES... INCHES, FEET, YARDS, MILES! AND IN THE TRAIN, ONE LONE MAN KNEW OF THE DISASTER THAT LOOMED AHEAD... A MAN WITH A GAG ON HIS MOUTH!
5


A TERRIFYING CRASH RENT THE AIR AS THE MIGHTY TRAIN CRUMBLED INTO BITS OF WRENCHED STEEL...
CRASH!
INSIDE THE TRAIN...
FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS!-- FIFTY THOUSAND PIASTRES! --WISE MAN!
ANKARA EXPRESS!-- PICNIC... SIX-THIRTY A.M.... TRACK FOUR!
SOMEHOW HE WAS ALIVE, STAGGERING AMIDST THE WRECKAGE...
SARA... SARA! DEATH... DEATH AND SILENCE!
SUDDENLY HE SAW A SMALL, BROKEN HAND PROTRUDING FROM THE DEBRIS...
TH--THAT HAND... IT IS... OH, NO! IT CAN'T BE! MY WIFE! MY BABY!
SARA! THE CHILD! SARA... SARA!
SARA... THE CHILD! OH, NO NO! SARA, MY DARLING!
WAKE UP, DEAR! WHAT IS IT, KEMAL? WHAT IS IT?
WH--?? A DREAM! OH, THANK GOODNESS, IT WAS A DREAM! BUT WAIT, A PART OF IT IS REAL!
6


BUT DARLING, YOU'VE BEEN NAPPING FOR ONLY A FEW MINUTES! TOMORROW YOU MUST BE AT WORK EARLY!
YES, I KNOW! THAT'S WHY I'M GOING OUT NOW, DEAR! I'LL BE BACK!
IT WAS EASY TO FIND THE STREET! HE KNEW IT WELL FROM HIS DREAM...
YES, THIS IS THE STREET! I'VE BEEN HERE TWICE... ONCE THIS MORNING AND ONCE IN THAT HORRID DREAM!
WELL, IT DIDN'T TAKE YOU LONG TO MAKE UP YOUR MIND, KEMAL! HAVE YOU DECIDED TO GIVE ME THAT INFORMATION?
YES! I HAVE IT HERE IN MY POCKET!
WH--??!! AHHHHHHH!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
A FEW MINUTES LATER IN THE ISTANBUL POLICE STATION!
I HAVE JUST KILLED TWO MEN WITH THIS GUN!
YOU--YOU WHAT? HERE... JUST A MINUTE! LET ME GET SOME PAPER!
WHAT IS YOUR NAME AND OCCUPATION?
KEMAL SADAK...
...PATRIOT!!
THE END

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4	Repeating Flash Bombs	.40
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1	Spangle Bomb	FREE
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Spectacular Night Ass't!

24	8" Gold Sparklers	.30
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6	Assortment Brilliant Cones	1.50
2	5 Minute Green and Red Torches	.70
2	Cascade-Pyrolean Fountains	.40
48	10" Gold Sparklers	1.00
1	Bazooka Battery	1.00
3	Assortment Handle Fountains	.45
2	Gabriel Fountains	.70
1	Celestial Lawn Fountain	.50
12	20" Gold Sparklers	1.20
1	Sreaming Meemie	.65
12	Red-Green-Flitter Fire Pots	.60
2	No. 4 Colored Fountains	1.00
20	Colored Spray Sparklers	.50
1	Flying Dutchman	FREE
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144	Tublar Flash Salutes	5.70
2	No. 2 Aerial Flash Bombs	.60
50	2" Salutes	1.00
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5	Repeating Flash Salutes	1.00
320	Chinese Firecrackers	3.00
2	White Mules	.50
120	Chinese Lady Crackers	FREE
3	1 Shot Spangle Bombs	.60
	Regular Retail Price	$12.90

Save More Than ½

YOUR MAIL PRICE . . . **$4.95**

Use This Coupon

MAIL TODAY!

Gigantic All Noise Ass't!

Retail $26.20 . . . Your Cost $10.00

288	Tublar Flash Salute	11.40
2	3 Shot Aerial Repeating Bomb	.70
700	Chinese Lady Crackers	1.00
5	No. 0 Aerial Bomb	.75
2	Buzz Bombs	1.00
100	2" Salutes	2.00
1	3 Shot Spangle Bomb	.50
2	No. 4 Aerial Bomb	1.00
4	Repeating Flash Salutes	.80
2	9 Shot Aerial Repeating Bombs	2.00
4	Spangle Bombs	.60
1	Whistling Bomb	.35
320	Chinese Firecrackers	3.00
4	Whistling Fliers	.60
2	No. 1 Aerial Flash Bombs	.50
1	No. 3 Aerial Flash Bombs	FREE
	Regular Retail Price	$26.20

YOUR COST

Less Than ½. **$10.00**

Combination Holiday Ass't

160	Chinese Firecrackers	1.50
24	8" Gold Sparklers	.30
2	Colored Sky Rockets	.50
1	Spangle Mine	.35
50	2" Salutes	1.00
1	Triangle Wheel	.35
2	Colored Roman Candles	.70
350	Chinese Lady Crackers	.50
1	No. 3 Aerial Flash Bombs	.60
144	Tublar Flash Salutes	5.70
1	3 Shot Aerial Spangle Bomb	.50
10	Colored Spray Sparklers	.50
3	Red-Green-Flitter Fire Pots	FREE
4	Repeating Flash Salutes	.80
1	White Mule	.25
2	Brilliant Cones	.30
2	Handle Fountains	.30
	Regular Retail Price	$14.15

USE COUPON

Your Cost Only. **$5.00**

Acme Sales Co.

P. O. Box 1141
ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Send by express the Big Fireworks Assortments checked below. (NOTE: Your check or money order for full amount must be enclosed with coupon.)

☐ Holiday Assortment—$5.00
☐ Super All Noise—$4.95
☐ Aerial Assortment—$4.50
☐ Gigantic All Noise—$10.00
☐ Night Display—$4.75

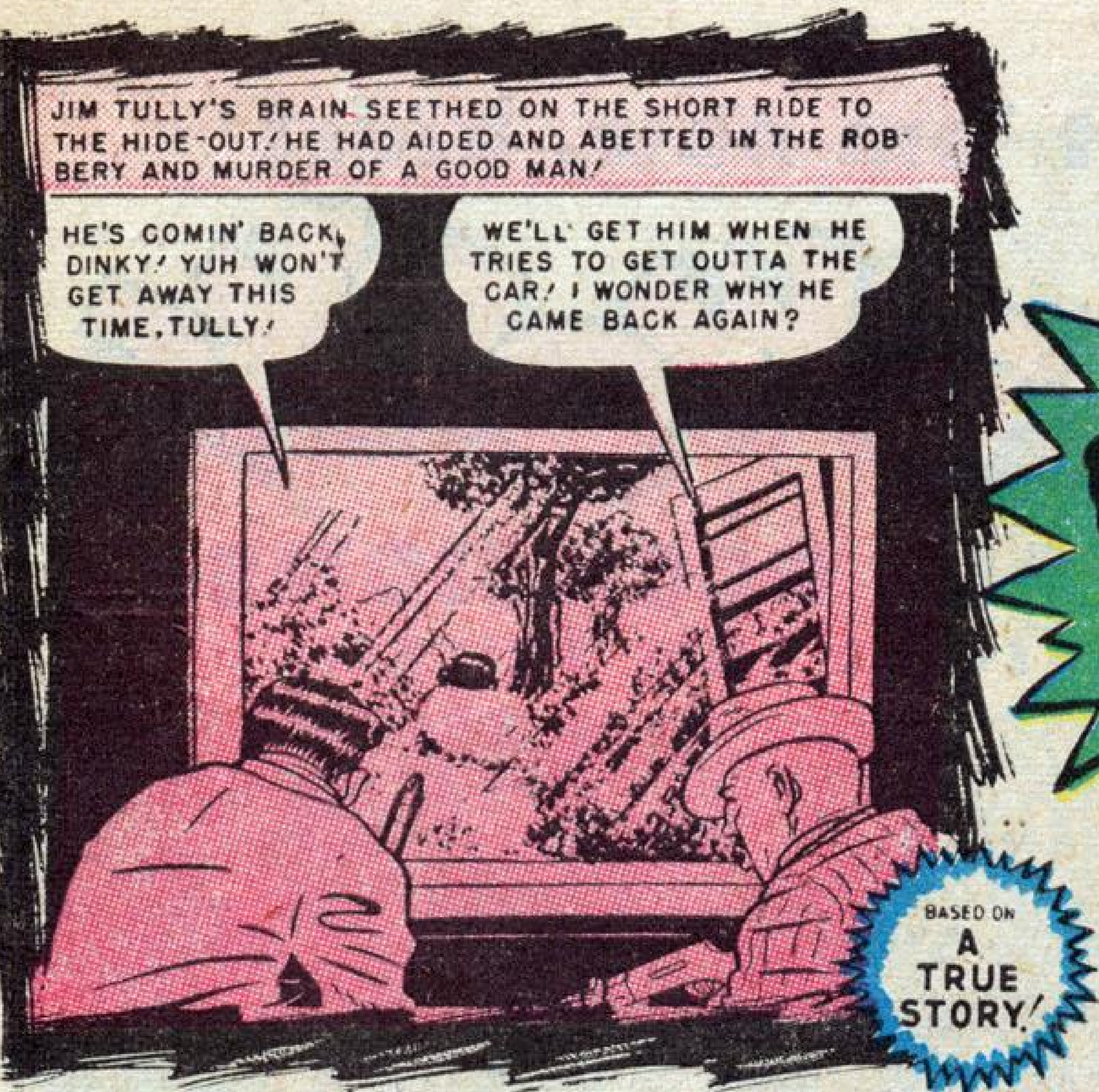
NAME ____________________

STREET ____________________

CITY ____________ STATE ________

EXPRESS OFFICE ____________________

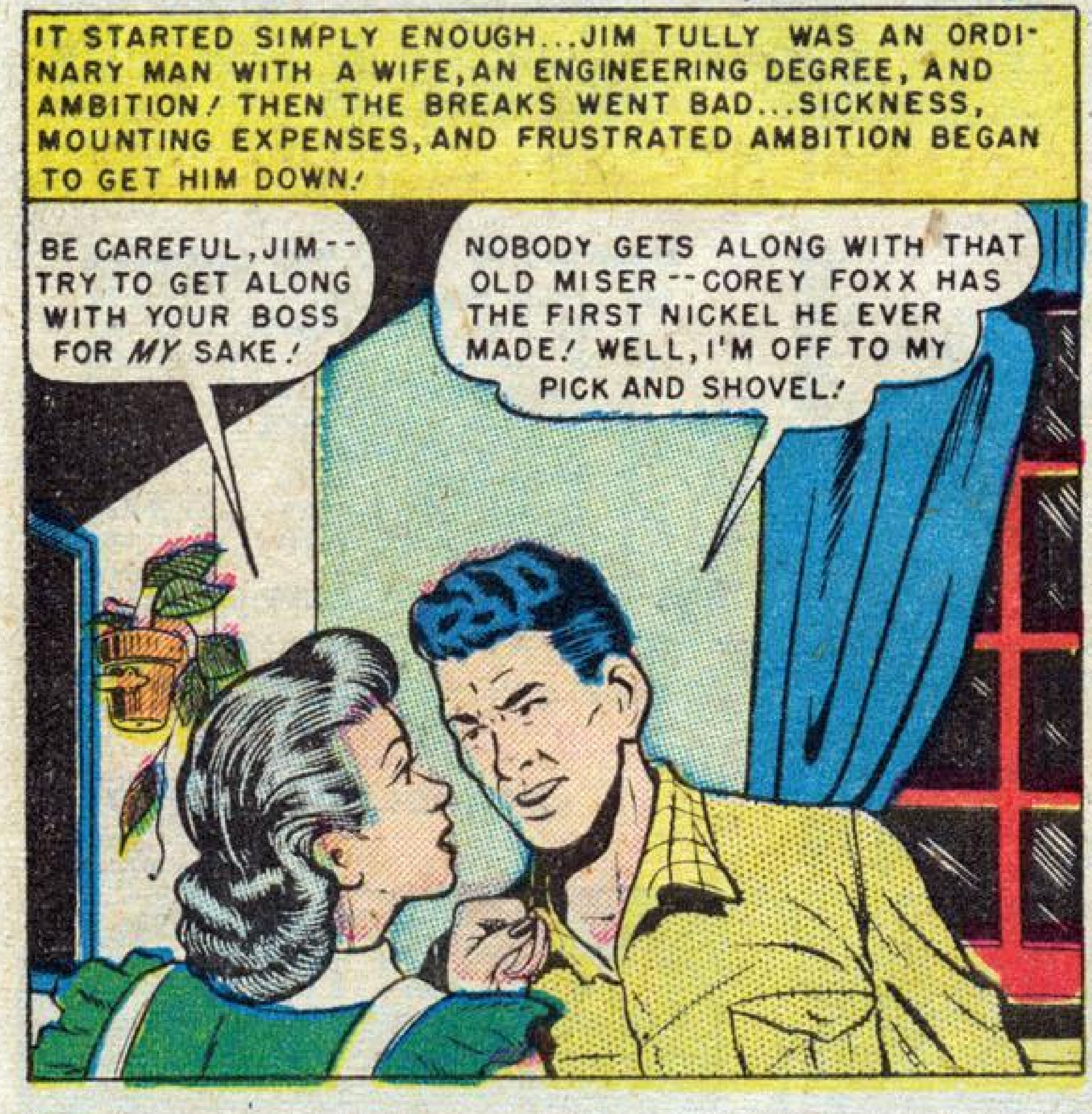
EXPRESS COLLECT — F. O. B. ATLANTA

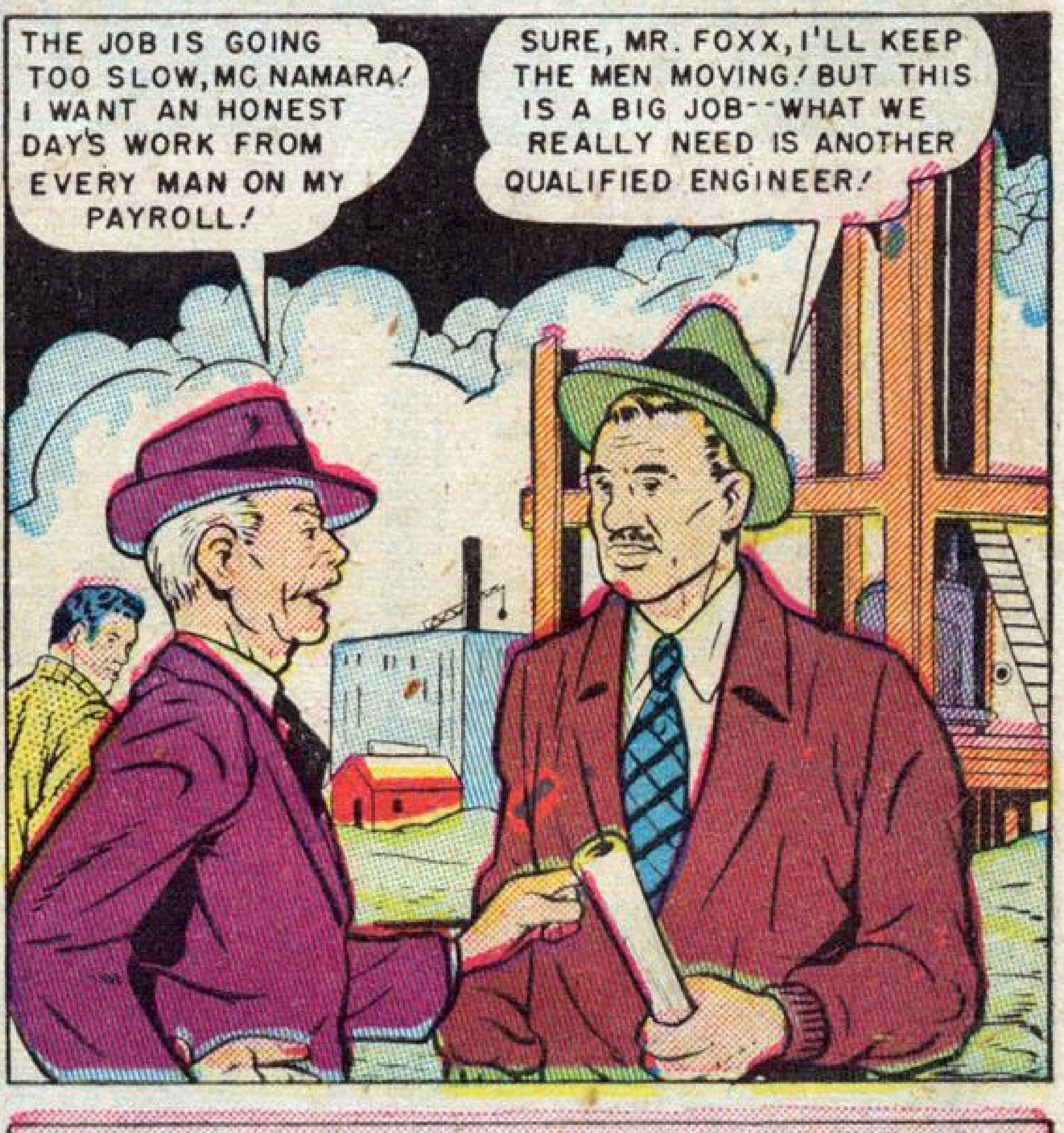

JIM TULLY'S BRAIN SEETHED ON THE SHORT RIDE TO THE HIDE-OUT! HE HAD AIDED AND ABETTED IN THE ROBBERY AND MURDER OF A GOOD MAN!
HE'S COMIN' BACK, DINKY! YUH WON'T GET AWAY THIS TIME, TULLY!
WE'LL GET HIM WHEN HE TRIES TO GET OUTTA THE CAR! I WONDER WHY HE CAME BACK AGAIN?
BASED ON A TRUE STORY!

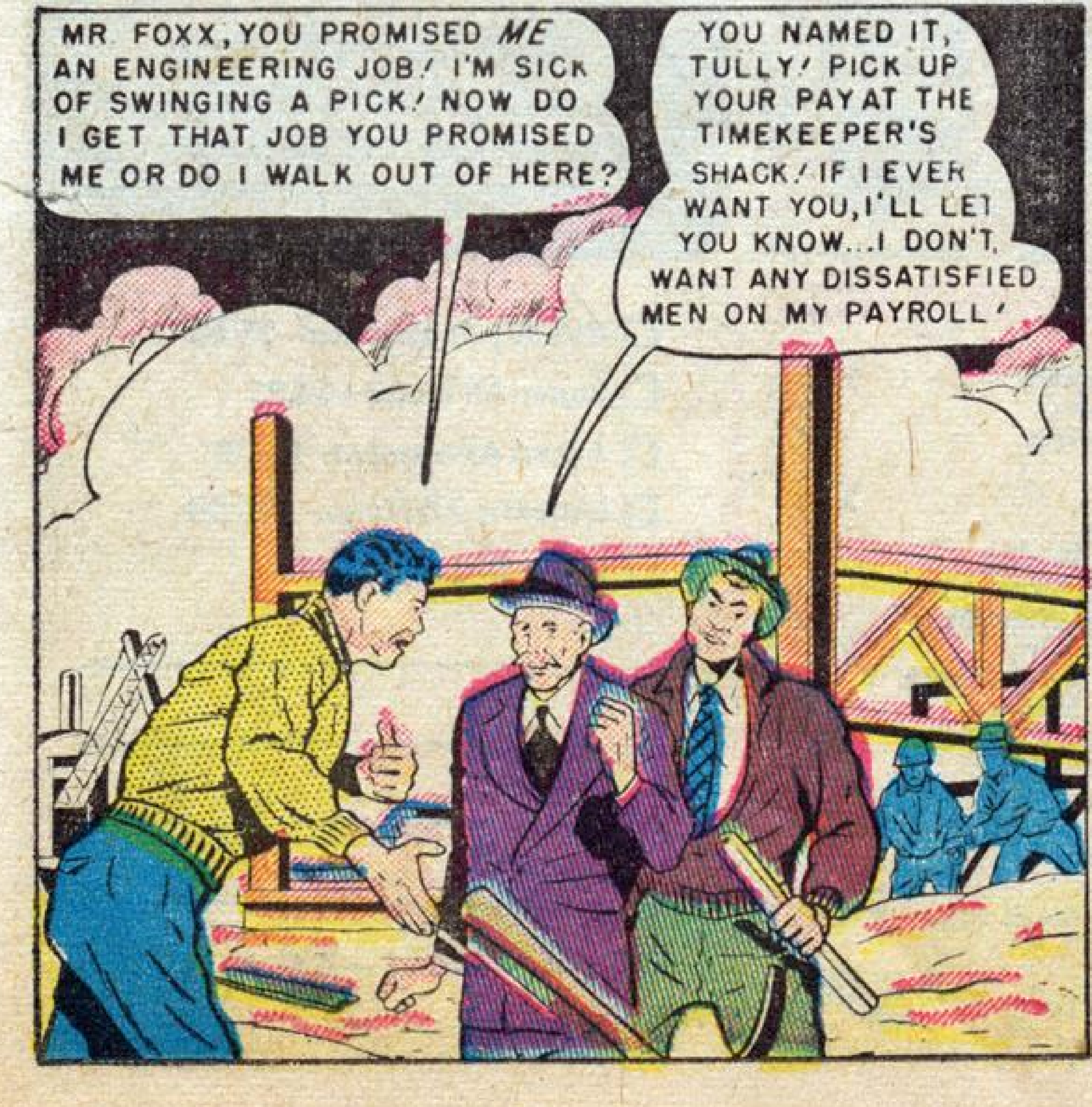
"THE VERDICT!"

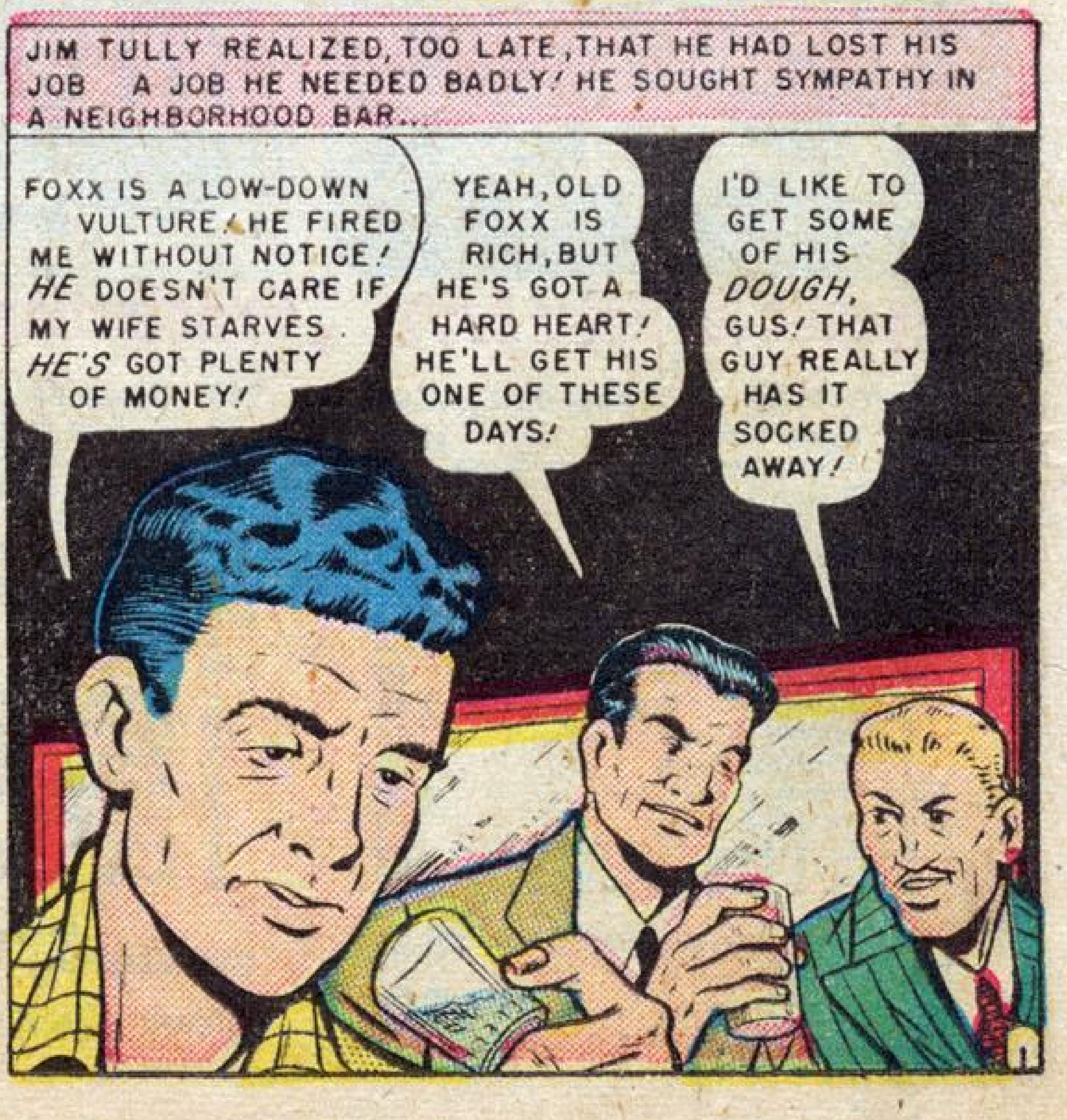
JIM TULLY THOUGHT HIMSELF A KILLER AND A THIEF...BUT WHEN HE LEARNED THE VERDICT...!

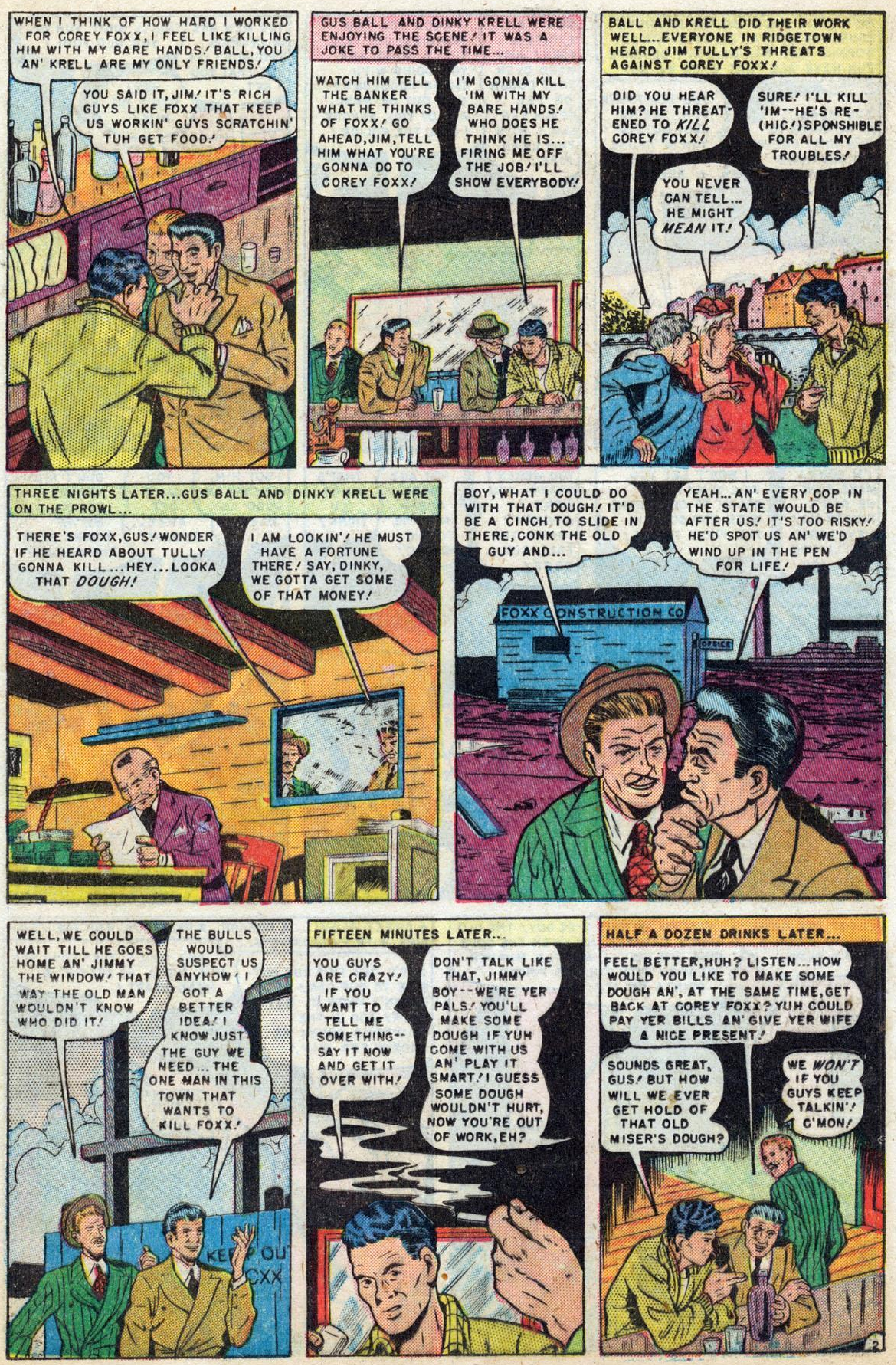
5517

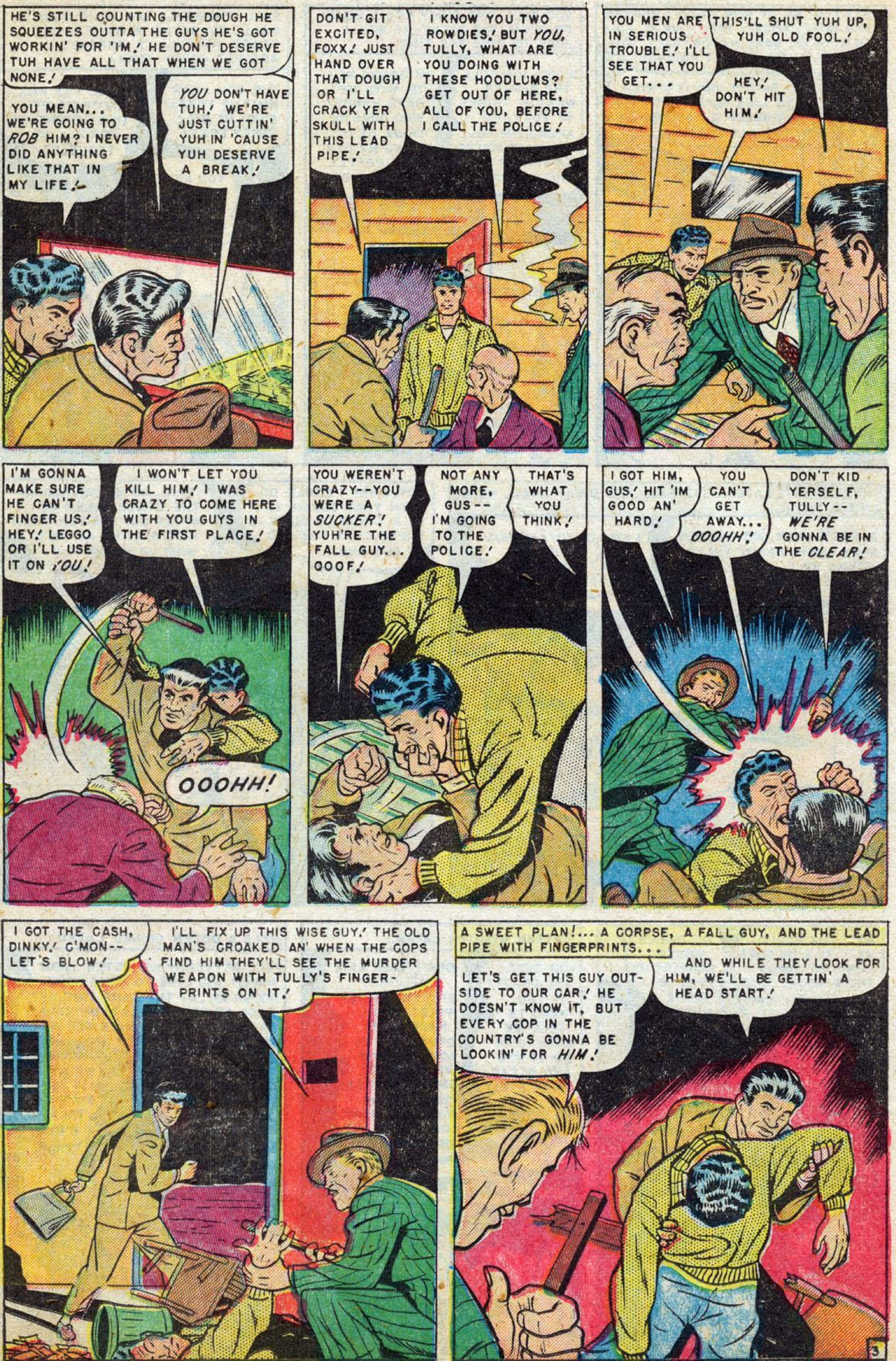

IT STARTED SIMPLY ENOUGH...JIM TULLY WAS AN ORDINARY MAN WITH A WIFE, AN ENGINEERING DEGREE, AND AMBITION! THEN THE BREAKS WENT BAD...SICKNESS, MOUNTING EXPENSES, AND FRUSTRATED AMBITION BEGAN TO GET HIM DOWN!
BE CAREFUL, JIM-- TRY TO GET ALONG WITH YOUR BOSS FOR *MY* SAKE!
NOBODY GETS ALONG WITH THAT OLD MISER--COREY FOXX HAS THE FIRST NICKEL HE EVER MADE! WELL, I'M OFF TO MY PICK AND SHOVEL!

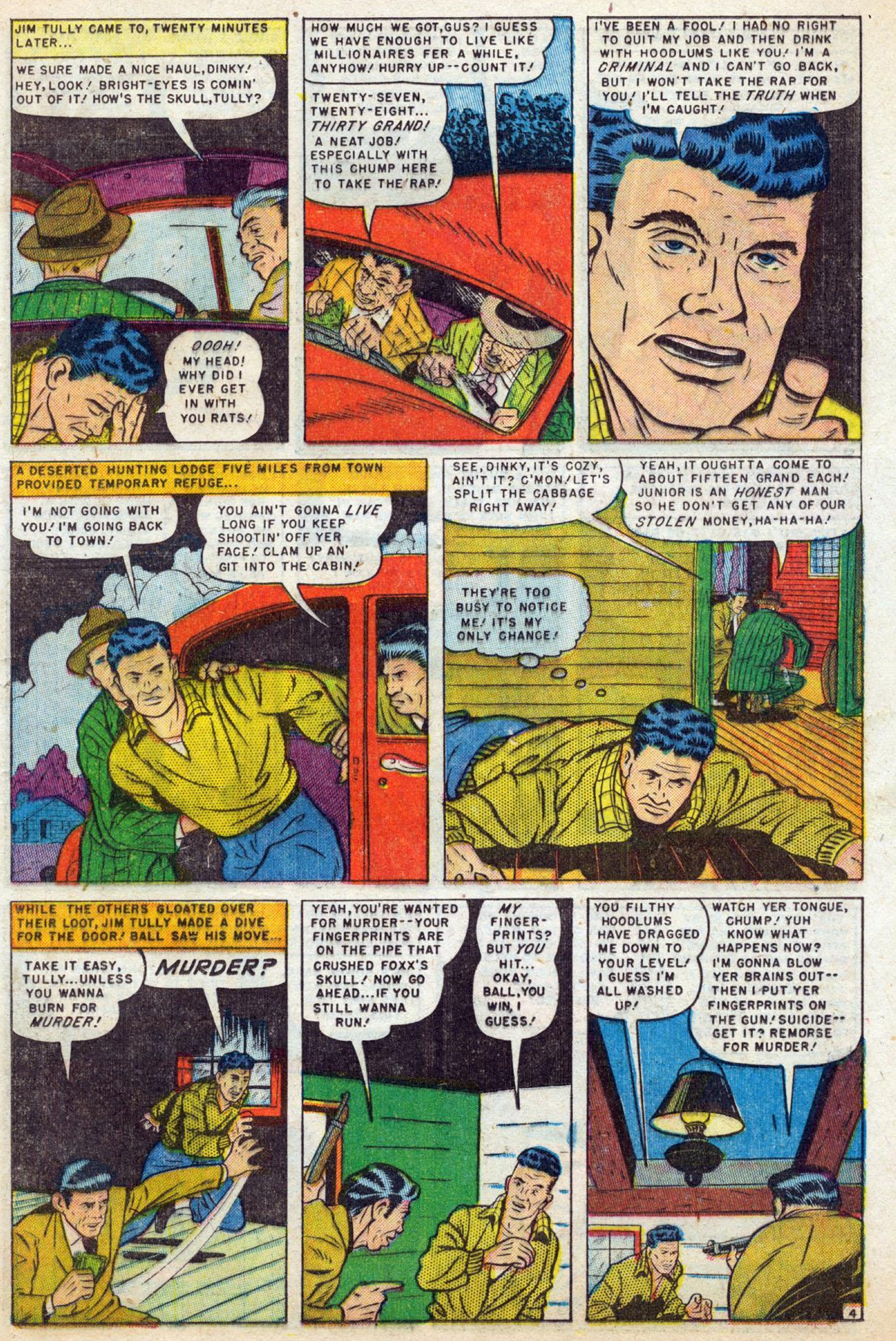

THE JOB IS GOING TOO SLOW, MC NAMARA! I WANT AN HONEST DAY'S WORK FROM EVERY MAN ON MY PAYROLL!
SURE, MR. FOXX, I'LL KEEP THE MEN MOVING! BUT THIS IS A BIG JOB--WHAT WE REALLY NEED IS ANOTHER QUALIFIED ENGINEER!

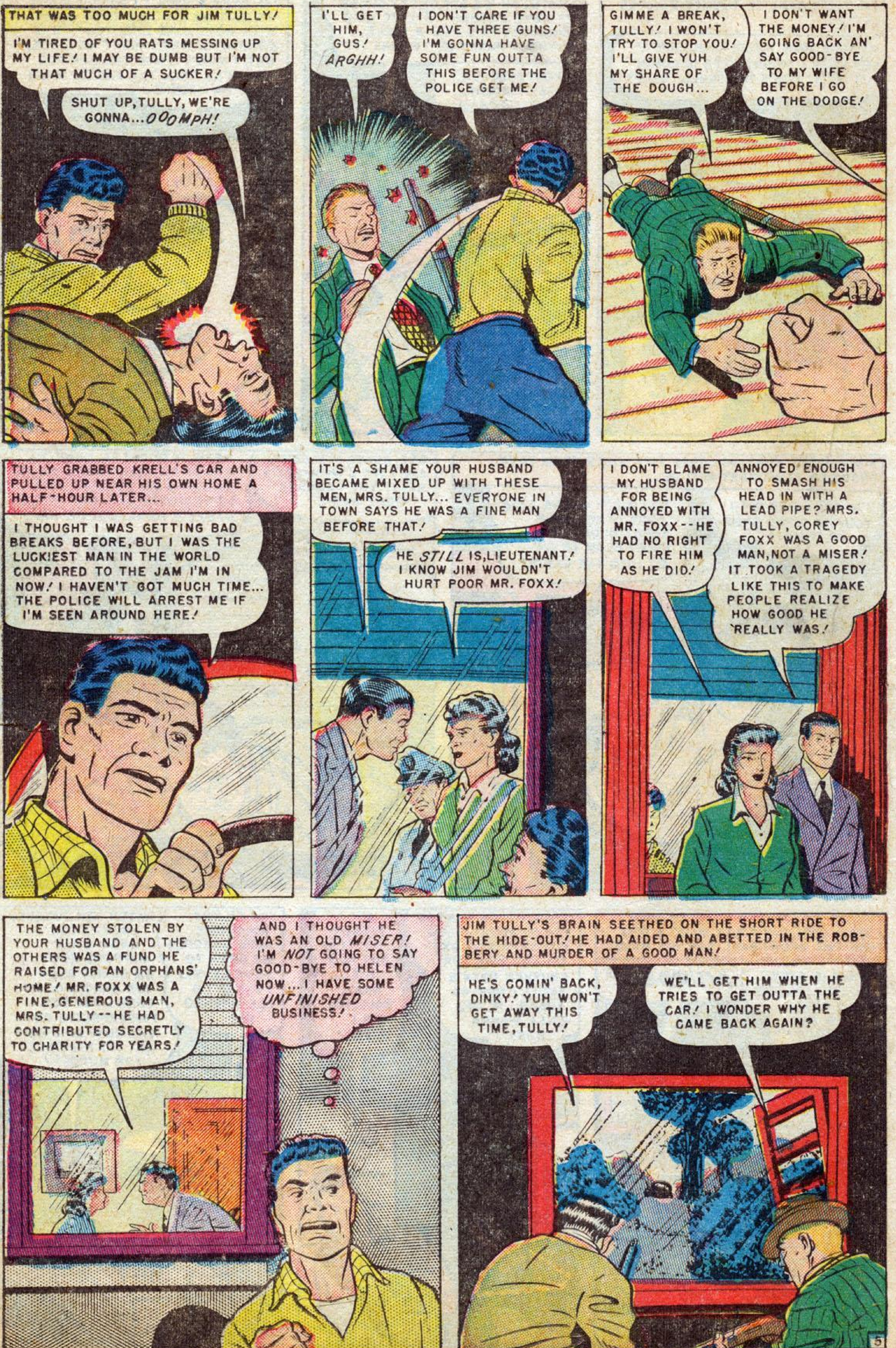

MR. FOXX, YOU PROMISED *ME* AN ENGINEERING JOB! I'M SICK OF SWINGING A PICK! NOW DO I GET THAT JOB YOU PROMISED ME OR DO I WALK OUT OF HERE?
YOU NAMED IT, TULLY! PICK UP YOUR PAY AT THE TIMEKEEPER'S SHACK! IF I EVER WANT YOU, I'LL LET YOU KNOW...I DON'T WANT ANY DISSATISFIED MEN ON MY PAYROLL!

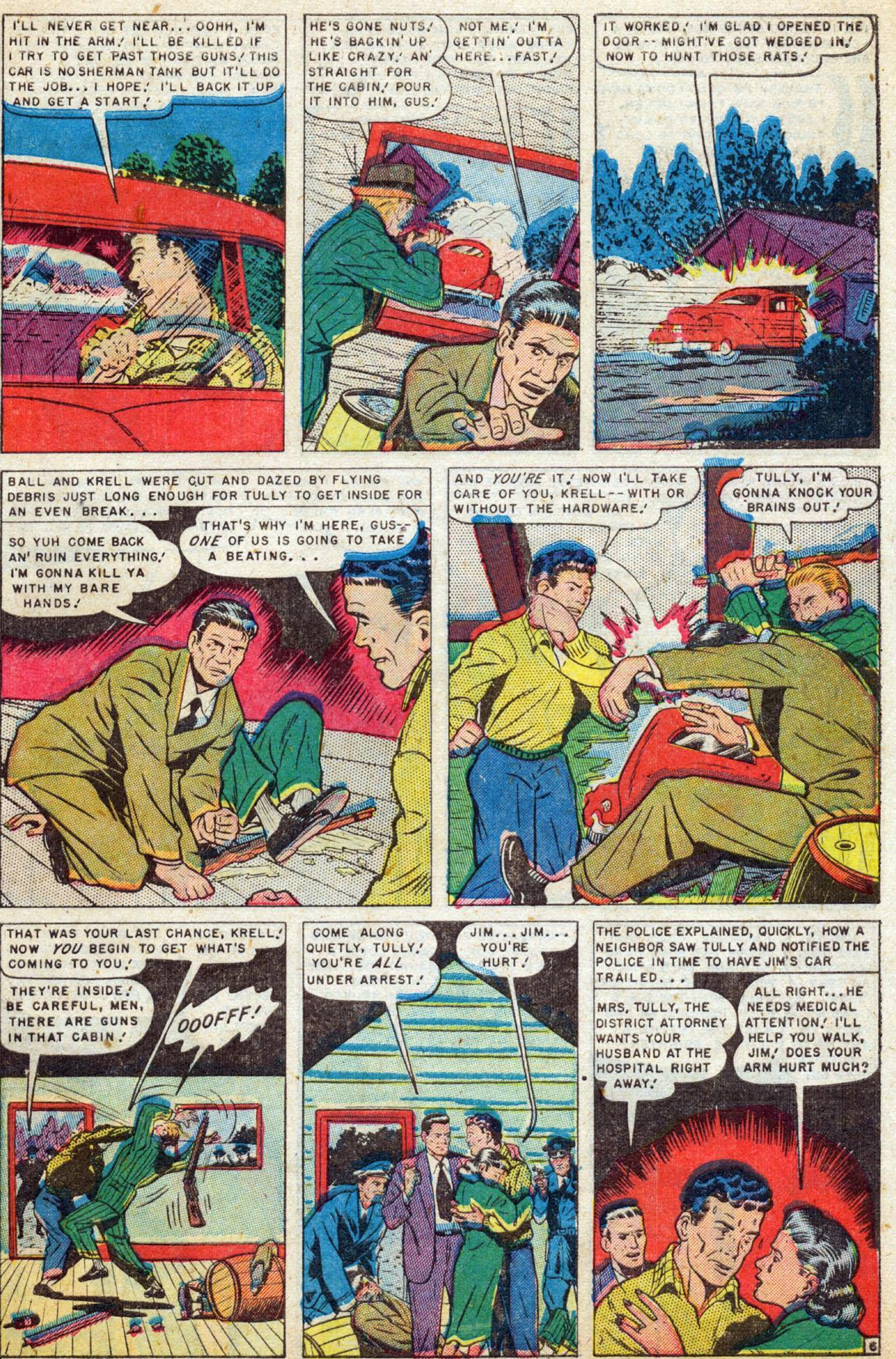

JIM TULLY REALIZED, TOO LATE, THAT HE HAD LOST HIS JOB A JOB HE NEEDED BADLY! HE SOUGHT SYMPATHY IN A NEIGHBORHOOD BAR...
FOXX IS A LOW-DOWN VULTURE! HE FIRED ME WITHOUT NOTICE! *HE* DOESN'T CARE IF MY WIFE STARVES. *HE'S* GOT PLENTY OF MONEY!
YEAH, OLD FOXX IS RICH, BUT HE'S GOT A HARD HEART! HE'LL GET HIS ONE OF THESE DAYS!
I'D LIKE TO GET SOME OF HIS *DOUGH*, GUS! THAT GUY REALLY HAS IT SOCKED AWAY!

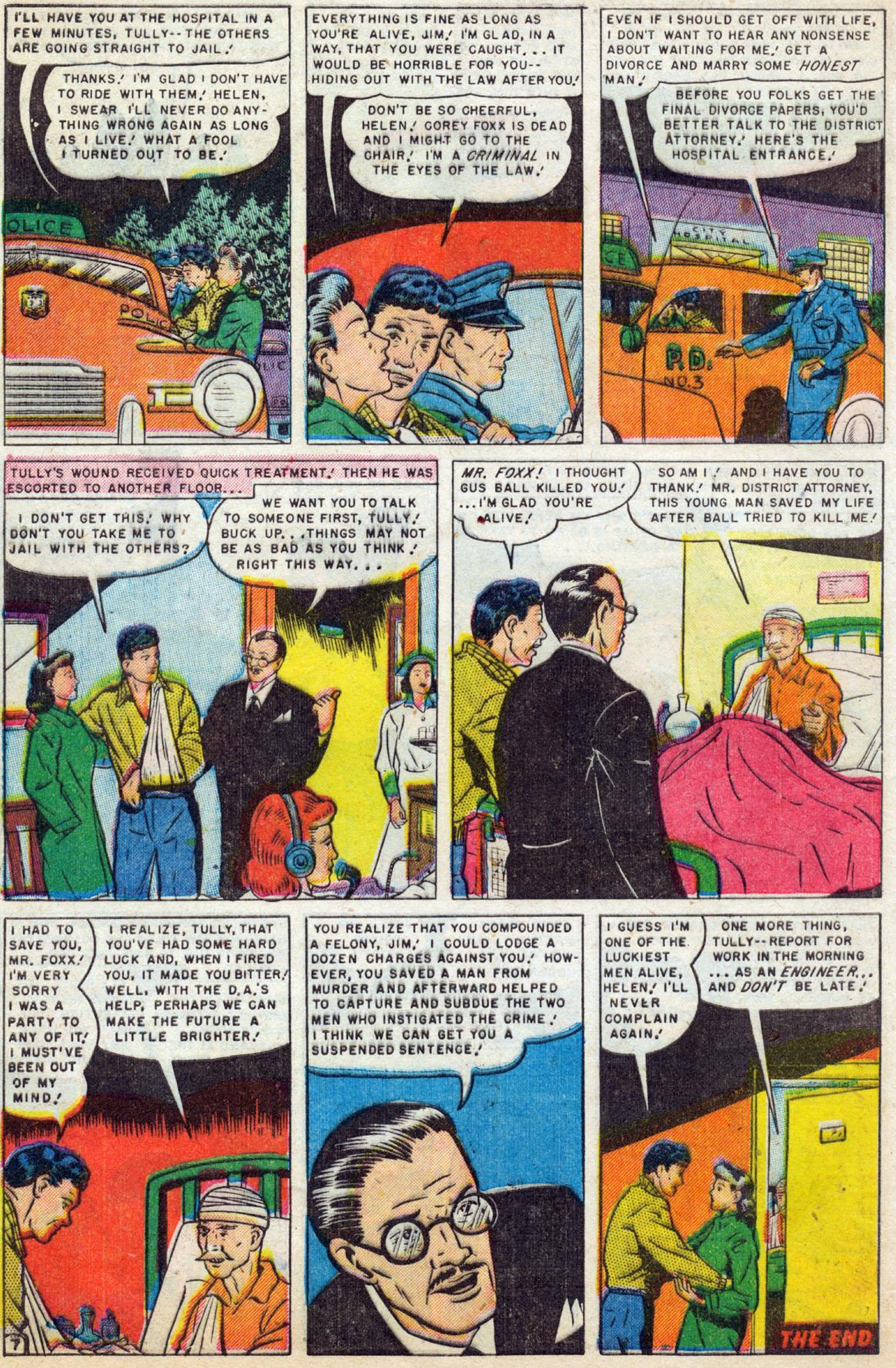

WHEN I THINK OF HOW HARD I WORKED FOR COREY FOXX, I FEEL LIKE KILLING HIM WITH MY BARE HANDS! BALL, YOU AN' KRELL ARE MY ONLY FRIENDS!
YOU SAID IT, JIM! IT'S RICH GUYS LIKE FOXX THAT KEEP US WORKIN' GUYS SCRATCHIN' TUH GET FOOD!
GUS BALL AND DINKY KRELL WERE ENJOYING THE SCENE! IT WAS A JOKE TO PASS THE TIME...
WATCH HIM TELL THE BANKER WHAT HE THINKS OF FOXX! GO AHEAD, JIM, TELL HIM WHAT YOU'RE GONNA DO TO COREY FOXX!
I'M GONNA KILL 'IM WITH MY BARE HANDS! WHO DOES HE THINK HE IS... FIRING ME OFF THE JOB! I'LL SHOW EVERYBODY!
BALL AND KRELL DID THEIR WORK WELL...EVERYONE IN RIDGETOWN HEARD JIM TULLY'S THREATS AGAINST COREY FOXX!
DID YOU HEAR HIM? HE THREATENED TO *KILL* COREY FOXX!
SURE! I'LL KILL 'IM--HE'S RE-(HIC!)SPONSHIBLE FOR ALL MY TROUBLES!
YOU NEVER CAN TELL... HE MIGHT *MEAN* IT!
THREE NIGHTS LATER...GUS BALL AND DINKY KRELL WERE ON THE PROWL...
THERE'S FOXX, GUS! WONDER IF HE HEARD ABOUT TULLY GONNA KILL...HEY...LOOKA THAT *DOUGH*!
I AM LOOKIN'! HE MUST HAVE A FORTUNE THERE! SAY, DINKY, WE GOTTA GET SOME OF THAT MONEY!
BOY, WHAT I COULD DO WITH THAT DOUGH! IT'D BE A CINCH TO SLIDE IN THERE, CONK THE OLD GUY AND...
YEAH... AN' EVERY COP IN THE STATE WOULD BE AFTER US! IT'S TOO RISKY! HE'D SPOT US AN' WE'D WIND UP IN THE PEN FOR LIFE!
FOXX CONSTRUCTION CO
OFFICE
WELL, WE COULD WAIT TILL HE GOES HOME AN' JIMMY THE WINDOW! THAT WAY THE OLD MAN WOULDN'T KNOW WHO DID IT!
THE BULLS WOULD SUSPECT US ANYHOW! I GOT A BETTER IDEA! I KNOW JUST THE GUY WE NEED... THE ONE MAN IN THIS TOWN THAT WANTS TO KILL FOXX!
KEEP OUT
CXX
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...
YOU GUYS ARE CRAZY! IF YOU WANT TO TELL ME SOMETHING-- SAY IT NOW AND GET IT OVER WITH!
DON'T TALK LIKE THAT, JIMMY BOY--WE'RE YER PALS! YOU'LL MAKE SOME DOUGH IF YUH COME WITH US AN' PLAY IT SMART! I GUESS SOME DOUGH WOULDN'T HURT, NOW YOU'RE OUT OF WORK, EH?
HALF A DOZEN DRINKS LATER...
FEEL BETTER, HUH? LISTEN... HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO MAKE SOME DOUGH AN', AT THE SAME TIME, GET BACK AT COREY FOXX? YUH COULD PAY YER BILLS AN' GIVE YER WIFE A NICE PRESENT!
SOUNDS GREAT, GUS! BUT HOW WILL WE EVER GET HOLD OF THAT OLD MISER'S DOUGH?
WE *WON'T* IF YOU GUYS KEEP TALKIN'! C'MON!

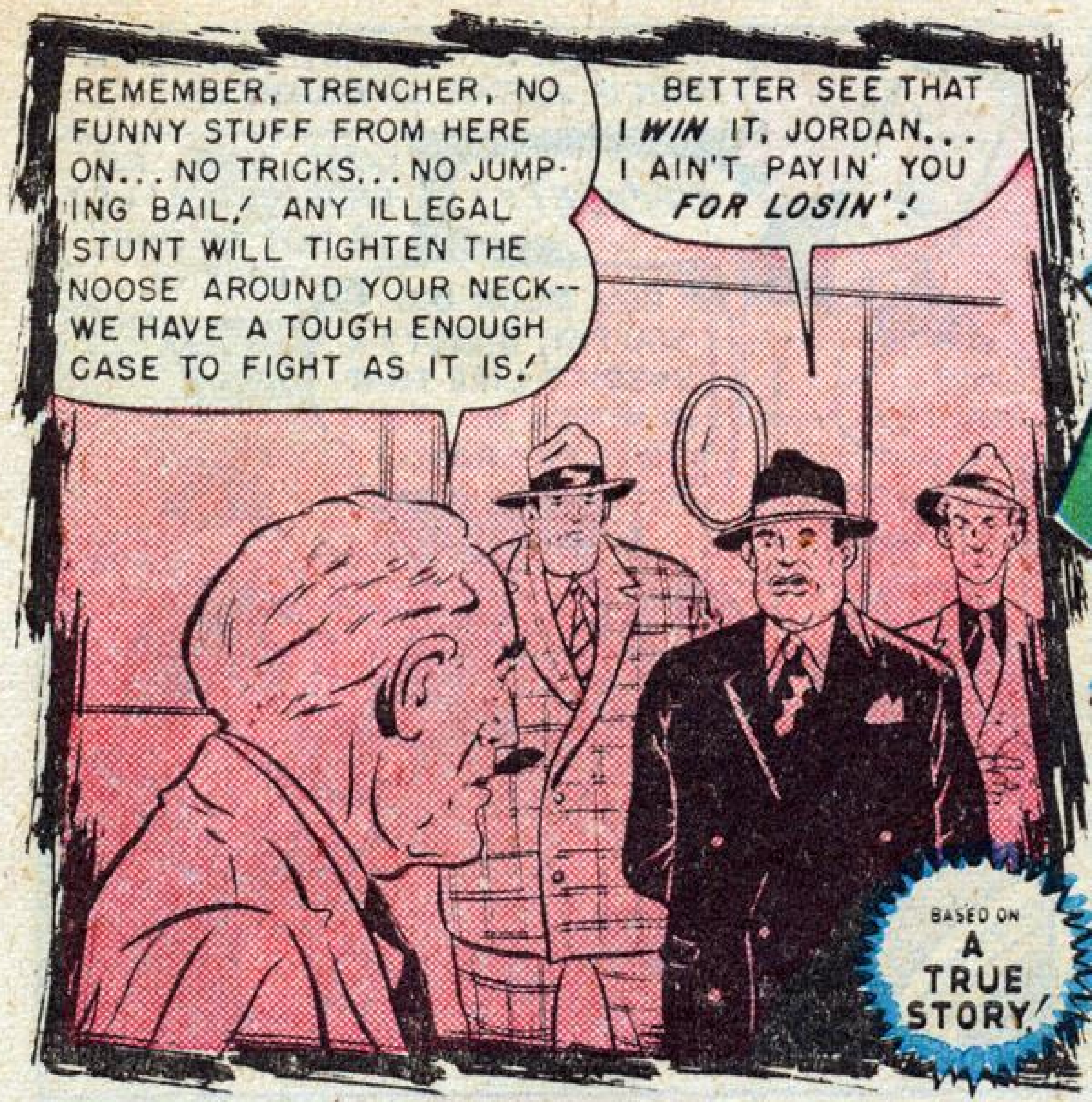

HE'S STILL COUNTING THE DOUGH HE SQUEEZES OUTTA THE GUYS HE'S GOT WORKIN' FOR 'IM! HE DON'T DESERVE TUH HAVE ALL THAT WHEN WE GOT NONE!
YOU MEAN... WE'RE GOING TO *ROB* HIM? I NEVER DID ANYTHING LIKE THAT IN MY LIFE!
YOU DON'T HAVE TUH! WE'RE JUST CUTTIN' YUH IN 'CAUSE YUH DESERVE A BREAK!
DON'T GIT EXCITED, FOXX! JUST HAND OVER THAT DOUGH OR I'LL CRACK YER SKULL WITH THIS LEAD PIPE!
I KNOW YOU TWO ROWDIES! BUT *YOU,* TULLY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THESE HOODLUMS? GET OUT OF HERE, ALL OF YOU, BEFORE I CALL THE POLICE!
YOU MEN ARE IN SERIOUS TROUBLE! I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET...
THIS'LL SHUT YUH UP, YUH OLD FOOL!
HEY! DON'T HIT HIM!
I'M GONNA MAKE SURE HE CAN'T FINGER US! HEY! LEGGO OR I'LL USE IT ON *YOU!*
I WON'T LET YOU KILL HIM! I WAS CRAZY TO COME HERE WITH YOU GUYS IN THE FIRST PLACE!
OOOHH!
YOU WEREN'T CRAZY--YOU WERE A *SUCKER!* YUH'RE THE FALL GUY... OOOF!
NOT ANY MORE, GUS -- I'M GOING TO THE POLICE!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
I GOT HIM, GUS! HIT 'IM GOOD AN' HARD!
YOU CAN'T GET AWAY... *OOOHH!*
DON'T KID YERSELF, TULLY -- *WE'RE* GONNA BE IN THE *CLEAR!*
I GOT THE CASH, DINKY! C'MON-- LET'S BLOW!
I'LL FIX UP THIS WISE GUY! THE OLD MAN'S CROAKED AN' WHEN THE COPS FIND HIM THEY'LL SEE THE MURDER WEAPON WITH TULLY'S FINGERPRINTS ON IT!
A SWEET PLAN!... A CORPSE, A FALL GUY, AND THE LEAD PIPE WITH FINGERPRINTS...
LET'S GET THIS GUY OUTSIDE TO OUR CAR! HE DOESN'T KNOW IT, BUT EVERY COP IN THE COUNTRY'S GONNA BE LOOKIN' FOR *HIM!*
AND WHILE THEY LOOK FOR HIM, WE'LL BE GETTIN' A HEAD START!
3


JIM TULLY CAME TO, TWENTY MINUTES LATER...
WE SURE MADE A NICE HAUL, DINKY! HEY, LOOK! BRIGHT-EYES IS COMIN' OUT OF IT! HOW'S THE SKULL, TULLY?
OOOH! MY HEAD! WHY DID I EVER GET IN WITH YOU RATS!
HOW MUCH WE GOT, GUS? I GUESS WE HAVE ENOUGH TO LIVE LIKE MILLIONAIRES FER A WHILE, ANYHOW! HURRY UP--COUNT IT!
TWENTY-SEVEN, TWENTY-EIGHT... *THIRTY GRAND!* A NEAT JOB! ESPECIALLY WITH THIS CHUMP HERE TO TAKE THE RAP!
I'VE BEEN A FOOL! I HAD NO RIGHT TO QUIT MY JOB AND THEN DRINK WITH HOODLUMS LIKE YOU! I'M A *CRIMINAL* AND I CAN'T GO BACK, BUT I WON'T TAKE THE RAP FOR YOU! I'LL TELL THE *TRUTH* WHEN I'M CAUGHT!
A DESERTED HUNTING LODGE FIVE MILES FROM TOWN PROVIDED TEMPORARY REFUGE...
I'M NOT GOING WITH YOU! I'M GOING BACK TO TOWN!
YOU AIN'T GONNA *LIVE* LONG IF YOU KEEP SHOOTIN' OFF YER FACE! CLAM UP AN' GIT INTO THE CABIN!
SEE, DINKY, IT'S COZY, AIN'T IT? C'MON! LET'S SPLIT THE CABBAGE RIGHT AWAY!
YEAH, IT OUGHTTA COME TO ABOUT FIFTEEN GRAND EACH! JUNIOR IS AN *HONEST* MAN SO HE DON'T GET ANY OF OUR *STOLEN* MONEY, HA-HA-HA!
THEY'RE TOO BUSY TO NOTICE ME! IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!
WHILE THE OTHERS GLOATED OVER THEIR LOOT, JIM TULLY MADE A DIVE FOR THE DOOR! BALL SAW HIS MOVE...
TAKE IT EASY, TULLY...UNLESS YOU WANNA BURN FOR *MURDER!*
MURDER?
YEAH, YOU'RE WANTED FOR MURDER--YOUR FINGERPRINTS ARE ON THE PIPE THAT CRUSHED FOXX'S SKULL! NOW GO AHEAD...IF YOU STILL WANNA RUN!
MY FINGER-PRINTS? BUT *YOU* HIT... OKAY, BALL, YOU WIN, I GUESS!
YOU FILTHY HOODLUMS HAVE DRAGGED ME DOWN TO YOUR LEVEL! I GUESS I'M ALL WASHED UP!
WATCH YER TONGUE, CHUMP! YUH KNOW WHAT HAPPENS NOW? I'M GONNA BLOW YER BRAINS OUT--THEN I PUT YER FINGERPRINTS ON THE GUN! SUICIDE--GET IT? REMORSE FOR MURDER!


THAT WAS TOO MUCH FOR JIM TULLY!
I'M TIRED OF YOU RATS MESSING UP MY LIFE! I MAY BE DUMB BUT I'M NOT THAT MUCH OF A SUCKER!
SHUT UP, TULLY, WE'RE GONNA...OOOMPH!
I'LL GET HIM, GUS! ARGHH!
I DON'T CARE IF YOU HAVE THREE GUNS! I'M GONNA HAVE SOME FUN OUTTA THIS BEFORE THE POLICE GET ME!
GIMME A BREAK, TULLY! I WON'T TRY TO STOP YOU! I'LL GIVE YUH MY SHARE OF THE DOUGH...
I DON'T WANT THE MONEY! I'M GOING BACK AN' SAY GOOD-BYE TO MY WIFE BEFORE I GO ON THE DODGE!
TULLY GRABBED KRELL'S CAR AND PULLED UP NEAR HIS OWN HOME A HALF-HOUR LATER...
I THOUGHT I WAS GETTING BAD BREAKS BEFORE, BUT I WAS THE LUCKIEST MAN IN THE WORLD COMPARED TO THE JAM I'M IN NOW! I HAVEN'T GOT MUCH TIME... THE POLICE WILL ARREST ME IF I'M SEEN AROUND HERE!
IT'S A SHAME YOUR HUSBAND BECAME MIXED UP WITH THESE MEN, MRS. TULLY... EVERYONE IN TOWN SAYS HE WAS A FINE MAN BEFORE THAT!
HE STILL IS, LIEUTENANT! I KNOW JIM WOULDN'T HURT POOR MR. FOXX!
I DON'T BLAME MY HUSBAND FOR BEING ANNOYED WITH MR. FOXX--HE HAD NO RIGHT TO FIRE HIM AS HE DID!
ANNOYED ENOUGH TO SMASH HIS HEAD IN WITH A LEAD PIPE? MRS. TULLY, COREY FOXX WAS A GOOD MAN, NOT A MISER! IT TOOK A TRAGEDY LIKE THIS TO MAKE PEOPLE REALIZE HOW GOOD HE REALLY WAS!
THE MONEY STOLEN BY YOUR HUSBAND AND THE OTHERS WAS A FUND HE RAISED FOR AN ORPHANS' HOME! MR. FOXX WAS A FINE, GENEROUS MAN, MRS. TULLY--HE HAD CONTRIBUTED SECRETLY TO CHARITY FOR YEARS!
AND I THOUGHT HE WAS AN OLD MISER! I'M NOT GOING TO SAY GOOD-BYE TO HELEN NOW... I HAVE SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS!
JIM TULLY'S BRAIN SEETHED ON THE SHORT RIDE TO THE HIDE-OUT! HE HAD AIDED AND ABETTED IN THE ROBBERY AND MURDER OF A GOOD MAN!
HE'S COMIN' BACK, DINKY! YUH WON'T GET AWAY THIS TIME, TULLY!
WE'LL GET HIM WHEN HE TRIES TO GET OUTTA THE CAR! I WONDER WHY HE CAME BACK AGAIN?


I'LL NEVER GET NEAR... OOHH, I'M HIT IN THE ARM! I'LL BE KILLED IF I TRY TO GET PAST THOSE GUNS! THIS CAR IS NO SHERMAN TANK BUT IT'LL DO THE JOB... I HOPE! I'LL BACK IT UP AND GET A START!
HE'S GONE NUTS! HE'S BACKIN' UP LIKE CRAZY! AN' STRAIGHT FOR THE CABIN! POUR IT INTO HIM, GUS!
NOT ME! I'M GETTIN' OUTTA HERE... FAST!
IT WORKED! I'M GLAD I OPENED THE DOOR -- MIGHT'VE GOT WEDGED IN! NOW TO HUNT THOSE RATS!
BALL AND KRELL WERE CUT AND DAZED BY FLYING DEBRIS JUST LONG ENOUGH FOR TULLY TO GET INSIDE FOR AN EVEN BREAK...
SO YUH COME BACK AN' RUIN EVERYTHING! I'M GONNA KILL YA WITH MY BARE HANDS!
THAT'S WHY I'M HERE, GUS -- ONE OF US IS GOING TO TAKE A BEATING...
AND YOU'RE IT! NOW I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU, KRELL -- WITH OR WITHOUT THE HARDWARE!
TULLY, I'M GONNA KNOCK YOUR BRAINS OUT!
THAT WAS YOUR LAST CHANCE, KRELL! NOW YOU BEGIN TO GET WHAT'S COMING TO YOU!
THEY'RE INSIDE! BE CAREFUL, MEN, THERE ARE GUNS IN THAT CABIN!
OOOFFF!
COME ALONG QUIETLY, TULLY! YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST!
JIM... JIM... YOU'RE HURT!
THE POLICE EXPLAINED, QUICKLY, HOW A NEIGHBOR SAW TULLY AND NOTIFIED THE POLICE IN TIME TO HAVE JIM'S CAR TRAILED...
MRS. TULLY, THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY WANTS YOUR HUSBAND AT THE HOSPITAL RIGHT AWAY!
ALL RIGHT... HE NEEDS MEDICAL ATTENTION! I'LL HELP YOU WALK, JIM! DOES YOUR ARM HURT MUCH?

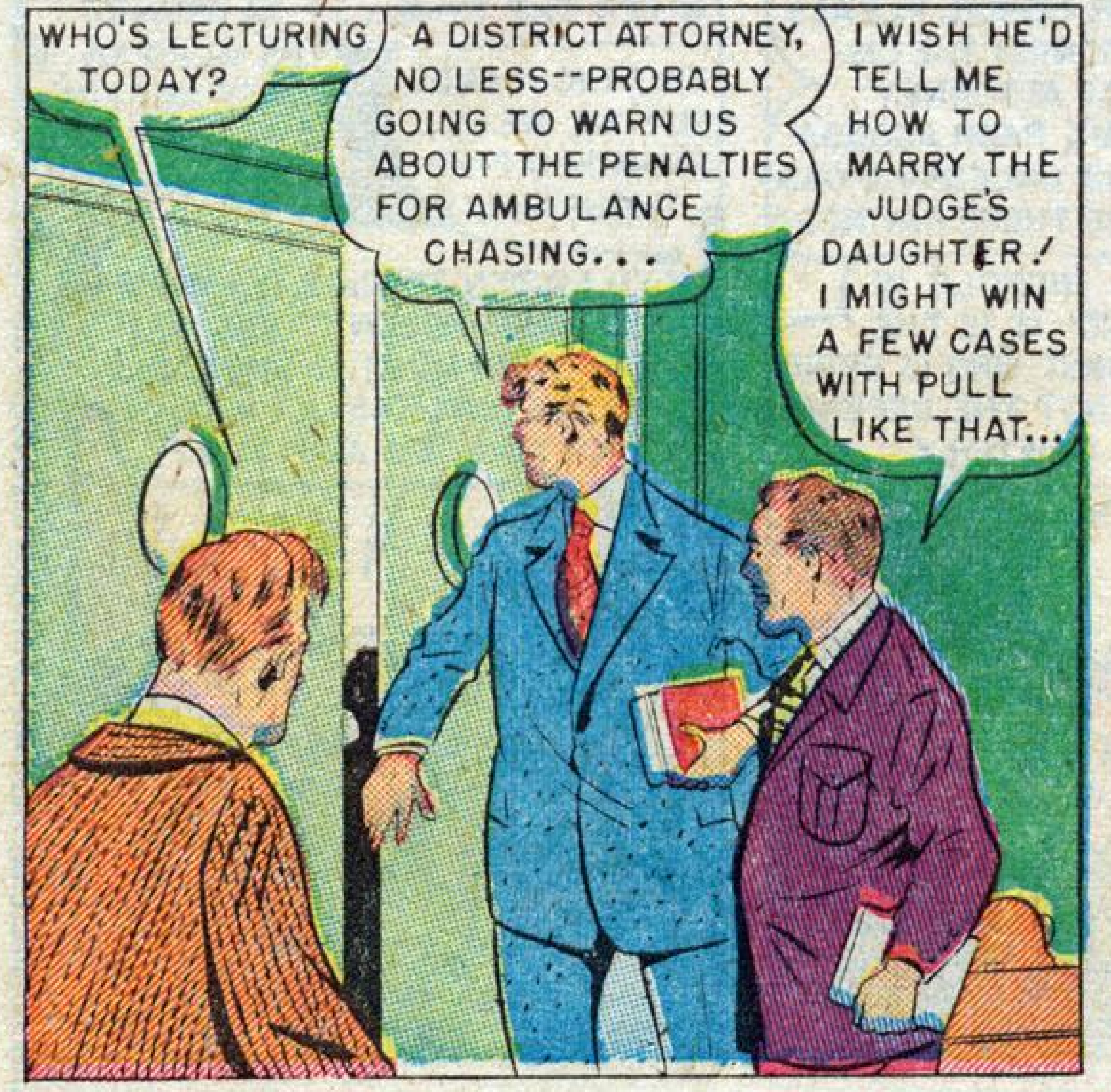

I'LL HAVE YOU AT THE HOSPITAL IN A FEW MINUTES, TULLY-- THE OTHERS ARE GOING STRAIGHT TO JAIL!
THANKS! I'M GLAD I DON'T HAVE TO RIDE WITH THEM! HELEN, I SWEAR I'LL NEVER DO ANYTHING WRONG AGAIN AS LONG AS I LIVE! WHAT A FOOL I TURNED OUT TO BE!
POLICE
POLICE
EVERYTHING IS FINE AS LONG AS YOU'RE ALIVE, JIM! I'M GLAD, IN A WAY, THAT YOU WERE CAUGHT... IT WOULD BE HORRIBLE FOR YOU-- HIDING OUT WITH THE LAW AFTER YOU!
DON'T BE SO CHEERFUL, HELEN! COREY FOXX IS DEAD AND I MIGHT GO TO THE CHAIR! I'M A *CRIMINAL* IN THE EYES OF THE LAW!
EVEN IF I SHOULD GET OFF WITH LIFE, I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANY NONSENSE ABOUT WAITING FOR ME! GET A DIVORCE AND MARRY SOME *HONEST* MAN!
BEFORE YOU FOLKS GET THE FINAL DIVORCE PAPERS, YOU'D BETTER TALK TO THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY! HERE'S THE HOSPITAL ENTRANCE!
CITY HOSPITAL
P.D. NO.3
TULLY'S WOUND RECEIVED QUICK TREATMENT! THEN HE WAS ESCORTED TO ANOTHER FLOOR...
I DON'T GET THIS! WHY DON'T YOU TAKE ME TO JAIL WITH THE OTHERS?
WE WANT YOU TO TALK TO SOMEONE FIRST, TULLY! BUCK UP... THINGS MAY NOT BE AS BAD AS YOU THINK! RIGHT THIS WAY...
MR. FOXX! I THOUGHT GUS BALL KILLED YOU! ...I'M GLAD YOU'RE ALIVE!
SO AM I! AND I HAVE YOU TO THANK! MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY, THIS YOUNG MAN SAVED MY LIFE AFTER BALL TRIED TO KILL ME!
I HAD TO SAVE YOU, MR. FOXX! I'M VERY SORRY I WAS A PARTY TO ANY OF IT! I MUST'VE BEEN OUT OF MY MIND!
I REALIZE, TULLY, THAT YOU'VE HAD SOME HARD LUCK AND, WHEN I FIRED YOU, IT MADE YOU BITTER! WELL, WITH THE D.A.'S HELP, PERHAPS WE CAN MAKE THE FUTURE A LITTLE BRIGHTER!
YOU REALIZE THAT YOU COMPOUNDED A FELONY, JIM! I COULD LODGE A DOZEN CHARGES AGAINST YOU! HOWEVER, YOU SAVED A MAN FROM MURDER AND AFTERWARD HELPED TO CAPTURE AND SUBDUE THE TWO MEN WHO INSTIGATED THE CRIME! I THINK WE CAN GET YOU A SUSPENDED SENTENCE!
I GUESS I'M ONE OF THE LUCKIEST MEN ALIVE, HELEN! I'LL NEVER COMPLAIN AGAIN!
ONE MORE THING, TULLY-- REPORT FOR WORK IN THE MORNING ... AS AN *ENGINEER*... AND *DON'T* BE LATE!
THE END

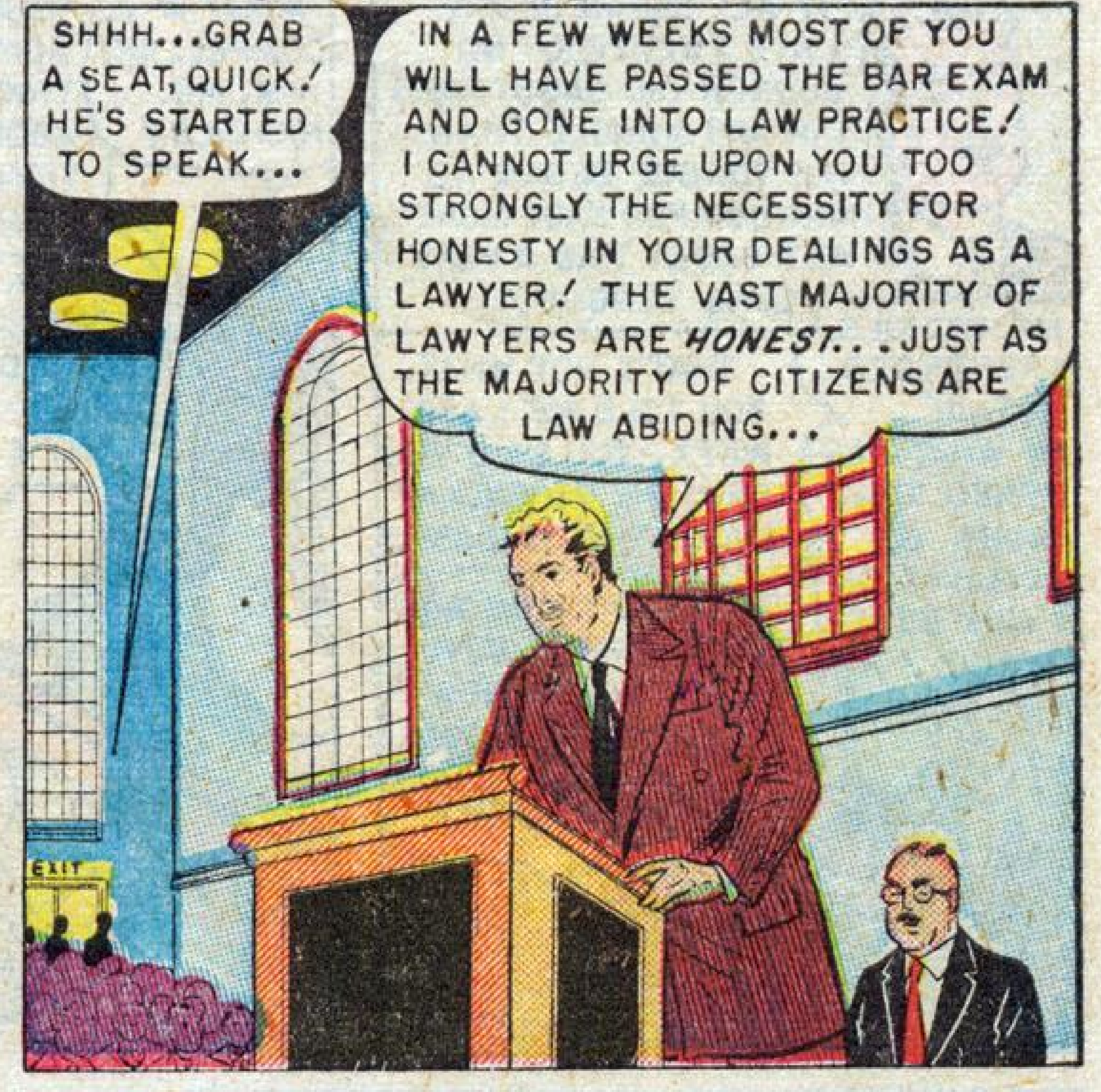

REMEMBER, TRENCHER, NO FUNNY STUFF FROM HERE ON... NO TRICKS... NO JUMPING BAIL! ANY ILLEGAL STUNT WILL TIGHTEN THE NOOSE AROUND YOUR NECK--WE HAVE A TOUGH ENOUGH CASE TO FIGHT AS IT IS!
BETTER SEE THAT I *WIN* IT, JORDAN... I AIN'T PAYIN' YOU *FOR LOSIN'*!
BASED ON A TRUE STORY!

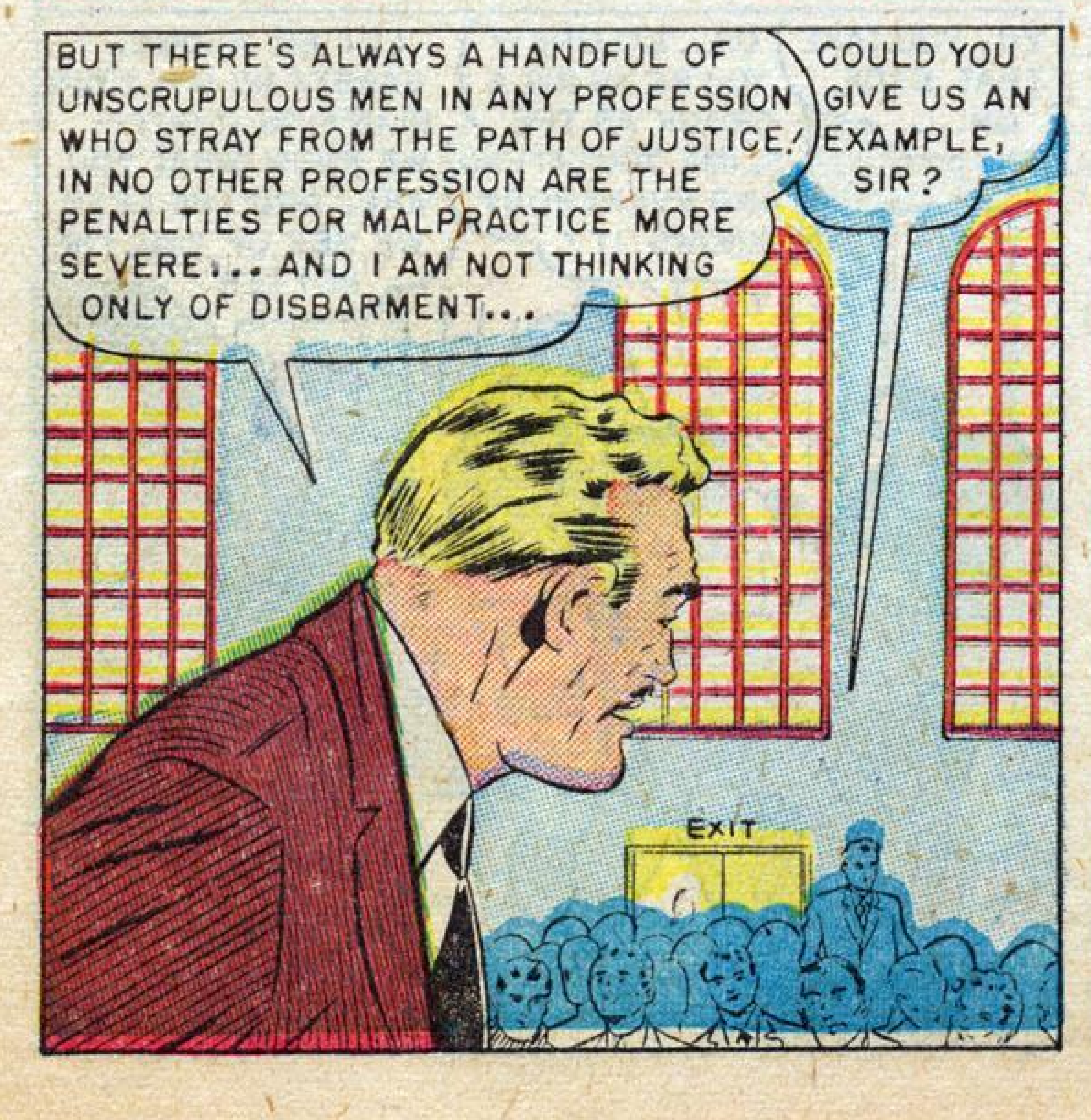
"GABBY NICHOLS" HE TRIED TO MAKE A "MOCKERY OF JUSTICE!"

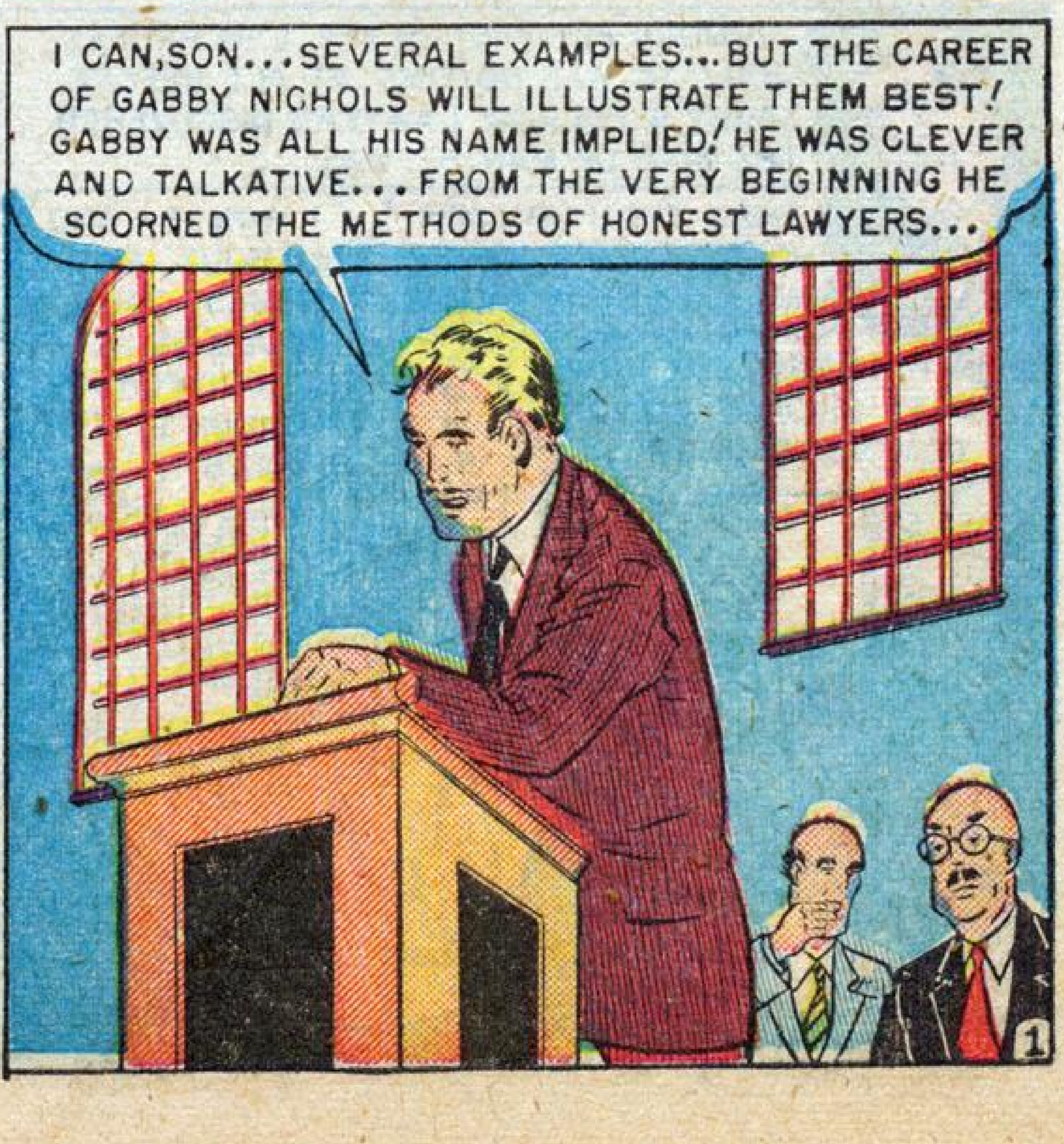
THE D.A. ENDED HIS SPEECH SAYING: WHEN YOU HANG AROUND EVIL, YOU BECOME EVIL YOURSELF! AS THE STARTLING CASE OF GABBY NICHOLS PROVED...

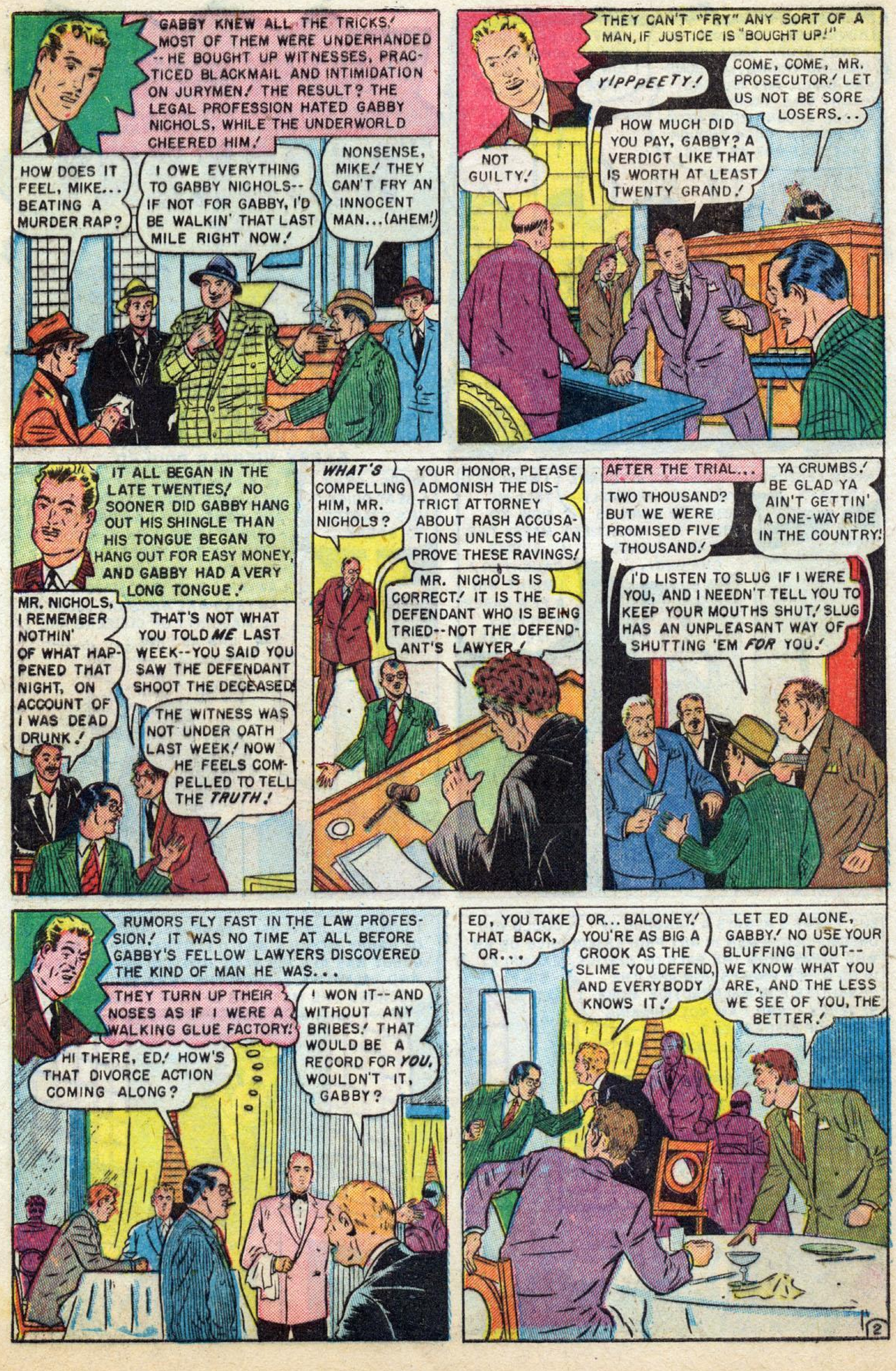
5310

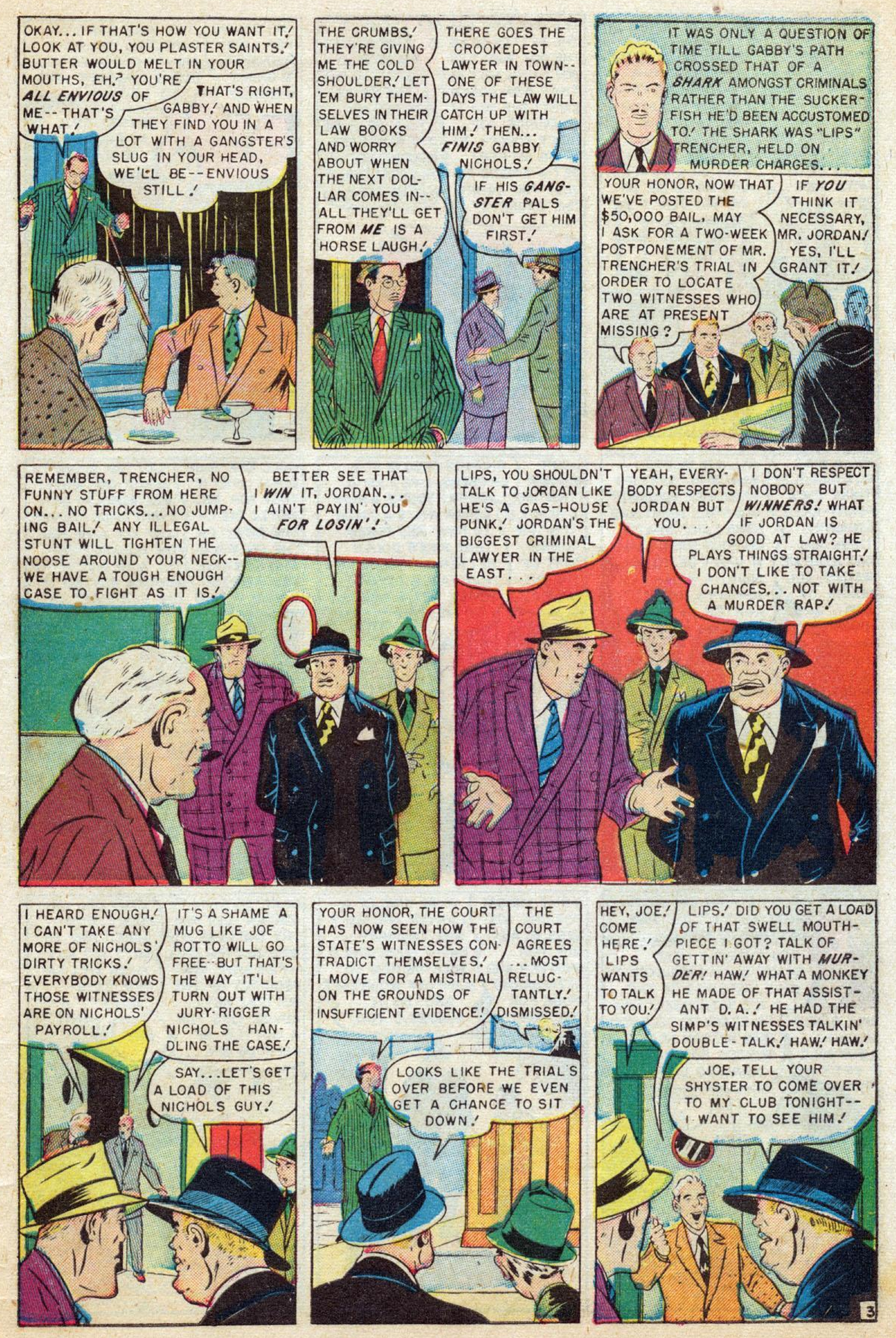

WHO'S LECTURING TODAY?
A DISTRICT ATTORNEY, NO LESS--PROBABLY GOING TO WARN US ABOUT THE PENALTIES FOR AMBULANCE CHASING...
I WISH HE'D TELL ME HOW TO MARRY THE JUDGE'S DAUGHTER! I MIGHT WIN A FEW CASES WITH PULL LIKE THAT...

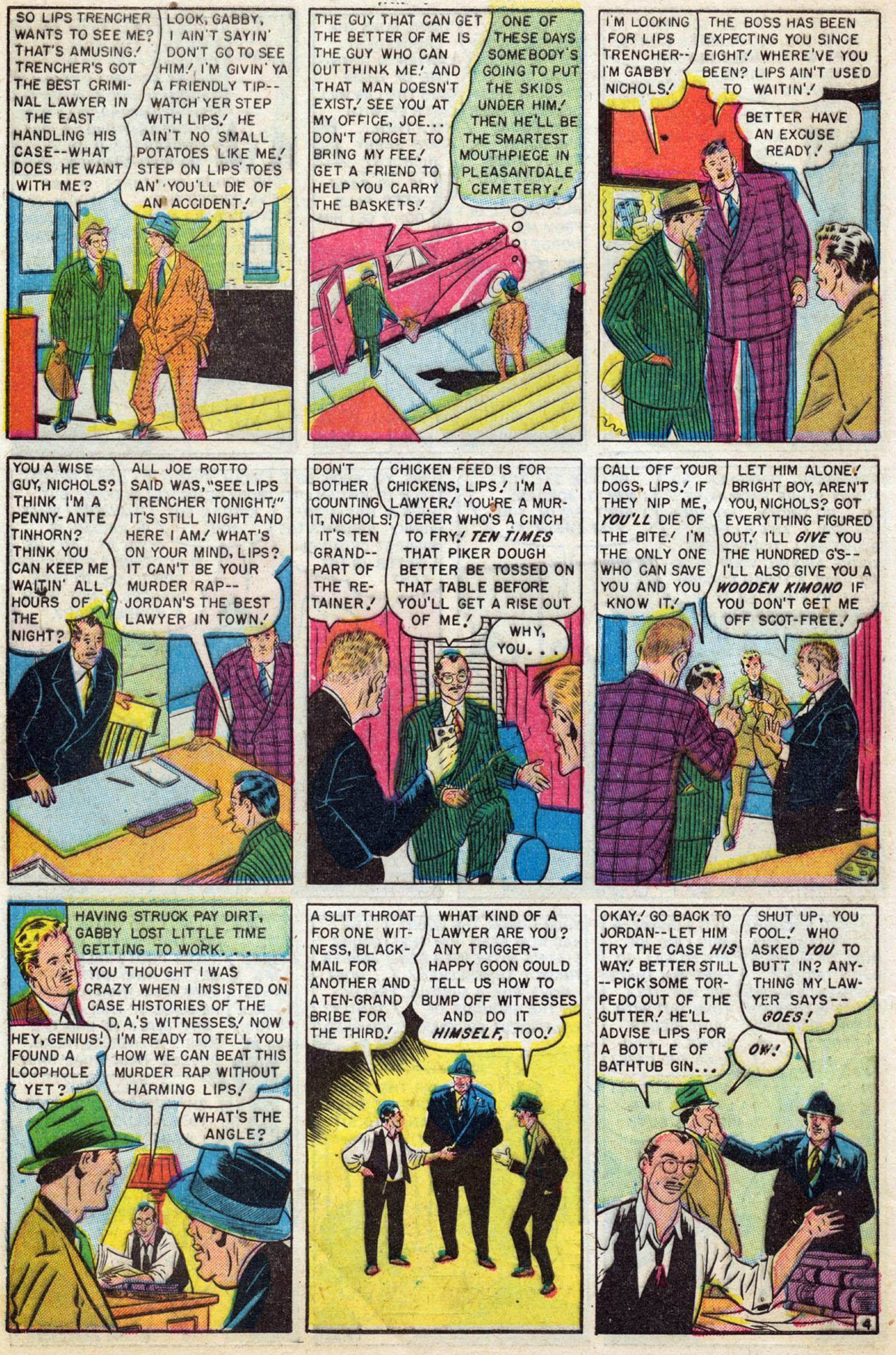

SHHH...GRAB A SEAT, QUICK! HE'S STARTED TO SPEAK...
IN A FEW WEEKS MOST OF YOU WILL HAVE PASSED THE BAR EXAM AND GONE INTO LAW PRACTICE! I CANNOT URGE UPON YOU TOO STRONGLY THE NECESSITY FOR HONESTY IN YOUR DEALINGS AS A LAWYER! THE VAST MAJORITY OF LAWYERS ARE *HONEST*... JUST AS THE MAJORITY OF CITIZENS ARE LAW ABIDING...
EXIT

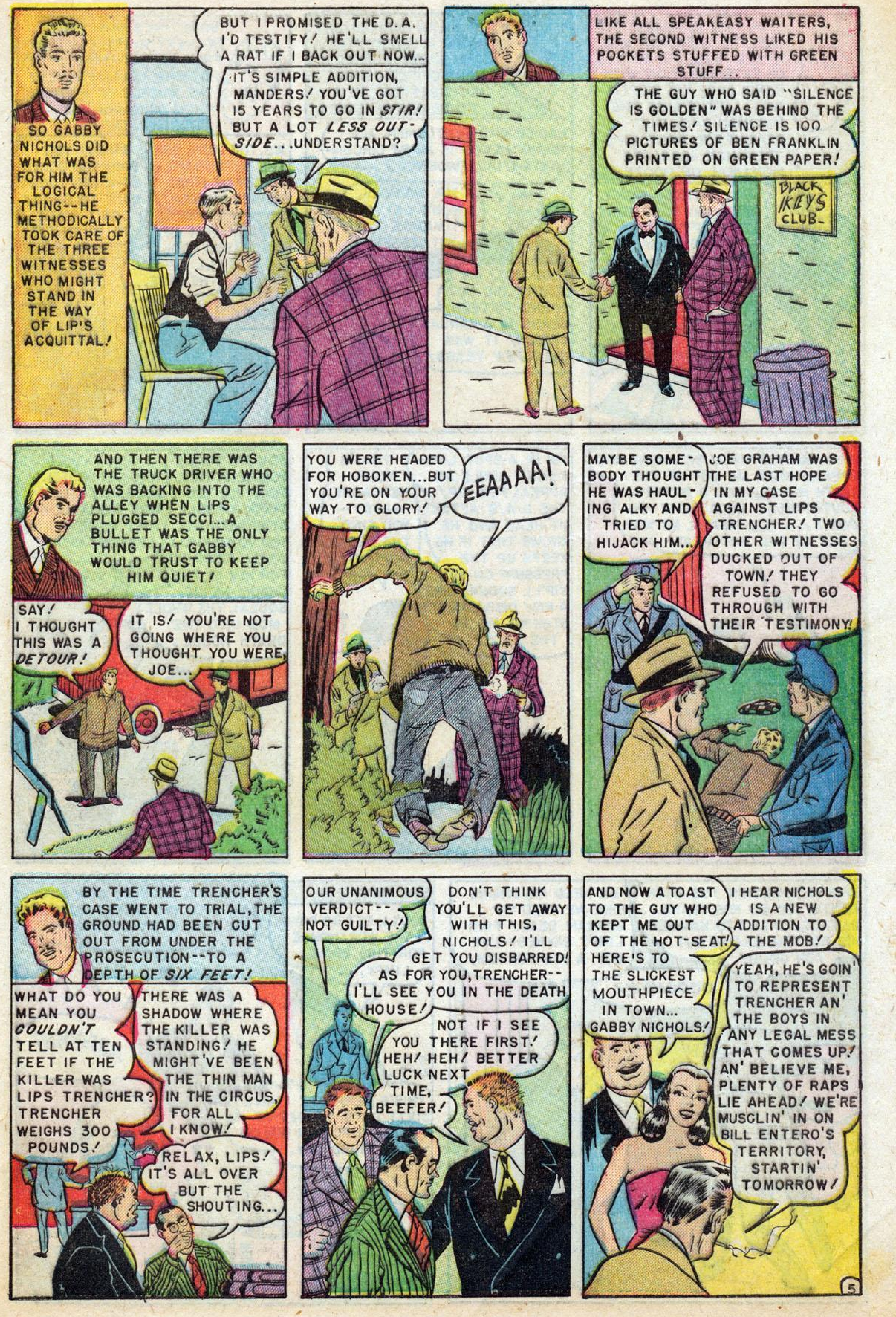

BUT THERE'S ALWAYS A HANDFUL OF UNSCRUPULOUS MEN IN ANY PROFESSION WHO STRAY FROM THE PATH OF JUSTICE! IN NO OTHER PROFESSION ARE THE PENALTIES FOR MALPRACTICE MORE SEVERE... AND I AM NOT THINKING ONLY OF DISBARMENT...
COULD YOU GIVE US AN EXAMPLE, SIR?
EXIT

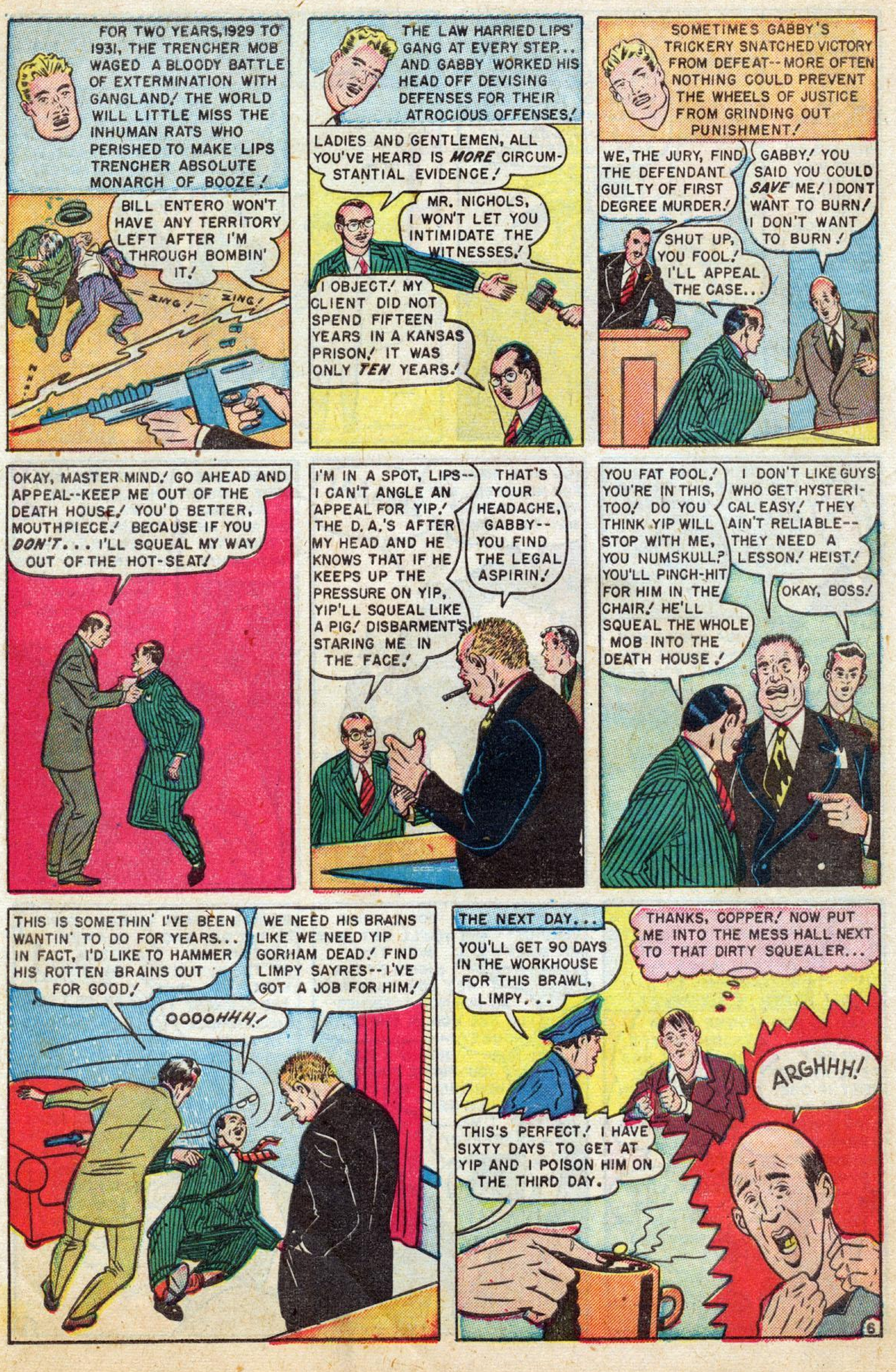

I CAN, SON... SEVERAL EXAMPLES... BUT THE CAREER OF GABBY NICHOLS WILL ILLUSTRATE THEM BEST! GABBY WAS ALL HIS NAME IMPLIED! HE WAS CLEVER AND TALKATIVE... FROM THE VERY BEGINNING HE SCORNED THE METHODS OF HONEST LAWYERS...

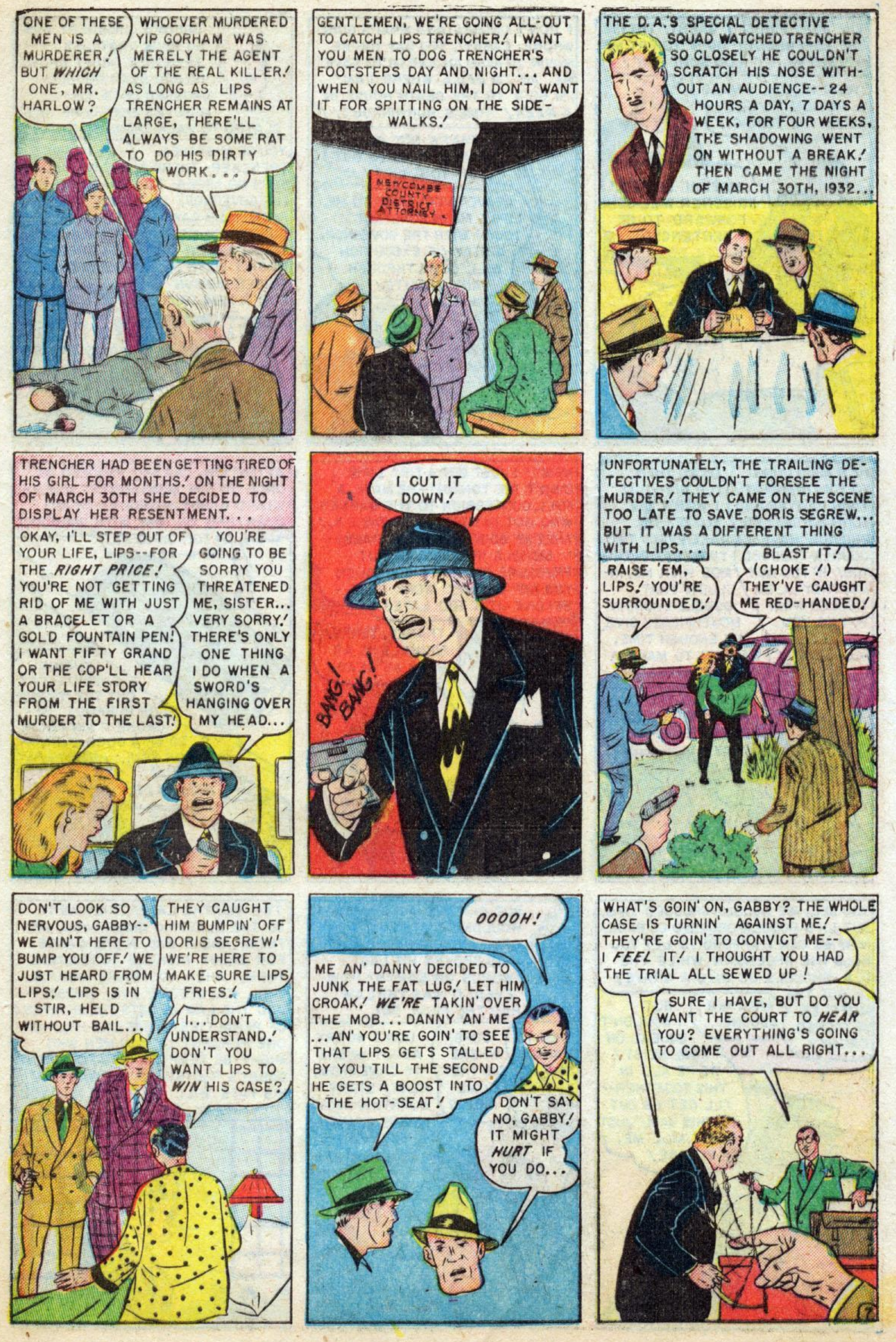

GABBY KNEW ALL THE TRICKS! MOST OF THEM WERE UNDERHANDED --HE BOUGHT UP WITNESSES, PRACTICED BLACKMAIL AND INTIMIDATION ON JURYMEN! THE RESULT? THE LEGAL PROFESSION HATED GABBY NICHOLS, WHILE THE UNDERWORLD CHEERED HIM!
HOW DOES IT FEEL, MIKE... BEATING A MURDER RAP?
I OWE EVERYTHING TO GABBY NICHOLS-- IF NOT FOR GABBY, I'D BE WALKIN' THAT LAST MILE RIGHT NOW!
NONSENSE, MIKE! THEY CAN'T FRY AN INNOCENT MAN...(AHEM!)
THEY CAN'T "FRY" ANY SORT OF A MAN, IF JUSTICE IS "BOUGHT UP!"
YIPPPEETY!
COME, COME, MR. PROSECUTOR! LET US NOT BE SORE LOSERS...
NOT GUILTY!
HOW MUCH DID YOU PAY, GABBY? A VERDICT LIKE THAT IS WORTH AT LEAST TWENTY GRAND!
IT ALL BEGAN IN THE LATE TWENTIES! NO SOONER DID GABBY HANG OUT HIS SHINGLE THAN HIS TONGUE BEGAN TO HANG OUT FOR EASY MONEY, AND GABBY HAD A VERY LONG TONGUE!
MR. NICHOLS, I REMEMBER NOTHIN' OF WHAT HAPPENED THAT NIGHT, ON ACCOUNT OF I WAS DEAD DRUNK!
THAT'S NOT WHAT YOU TOLD ME LAST WEEK--YOU SAID YOU SAW THE DEFENDANT SHOOT THE DECEASED!
THE WITNESS WAS NOT UNDER OATH LAST WEEK! NOW HE FEELS COMPELLED TO TELL THE TRUTH!
WHAT'S COMPELLING HIM, MR. NICHOLS?
YOUR HONOR, PLEASE ADMONISH THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY ABOUT RASH ACCUSATIONS UNLESS HE CAN PROVE THESE RAVINGS!
MR. NICHOLS IS CORRECT! IT IS THE DEFENDANT WHO IS BEING TRIED--NOT THE DEFENDANT'S LAWYER!
AFTER THE TRIAL...
TWO THOUSAND? BUT WE WERE PROMISED FIVE THOUSAND!
YA CRUMBS! BE GLAD YA AIN'T GETTIN' A ONE-WAY RIDE IN THE COUNTRY!
I'D LISTEN TO SLUG IF I WERE YOU, AND I NEEDN'T TELL YOU TO KEEP YOUR MOUTHS SHUT! SLUG HAS AN UNPLEASANT WAY OF SHUTTING 'EM FOR YOU!
RUMORS FLY FAST IN THE LAW PROFESSION! IT WAS NO TIME AT ALL BEFORE GABBY'S FELLOW LAWYERS DISCOVERED THE KIND OF MAN HE WAS...
THEY TURN UP THEIR NOSES AS IF I WERE A WALKING GLUE FACTORY!
HI THERE, ED! HOW'S THAT DIVORCE ACTION COMING ALONG?
I WON IT--AND WITHOUT ANY BRIBES! THAT WOULD BE A RECORD FOR YOU, WOULDN'T IT, GABBY?
ED, YOU TAKE THAT BACK, OR...
OR... BALONEY! YOU'RE AS BIG A CROOK AS THE SLIME YOU DEFEND, AND EVERYBODY KNOWS IT!
LET ED ALONE, GABBY! NO USE YOUR BLUFFING IT OUT-- WE KNOW WHAT YOU ARE, AND THE LESS WE SEE OF YOU, THE BETTER!
2

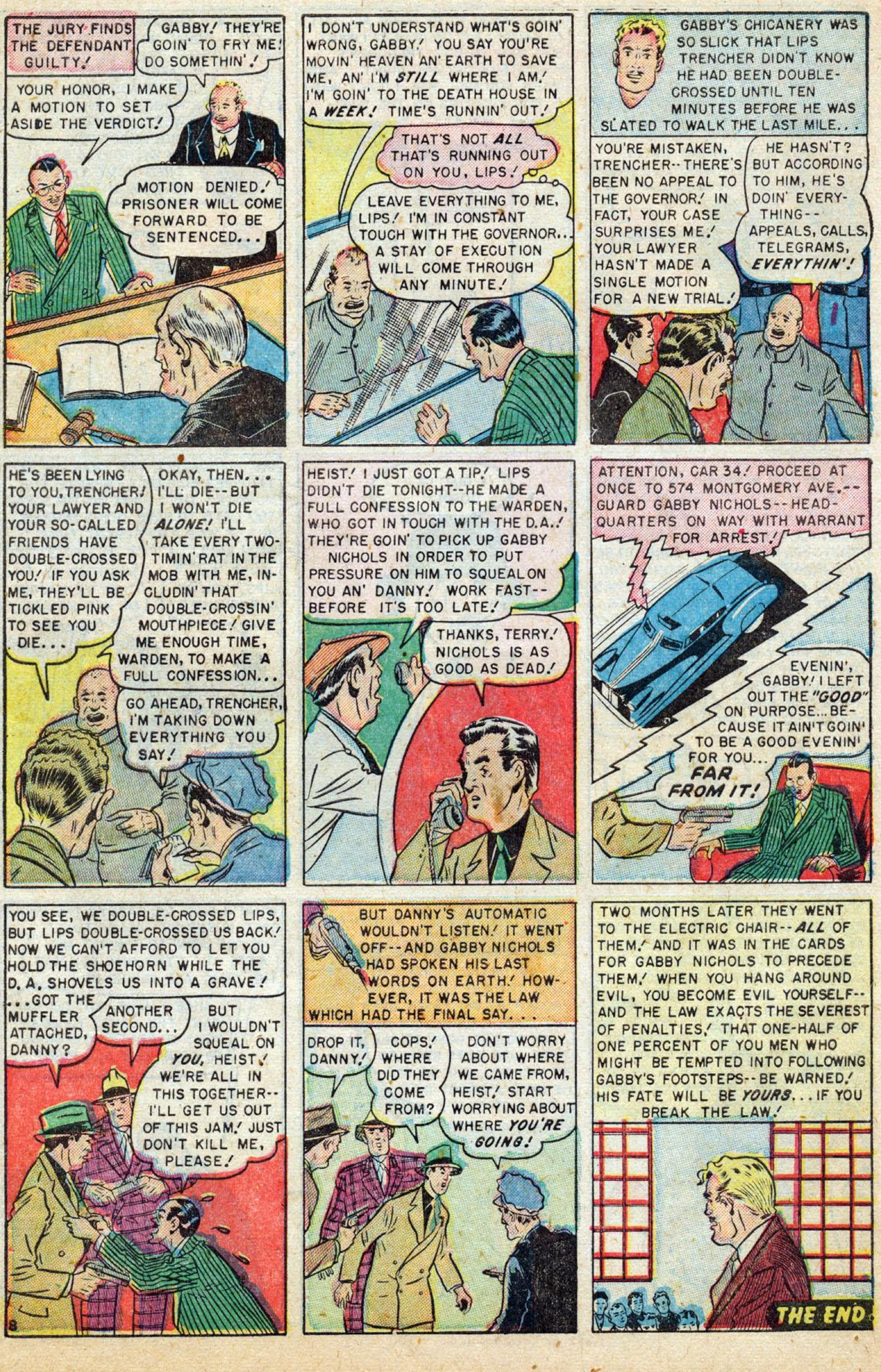

OKAY... IF THAT'S HOW YOU WANT IT! LOOK AT YOU, YOU PLASTER SAINTS! BUTTER WOULD MELT IN YOUR MOUTHS, EH? YOU'RE *ALL ENVIOUS* OF ME--THAT'S WHAT!
THAT'S RIGHT, GABBY! AND WHEN THEY FIND YOU IN A LOT WITH A GANGSTER'S SLUG IN YOUR HEAD, WE'LL BE--ENVIOUS STILL!
THE CRUMBS! THEY'RE GIVING ME THE COLD SHOULDER! LET 'EM BURY THEMSELVES IN THEIR LAW BOOKS AND WORRY ABOUT WHEN THE NEXT DOLLAR COMES IN--ALL THEY'LL GET FROM *ME* IS A HORSE LAUGH!
THERE GOES THE CROOKEDEST LAWYER IN TOWN--ONE OF THESE DAYS THE LAW WILL CATCH UP WITH HIM! THEN... *FINIS* GABBY NICHOLS!
IF HIS *GANGSTER* PALS DON'T GET HIM FIRST!
IT WAS ONLY A QUESTION OF TIME TILL GABBY'S PATH CROSSED THAT OF A *SHARK* AMONGST CRIMINALS RATHER THAN THE SUCKERFISH HE'D BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO! THE SHARK WAS "LIPS" TRENCHER, HELD ON MURDER CHARGES...
YOUR HONOR, NOW THAT WE'VE POSTED THE $50,000 BAIL, MAY I ASK FOR A TWO-WEEK POSTPONEMENT OF MR. TRENCHER'S TRIAL IN ORDER TO LOCATE TWO WITNESSES WHO ARE AT PRESENT MISSING?
IF *YOU* THINK IT NECESSARY, MR. JORDAN! YES, I'LL GRANT IT!
REMEMBER, TRENCHER, NO FUNNY STUFF FROM HERE ON... NO TRICKS... NO JUMPING BAIL! ANY ILLEGAL STUNT WILL TIGHTEN THE NOOSE AROUND YOUR NECK--WE HAVE A TOUGH ENOUGH CASE TO FIGHT AS IT IS!
BETTER SEE THAT I *WIN* IT, JORDAN... I AIN'T PAYIN' YOU *FOR LOSIN'*!
LIPS, YOU SHOULDN'T TALK TO JORDAN LIKE HE'S A GAS-HOUSE PUNK! JORDAN'S THE BIGGEST CRIMINAL LAWYER IN THE EAST...
YEAH, EVERYBODY RESPECTS JORDAN BUT YOU...
I DON'T RESPECT NOBODY BUT *WINNERS!* WHAT IF JORDAN IS GOOD AT LAW? HE PLAYS THINGS STRAIGHT! I DON'T LIKE TO TAKE CHANCES... NOT WITH A MURDER RAP!
I HEARD ENOUGH! I CAN'T TAKE ANY MORE OF NICHOLS' DIRTY TRICKS! EVERYBODY KNOWS THOSE WITNESSES ARE ON NICHOLS' PAYROLL!
IT'S A SHAME A MUG LIKE JOE ROTTO WILL GO FREE--BUT THAT'S THE WAY IT'LL TURN OUT WITH JURY-RIGGER NICHOLS HANDLING THE CASE!
SAY... LET'S GET A LOAD OF THIS NICHOLS GUY!
YOUR HONOR, THE COURT HAS NOW SEEN HOW THE STATE'S WITNESSES CONTRADICT THEMSELVES! I MOVE FOR A MISTRIAL ON THE GROUNDS OF INSUFFICIENT EVIDENCE!
THE COURT AGREES ...MOST RELUCTANTLY! DISMISSED!
LOOKS LIKE THE TRIAL'S OVER BEFORE WE EVEN GET A CHANCE TO SIT DOWN!
HEY, JOE! COME HERE! LIPS WANTS TO TALK TO YOU!
LIPS! DID YOU GET A LOAD OF THAT SWELL MOUTHPIECE I GOT? TALK OF GETTIN' AWAY WITH *MURDER!* HAW! WHAT A MONKEY HE MADE OF THAT ASSISTANT D.A.! HE HAD THE SIMP'S WITNESSES TALKIN' DOUBLE-TALK! HAW! HAW!
JOE, TELL YOUR SHYSTER TO COME OVER TO MY CLUB TONIGHT--I WANT TO SEE HIM!


SO LIPS TRENCHER WANTS TO SEE ME? THAT'S AMUSING! TRENCHER'S GOT THE BEST CRIMINAL LAWYER IN THE EAST HANDLING HIS CASE--WHAT DOES HE WANT WITH ME?
LOOK, GABBY, I AIN'T SAYIN' DON'T GO TO SEE HIM! I'M GIVIN' YA A FRIENDLY TIP--WATCH YER STEP WITH LIPS! HE AIN'T NO SMALL POTATOES LIKE ME! STEP ON LIPS' TOES AN' YOU'LL DIE OF AN ACCIDENT!
THE GUY THAT CAN GET THE BETTER OF ME IS THE GUY WHO CAN OUTTHINK ME! AND THAT MAN DOESN'T EXIST! SEE YOU AT MY OFFICE, JOE... DON'T FORGET TO BRING MY FEE! GET A FRIEND TO HELP YOU CARRY THE BASKETS!
ONE OF THESE DAYS SOMEBODY'S GOING TO PUT THE SKIDS UNDER HIM! THEN HE'LL BE THE SMARTEST MOUTHPIECE IN PLEASANTDALE CEMETERY!
I'M LOOKING FOR LIPS TRENCHER--I'M GABBY NICHOLS!
THE BOSS HAS BEEN EXPECTING YOU SINCE EIGHT! WHERE'VE YOU BEEN? LIPS AIN'T USED TO WAITIN'!
BETTER HAVE AN EXCUSE READY!
YOU A WISE GUY, NICHOLS? THINK I'M A PENNY-ANTE TINHORN? THINK YOU CAN KEEP ME WAITIN' ALL HOURS OF THE NIGHT?
ALL JOE ROTTO SAID WAS, "SEE LIPS TRENCHER TONIGHT!" IT'S STILL NIGHT AND HERE I AM! WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, LIPS? IT CAN'T BE YOUR MURDER RAP--JORDAN'S THE BEST LAWYER IN TOWN!
DON'T BOTHER COUNTING IT, NICHOLS! IT'S TEN GRAND--PART OF THE RETAINER!
CHICKEN FEED IS FOR CHICKENS, LIPS! I'M A LAWYER! YOU'RE A MURDERER WHO'S A CINCH TO FRY! **TEN TIMES** THAT PIKER DOUGH BETTER BE TOSSED ON THAT TABLE BEFORE YOU'LL GET A RISE OUT OF ME!
WHY, YOU. . .
CALL OFF YOUR DOGS, LIPS! IF THEY NIP ME, **YOU'LL** DIE OF THE BITE! I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN SAVE YOU AND YOU KNOW IT!
LET HIM ALONE! BRIGHT BOY, AREN'T YOU, NICHOLS? GOT EVERYTHING FIGURED OUT! I'LL **GIVE** YOU THE HUNDRED G'S--I'LL ALSO GIVE YOU A **WOODEN KIMONO** IF YOU DON'T GET ME OFF SCOT-FREE!
HAVING STRUCK PAY DIRT, GABBY LOST LITTLE TIME GETTING TO WORK. . .
YOU THOUGHT I WAS CRAZY WHEN I INSISTED ON CASE HISTORIES OF THE D. A.'S WITNESSES! NOW I'M READY TO TELL YOU HOW WE CAN BEAT THIS MURDER RAP WITHOUT HARMING LIPS!
HEY, GENIUS! FOUND A LOOPHOLE YET?
WHAT'S THE ANGLE?
A SLIT THROAT FOR ONE WITNESS, BLACKMAIL FOR ANOTHER AND A TEN-GRAND BRIBE FOR THE THIRD!
WHAT KIND OF A LAWYER ARE YOU? ANY TRIGGER-HAPPY GOON COULD TELL US HOW TO BUMP OFF WITNESSES AND DO IT **HIMSELF**, TOO!
OKAY! GO BACK TO JORDAN--LET HIM TRY THE CASE **HIS** WAY! BETTER STILL--PICK SOME TORPEDO OUT OF THE GUTTER! HE'LL ADVISE LIPS FOR A BOTTLE OF BATHTUB GIN...
SHUT UP, YOU FOOL! WHO ASKED **YOU** TO BUTT IN? ANYTHING MY LAWYER SAYS--**GOES!**
OW!


SO GABBY NICHOLS DID WHAT WAS FOR HIM THE LOGICAL THING--HE METHODICALLY TOOK CARE OF THE THREE WITNESSES WHO MIGHT STAND IN THE WAY OF LIP'S ACQUITTAL!
BUT I PROMISED THE D.A. I'D TESTIFY! HE'LL SMELL A RAT IF I BACK OUT NOW...
IT'S SIMPLE ADDITION, MANDERS! YOU'VE GOT 15 YEARS TO GO IN *STIR*! BUT A LOT *LESS OUTSIDE*... UNDERSTAND?
LIKE ALL SPEAKEASY WAITERS, THE SECOND WITNESS LIKED HIS POCKETS STUFFED WITH GREEN STUFF...
THE GUY WHO SAID "SILENCE IS GOLDEN" WAS BEHIND THE TIMES! SILENCE IS 100 PICTURES OF BEN FRANKLIN PRINTED ON GREEN PAPER!
BLACK IKEY'S CLUB
AND THEN THERE WAS THE TRUCK DRIVER WHO WAS BACKING INTO THE ALLEY WHEN LIPS PLUGGED SECCI... A BULLET WAS THE ONLY THING THAT GABBY WOULD TRUST TO KEEP HIM QUIET!
SAY! I THOUGHT THIS WAS A *DETOUR*!
IT IS! YOU'RE NOT GOING WHERE YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE, JOE...
YOU WERE HEADED FOR HOBOKEN... BUT YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY TO GLORY!
EEAAAA!
MAYBE SOMEBODY THOUGHT HE WAS HAULING ALKY AND TRIED TO HIJACK HIM...
JOE GRAHAM WAS THE LAST HOPE IN MY CASE AGAINST LIPS TRENCHER! TWO OTHER WITNESSES DUCKED OUT OF TOWN! THEY REFUSED TO GO THROUGH WITH THEIR TESTIMONY!
BY THE TIME TRENCHER'S CASE WENT TO TRIAL, THE GROUND HAD BEEN CUT OUT FROM UNDER THE PROSECUTION--TO A DEPTH OF *SIX FEET*!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU *COULDN'T* TELL AT TEN FEET IF THE KILLER WAS LIPS TRENCHER? TRENCHER WEIGHS 300 POUNDS!
THERE WAS A SHADOW WHERE THE KILLER WAS STANDING! HE MIGHT'VE BEEN THE THIN MAN IN THE CIRCUS, FOR ALL I KNOW!
RELAX, LIPS! IT'S ALL OVER BUT THE SHOUTING...
OUR UNANIMOUS VERDICT-- NOT GUILTY!
DON'T THINK YOU'LL GET AWAY WITH THIS, NICHOLS! I'LL GET YOU DISBARRED! AS FOR YOU, TRENCHER-- I'LL SEE YOU IN THE DEATH HOUSE!
NOT IF I SEE YOU THERE FIRST! HEH! HEH! BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME, BEEFER!
AND NOW A TOAST TO THE GUY WHO KEPT ME OUT OF THE HOT-SEAT! HERE'S TO THE SLICKEST MOUTHPIECE IN TOWN... GABBY NICHOLS!
I HEAR NICHOLS IS A NEW ADDITION TO THE MOB!
YEAH, HE'S GOIN' TO REPRESENT TRENCHER AN' THE BOYS IN ANY LEGAL MESS THAT COMES UP! AN' BELIEVE ME, PLENTY OF RAPS LIE AHEAD! WE'RE MUSCLIN' IN ON BILL ENTERO'S TERRITORY, STARTIN' TOMORROW!


FOR TWO YEARS, 1929 TO 1931, THE TRENCHER MOB WAGED A BLOODY BATTLE OF EXTERMINATION WITH GANGLAND! THE WORLD WILL LITTLE MISS THE INHUMAN RATS WHO PERISHED TO MAKE LIPS TRENCHER ABSOLUTE MONARCH OF BOOZE!
BILL ENTERO WON'T HAVE ANY TERRITORY LEFT AFTER I'M THROUGH BOMBIN' IT!
ZING!
ZING!
THE LAW HARRIED LIPS' GANG AT EVERY STEP.. AND GABBY WORKED HIS HEAD OFF DEVISING DEFENSES FOR THEIR ATROCIOUS OFFENSES!
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, ALL YOU'VE HEARD IS *MORE* CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE!
MR. NICHOLS, I WON'T LET YOU INTIMIDATE THE WITNESSES!
I OBJECT! MY CLIENT DID NOT SPEND FIFTEEN YEARS IN A KANSAS PRISON! IT WAS ONLY *TEN* YEARS!
SOMETIMES GABBY'S TRICKERY SNATCHED VICTORY FROM DEFEAT--MORE OFTEN NOTHING COULD PREVENT THE WHEELS OF JUSTICE FROM GRINDING OUT PUNISHMENT!
WE, THE JURY, FIND THE DEFENDANT GUILTY OF FIRST DEGREE MURDER!
GABBY! YOU SAID YOU COULD *SAVE* ME! I DONT WANT TO BURN! I DON'T WANT TO BURN!
SHUT UP, YOU FOOL! I'LL APPEAL THE CASE...
OKAY, MASTER MIND! GO AHEAD AND APPEAL--KEEP ME OUT OF THE DEATH HOUSE! YOU'D BETTER, MOUTHPIECE! BECAUSE IF YOU *DON'T*... I'LL SQUEAL MY WAY OUT OF THE HOT-SEAT!
I'M IN A SPOT, LIPS-- I CAN'T ANGLE AN APPEAL FOR YIP! THE D.A.'S AFTER MY HEAD AND HE KNOWS THAT IF HE KEEPS UP THE PRESSURE ON YIP, YIP'LL SQUEAL LIKE A PIG! DISBARMENT'S STARING ME IN THE FACE!
THAT'S YOUR HEADACHE, GABBY-- YOU FIND THE LEGAL ASPIRIN!
YOU FAT FOOL! YOU'RE IN THIS, TOO! DO YOU THINK YIP WILL STOP WITH ME, YOU NUMSKULL? YOU'LL PINCH-HIT FOR HIM IN THE CHAIR! HE'LL SQUEAL THE WHOLE MOB INTO THE DEATH HOUSE!
I DON'T LIKE GUYS WHO GET HYSTERICAL EASY! THEY AIN'T RELIABLE-- THEY NEED A LESSON! HEIST!
OKAY, BOSS!
THIS IS SOMETHIN' I'VE BEEN WANTIN' TO DO FOR YEARS... IN FACT, I'D LIKE TO HAMMER HIS ROTTEN BRAINS OUT FOR GOOD!
WE NEED HIS BRAINS LIKE WE NEED YIP GORHAM DEAD! FIND LIMPY SAYRES--I'VE GOT A JOB FOR HIM!
OOOOHHH!
THE NEXT DAY...
YOU'LL GET 90 DAYS IN THE WORKHOUSE FOR THIS BRAWL, LIMPY...
THANKS, COPPER! NOW PUT ME INTO THE MESS HALL NEXT TO THAT DIRTY SQUEALER...
THIS'S PERFECT! I HAVE SIXTY DAYS TO GET AT YIP AND I POISON HIM ON THE THIRD DAY.
ARGHHH!


ONE OF THESE MEN IS A MURDERER! BUT *WHICH* ONE, MR. HARLOW?
WHOEVER MURDERED YIP GORHAM WAS MERELY THE AGENT OF THE REAL KILLER! AS LONG AS LIPS TRENCHER REMAINS AT LARGE, THERE'LL ALWAYS BE SOME RAT TO DO HIS DIRTY WORK...
GENTLEMEN, WE'RE GOING ALL-OUT TO CATCH LIPS TRENCHER! I WANT YOU MEN TO DOG TRENCHER'S FOOTSTEPS DAY AND NIGHT... AND WHEN YOU NAIL HIM, I DON'T WANT IT FOR SPITTING ON THE SIDEWALKS!
NEWCOMBE COUNTY DISTRICT ATTORNEY
THE D.A.'S SPECIAL DETECTIVE SQUAD WATCHED TRENCHER SO CLOSELY HE COULDN'T SCRATCH HIS NOSE WITHOUT AN AUDIENCE-- 24 HOURS A DAY, 7 DAYS A WEEK, FOR FOUR WEEKS, THE SHADOWING WENT ON WITHOUT A BREAK! THEN CAME THE NIGHT OF MARCH 30TH, 1932...
TRENCHER HAD BEEN GETTING TIRED OF HIS GIRL FOR MONTHS! ON THE NIGHT OF MARCH 30TH SHE DECIDED TO DISPLAY HER RESENTMENT...
OKAY, I'LL STEP OUT OF YOUR LIFE, LIPS--FOR THE *RIGHT PRICE*! YOU'RE NOT GETTING RID OF ME WITH JUST A BRACELET OR A GOLD FOUNTAIN PEN! I WANT FIFTY GRAND OR THE COP'LL HEAR YOUR LIFE STORY FROM THE FIRST MURDER TO THE LAST!
YOU'RE GOING TO BE SORRY YOU THREATENED ME, SISTER... VERY SORRY! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING I DO WHEN A SWORD'S HANGING OVER MY HEAD...
I CUT IT DOWN!
BANG! BANG!
UNFORTUNATELY, THE TRAILING DETECTIVES COULDN'T FORESEE THE MURDER! THEY CAME ON THE SCENE TOO LATE TO SAVE DORIS SEGREW... BUT IT WAS A DIFFERENT THING WITH LIPS...
RAISE 'EM, LIPS! YOU'RE SURROUNDED!
BLAST IT! (CHOKE!) THEY'VE CAUGHT ME RED-HANDED!
DON'T LOOK SO NERVOUS, GABBY-- WE AIN'T HERE TO BUMP YOU OFF! WE JUST HEARD FROM LIPS! LIPS IS IN STIR, HELD WITHOUT BAIL...
THEY CAUGHT HIM BUMPIN' OFF DORIS SEGREW! WE'RE HERE TO MAKE SURE LIPS FRIES!
I... DON'T UNDERSTAND! DON'T YOU WANT LIPS TO *WIN* HIS CASE?
OOOOH!
ME AN' DANNY DECIDED TO JUNK THE FAT LUG! LET HIM CROAK! *WE'RE* TAKIN' OVER THE MOB... DANNY AN' ME ...AN' YOU'RE GOIN' TO SEE THAT LIPS GETS STALLED BY YOU TILL THE SECOND HE GETS A BOOST INTO THE HOT-SEAT!
DON'T SAY NO, GABBY! IT MIGHT *HURT* IF YOU DO...
WHAT'S GOIN' ON, GABBY? THE WHOLE CASE IS TURNIN' AGAINST ME! THEY'RE GOIN' TO CONVICT ME-- I *FEEL* IT! I THOUGHT YOU HAD THE TRIAL ALL SEWED UP!
SURE I HAVE, BUT DO YOU WANT THE COURT TO *HEAR* YOU? EVERYTHING'S GOING TO COME OUT ALL RIGHT...


THE JURY FINDS THE DEFENDANT GUILTY!
GABBY! THEY'RE GOIN' TO FRY ME! DO SOMETHIN'!
YOUR HONOR, I MAKE A MOTION TO SET ASIDE THE VERDICT!
MOTION DENIED! PRISONER WILL COME FORWARD TO BE SENTENCED...
I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT'S GOIN' WRONG, GABBY! YOU SAY YOU'RE MOVIN' HEAVEN AN' EARTH TO SAVE ME, AN' I'M *STILL* WHERE I AM! I'M GOIN' TO THE DEATH HOUSE IN A *WEEK!* TIME'S RUNNIN' OUT!
THAT'S NOT *ALL* THAT'S RUNNING OUT ON YOU, LIPS!
LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME, LIPS! I'M IN CONSTANT TOUCH WITH THE GOVERNOR... A STAY OF EXECUTION WILL COME THROUGH ANY MINUTE!
GABBY'S CHICANERY WAS SO SLICK THAT LIPS TRENCHER DIDN'T KNOW HE HAD BEEN DOUBLE-CROSSED UNTIL TEN MINUTES BEFORE HE WAS SLATED TO WALK THE LAST MILE...
YOU'RE MISTAKEN, TRENCHER--THERE'S BEEN NO APPEAL TO THE GOVERNOR! IN FACT, YOUR CASE SURPRISES ME! YOUR LAWYER HASN'T MADE A SINGLE MOTION FOR A NEW TRIAL!
HE HASN'T? BUT ACCORDING TO HIM, HE'S DOIN' EVERYTHING--APPEALS, CALLS, TELEGRAMS, *EVERYTHIN'!*
HE'S BEEN LYING TO YOU, TRENCHER! YOUR LAWYER AND YOUR SO-CALLED FRIENDS HAVE DOUBLE-CROSSED YOU! IF YOU ASK ME, THEY'LL BE TICKLED PINK TO SEE YOU DIE...
OKAY, THEN... I'LL DIE--BUT I WON'T DIE *ALONE!* I'LL TAKE EVERY TWO-TIMIN' RAT IN THE MOB WITH ME, INCLUDIN' THAT DOUBLE-CROSSIN' MOUTHPIECE! GIVE ME ENOUGH TIME, WARDEN, TO MAKE A FULL CONFESSION...
GO AHEAD, TRENCHER, I'M TAKING DOWN EVERYTHING YOU SAY!
HEIST! I JUST GOT A TIP! LIPS DIDN'T DIE TONIGHT--HE MADE A FULL CONFESSION TO THE WARDEN, WHO GOT IN TOUCH WITH THE D.A.! THEY'RE GOIN' TO PICK UP GABBY NICHOLS IN ORDER TO PUT PRESSURE ON HIM TO SQUEAL ON YOU AN' DANNY! WORK FAST--BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
THANKS, TERRY! NICHOLS IS AS GOOD AS DEAD!
ATTENTION, CAR 34! PROCEED AT ONCE TO 574 MONTGOMERY AVE.--GUARD GABBY NICHOLS--HEADQUARTERS ON WAY WITH WARRANT FOR ARREST!
EVENIN', GABBY! I LEFT OUT THE "GOOD" ON PURPOSE...BECAUSE IT AIN'T GOIN' TO BE A GOOD EVENIN' FOR YOU... **FAR FROM IT!**
YOU SEE, WE DOUBLE-CROSSED LIPS, BUT LIPS DOUBLE-CROSSED US BACK! NOW WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LET YOU HOLD THE SHOEHORN WHILE THE D.A. SHOVELS US INTO A GRAVE! ...GOT THE MUFFLER ATTACHED, DANNY?
ANOTHER SECOND...
BUT I WOULDN'T SQUEAL ON *YOU,* HEIST! WE'RE ALL IN THIS TOGETHER--I'LL GET US OUT OF THIS JAM! JUST DON'T KILL ME, PLEASE!
BUT DANNY'S AUTOMATIC WOULDN'T LISTEN! IT WENT OFF--AND GABBY NICHOLS HAD SPOKEN HIS LAST WORDS ON EARTH! HOWEVER, IT WAS THE LAW WHICH HAD THE FINAL SAY...
DROP IT, DANNY!
COPS! WHERE DID THEY COME FROM?
DON'T WORRY ABOUT WHERE WE CAME FROM, HEIST! START WORRYING ABOUT WHERE *YOU'RE GOING!*
TWO MONTHS LATER THEY WENT TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR--*ALL* OF THEM! AND IT WAS IN THE CARDS FOR GABBY NICHOLS TO PRECEDE THEM! WHEN YOU HANG AROUND EVIL, YOU BECOME EVIL YOURSELF--AND THE LAW EXACTS THE SEVEREST OF PENALTIES! THAT ONE-HALF OF ONE PERCENT OF YOU MEN WHO MIGHT BE TEMPTED INTO FOLLOWING GABBY'S FOOTSTEPS--BE WARNED! HIS FATE WILL BE *YOURS*... IF YOU BREAK THE LAW!
THE END

And to think they used to call me

SKINNY!

Give Me 15 Minutes A Day And I'll Give You A New Body

CHARLES ATLAS
Holder of title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny, 97 lb. body. I was so embarrassed at my weakling build that I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"*Dynamic Tension.*" And it turned me into such a complete *specimen* of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on *top of the world* in my big new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how *short* a time it takes "*Dynamic Tension*" to GET RESULTS!

"*Dynamic Tension*" is the easy, NATURAL method that you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me *where* you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, pepless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for my FREE Book about "*Dynamic Tension*" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "*Dynamic Tension,*" you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body – watch it increase and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about my "*Dynamic Tension*" method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 608 , 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

Everlasting Health and Strength

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 60S,
115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "*Dynamic Tension*" will help make a New Man of me – give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name...Age..........
(Please print or write plainly)

Address...

City.......................................State...................

Send Secret Messages With The

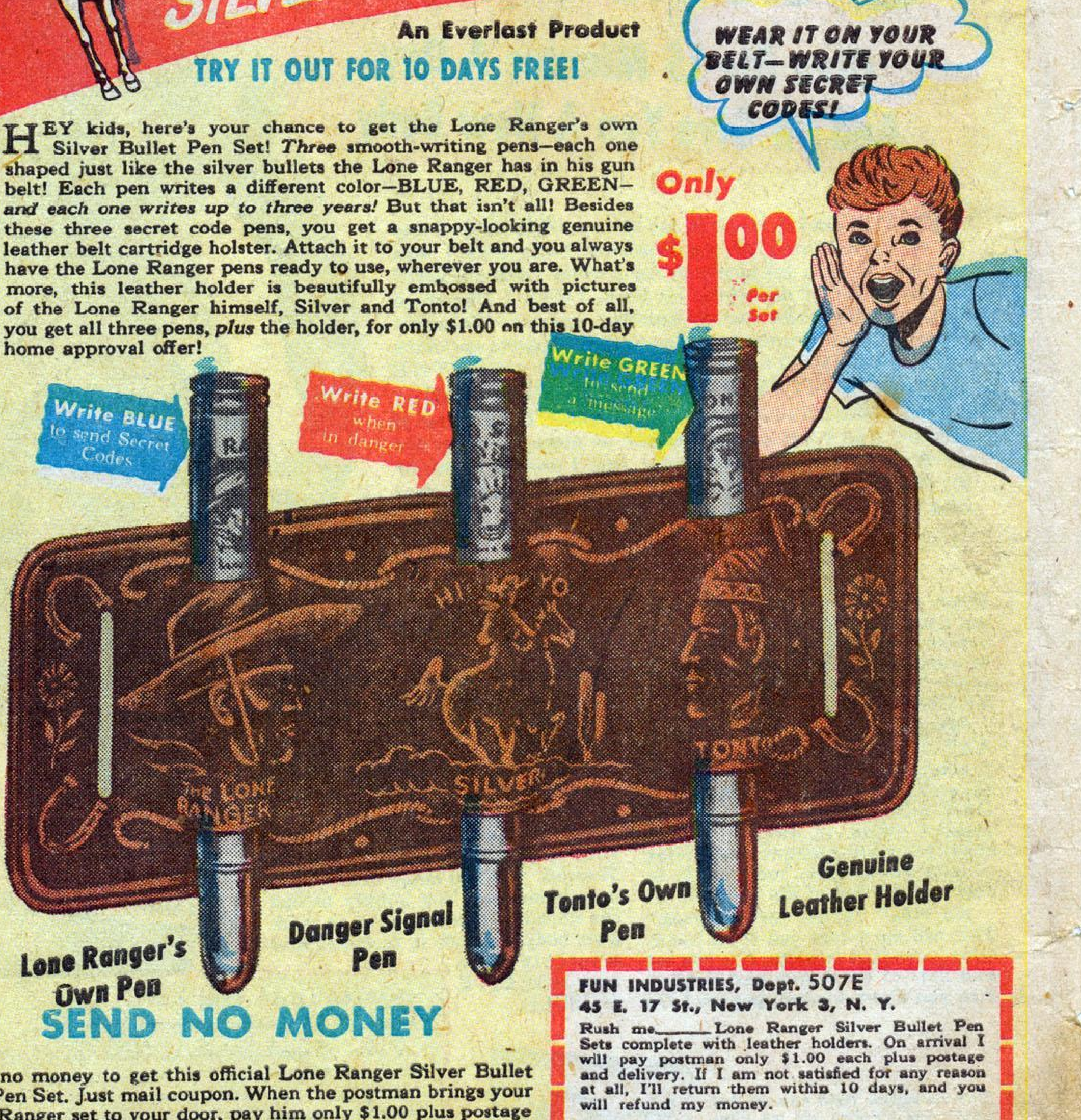
LONE RANGER

SILVER BULLET BALL PEN SET

An Everlast Product

TRY IT OUT FOR 10 DAYS FREE!

HEY kids, here's your chance to get the Lone Ranger's own Silver Bullet Pen Set! *Three* smooth-writing pens—each one shaped just like the silver bullets the Lone Ranger has in his gun belt! Each pen writes a different color—BLUE, RED, GREEN—*and each one writes up to three years!* But that isn't all! Besides these three secret code pens, you get a snappy-looking genuine leather belt cartridge holster. Attach it to your belt and you always have the Lone Ranger pens ready to use, wherever you are. What's more, this leather holder is beautifully embossed with pictures of the Lone Ranger himself, Silver and Tonto! And best of all, you get all three pens, *plus* the holder, for only $1.00 on this 10-day home approval offer!


WEAR IT ON YOUR BELT—WRITE YOUR OWN SECRET CODES!
Only $1.00 Per Set
Write BLUE to send Secret Codes
Write RED when in danger
Write GREEN to send a message
HI-YO
THE LONE RANGER
SILVER
TONTO
Genuine Leather Holder
Tonto's Own Pen
Danger Signal Pen
Lone Ranger's Own Pen

SEND NO MONEY

Send no money to get this official Lone Ranger Silver Bullet Ball Pen Set. Just mail coupon. When the postman brings your Lone Ranger set to your door, pay him only $1.00 plus postage and delivery. If, at the end of 10 days, you don't agree that this is the greatest bargain you've ever seen, return the pens and holder—and your money will be cheerfully refunded. But hurry! Be first in your neighborhood to get this wonderful pen set! Mail coupon—NOW.

FUN INDUSTRIES, 45 E. 17 ST., N. Y. 3, N. Y.

FUN INDUSTRIES, Dept. 507E
45 E. 17 St., New York 3, N. Y.

Rush me______Lone Ranger Silver Bullet Pen Sets complete with leather holders. On arrival I will pay postman only $1.00 each plus postage and delivery. If I am not satisfied for any reason at all, I'll return them within 10 days, and you will refund my money.

Name ....

Address ....

City.............................Zone.........State.................

NOTE: Send cash, check, or money order with this coupon, and we pay postage. Same refund guarantee.

REDUCE FAT!

UP TO 5 lbs. A WEEK

YET EAT PLENTY!

The New, Scientific Way to

LOSE WEIGHT

Feel full of pep and energy. Overcome that tired feeling this Doctor Approved Way!

REDUCE 10-20-30-LBS.

AND IMPROVE YOUR HEALTH! WE GUARANTEE THESE STATEMENTS OR YOU DON'T PAY A PENNY!

Don't be denied a beautiful, attractive figure. Lose ugly excess fat easily, quickly, pleasantly, safely—we guarantee it! KELPIDINE does the work with little effort on your part, is ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS and supplies a food mineral which is VITAL for balanced nutrition. KELPIDINE IS GOOD FOR YOU! It decreases your appetite, gives you more energy, vitality and vigor. YOU'LL ENJOY REDUCING THIS WAY! Proven results are shown quickly. Many report losing 15, 20, 30 pounds and even more in a few short weeks. With KELPIDINE, ugly fat and extra inches seem to disappear like magic. Kelpidine (fucus) is the only known food product listed in medical dictionaries as an ANTI-FAT, AND AS AN AID IN REDUCING. A United States Government Agency classifies KELPIDINE as a food. It is safe and brings remarkable results quickly and easily.

- NO STARVING
- NO EXERCISE
- NO LAXATIVES
- NO DRUGS
- NO MASSAGE

Absolutely HARMLESS and Actually GOOD FOR YOU!

"My Grateful Thanks to *Kelpidine*. In just a few weeks I lost 3 inches thru the waistline and hips. It's amazing." Mary Brown, N. Y. C.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE WITH A 10-DAY FREE TRIAL!

$2

If Kelpidine doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose as much weight as you want to lose, if you're not 100% delighted with the results. YOUR MONEY WILL BE RETURNED AT ONCE.

MAIL COUPON NOW!

FREE

The famous Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan which has helped many lose 20, 30 and up to 40 pounds, quickly and safely will be sent absolutely FREE with your order.

American Healthaids Co., Dept. T-9
1025 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

Send me at once for $2 cash, check or money order, one month's supply of Kelpidine Tablets, postpaid. If I am not 100% satisfied my money will be refunded.

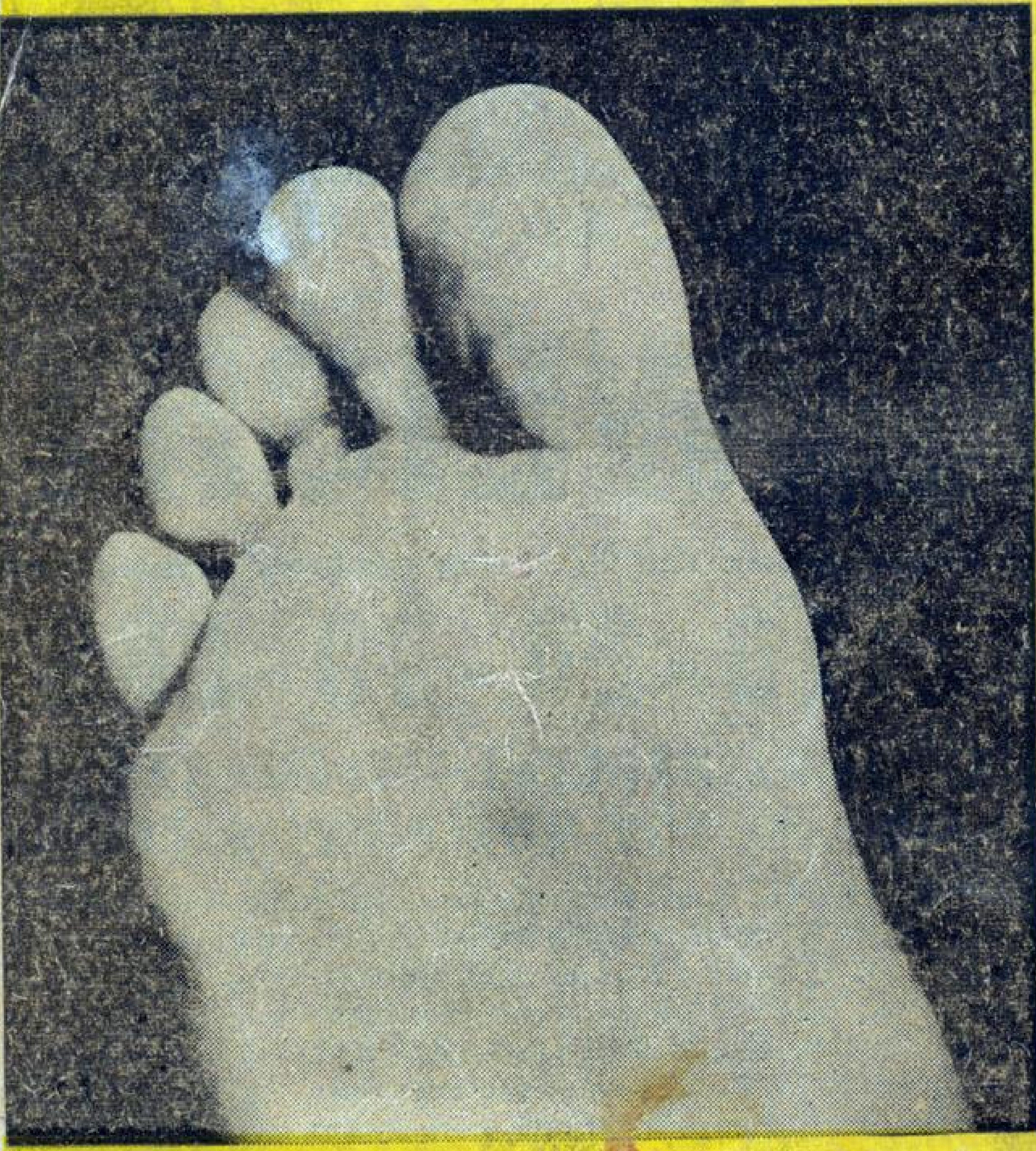
Name______________________________

Address____________________________

City___________________State_________

☐ I enclose $5. Send three months' supply.

FOOT ITCH
ATHLETE'S FOOT



DISEASE OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD

The cause of the disease is not a germ as so many people think, but a vegetable growth that becomes buried beneath the outer tissues of the skin.

To obtain relief the medicine to be used should first gently dissolve or remove the outer skin and then kill the vegetable growth.

This growth is so hard to kill that a test shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy it; however, laboratory tests also show that H. F. will kill it upon contact in 15 seconds.

DOUBLE ACTION NEEDED

Recently H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It both gently dissolves the skin and then kills the vegetable growth upon contact. Both actions are necessary for prompt relief.

H. F. is a liquid that doesn't stain. You just paint the infected parts nightly before going to bed. Often the terrible itching is relieved at once.

H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us $1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.

FOR EXTERNAL USE ONLY
H F
CONTAINS: ACETONE, PINE OIL, BENZOIC ACID, SALICYLIC ACID
CONTENTS ½ FLUID OZ
PRICE $1.00
Sold By
Gore Products Inc.
New Orleans, La.

PAY NOTHING TILL RELIEVED
Send Coupon

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while, the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is both contagious and infectious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

GORE PRODUCTS, Inc. **M.C.**
823 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot-trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you $1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

CITY.......................... STATE..........

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